



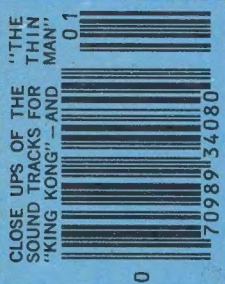
# MAD

OUR PRICE  
**\$1.25**  
SUPER  
CHEAP

## SUPER SPECIAL

## SPRING 1980

# THE MOVIES



## A 100-PAGE MAD LOOK AT HOLLYWOOD OVER THE YEARS

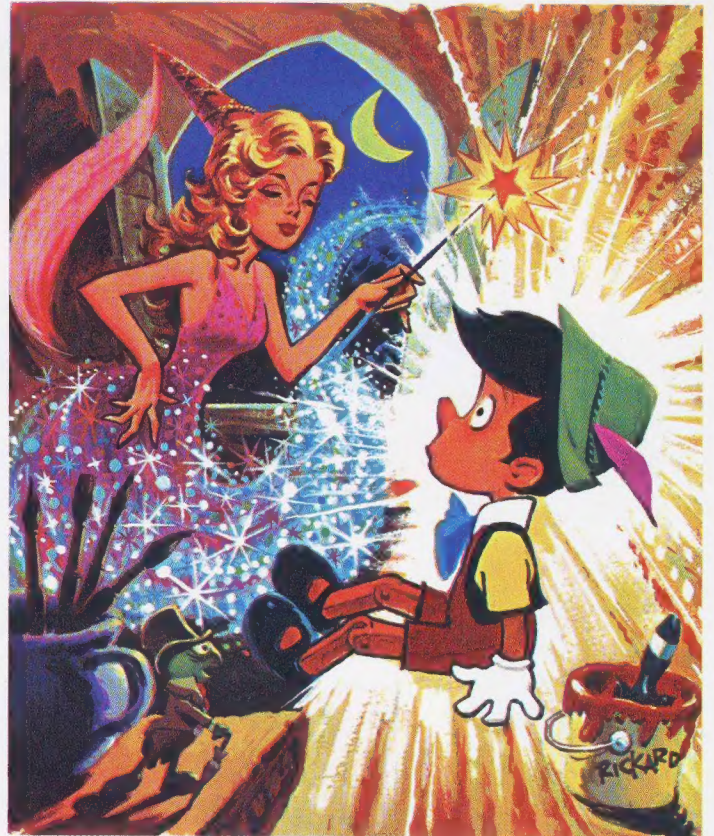
SATIRES OF HIT MOVIES ★ PARODIES OF MOVIE MUSICALS ★ SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE  
DON MARTIN INSANITY ★ SERGIO ARAGONES FUN ★ AND OTHER TRASH FROM PAST ISSUES



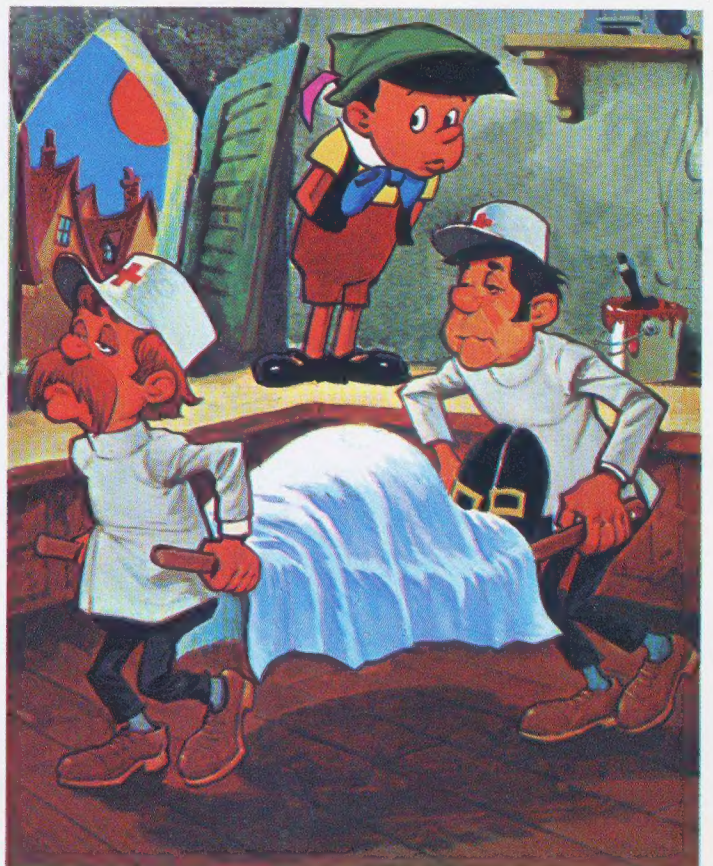
# Scenes We'd Like To See



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD



WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





# MAD

## SPRING 1980

# SUPER

# SPECIAL

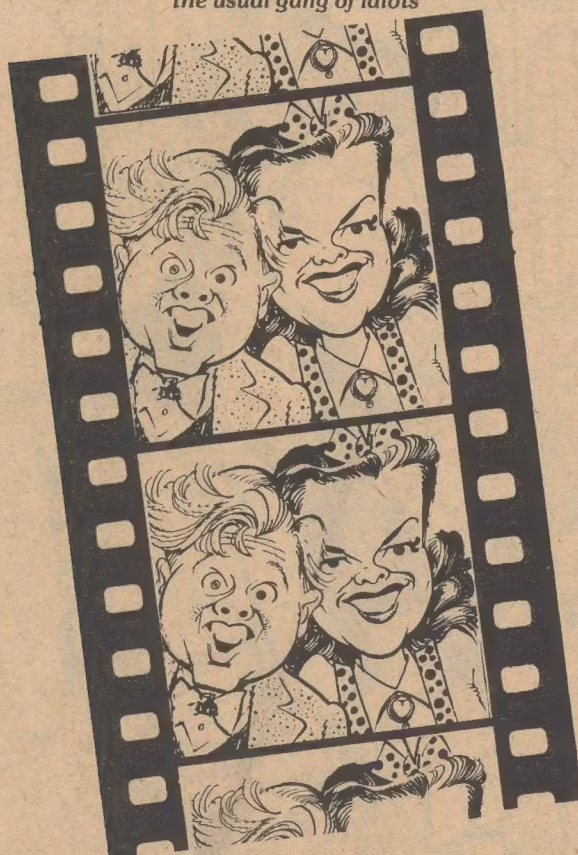
# NUMBER THIRTY

*"I never saw a movie I didn't like ... for free!"*  
—Alfred E. Neuman

**WILLIAM M. GAINES** *publisher*   **ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN** *editor*

**JOHN PUTNAM** *art director*   **LEONARD BRENNER** *production*  
**JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN** *associate editors*

**CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS**  
*the usual gang of idiots*



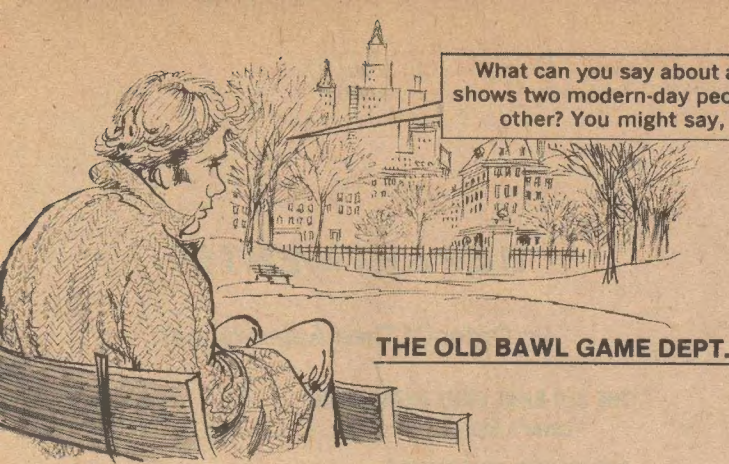
## DEPARTMENTS

(In Order Of Their Appearance)

<b>THE OLD BAWL GAME DEPARTMENT</b>	
"Lover's Story" .....	2
<b>DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT</b>	
At A Matinee .....	9
On The "Tarzan" Set .....	21
One Day While Filming A W.W.II Movie .....	31
One Dark Night In A Laboratory .....	53
On The "Hunchback Of Notre Dame" Set .....	61
At The Movies .....	83
One Day On Location .....	95
<b>LIGHTS, CAMERA, AUCTION DEPARTMENT</b>	
Hollywood Surplus Sale .....	10
<b>COFFEE, TEA AND MILKED DEPARTMENT</b>	
"Airport" .....	14
<b>SCREEN-PLOY DEPARTMENT</b>	
The Anatomy Of A Movie Ad Campaign .....	22
<b>BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPARTMENT</b>	
"The Sound Of Money" .....	24
<b>WE RIB BANK ROBBERS DEPARTMENT</b>	
"Balmy & Clod" .....	32
<b>HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT</b>	
Scenes We'd Like To See .....	38
<b>CAR WATCH DEPARTMENT</b>	
The MAD Drive-In Movie Primer .....	39
<b>TIDAL WAVE OF NAUSEA DEPARTMENT</b>	
"The Poopsidedown Adventure" .....	42
<b>MEDI-SCARE DEPARTMENT</b>	
Movie Monsters From The Medical World .....	50
<b>GREAT SCOTT! DEPARTMENT</b>	
"Put*On" .....	54
<b>SLIME PICKINGS DEPARTMENT</b>	
MAD's "Do-It-Yourself" Modern Movie Ads .....	62
<b>INSIDE DOPE DEPARTMENT</b>	
"What's The Connection?" .....	64
<b>FOCUS-POCUS DEPARTMENT</b>	
A Guide To "TV Late Show" Movie Props .....	72
<b>SHOOTING FROM THE "HIP" DEPARTMENT</b>	
"Botch Casually And The Somedunce Kid" .....	76
<b>CORN ON THE MACABRE DEPARTMENT</b>	
A MAD Look At Movie Monsters .....	84
<b>SLAB-SCHTICK COMEDY DEPARTMENT</b>	
"201 Min. Of A Space Idiocy" .....	88
<b>MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT</b>	
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragonés .....	**

\*\*Various Places Around The Magazine





What can you say about a movie that actually shows two modern-day people involved with each other? You might say, "That's strange!"

What can you say about a movie that not only shows two people involved with each other, but also in love? You might say, "That's unusual!"

THE OLD BAWL GAME DEPT.

# LOVE

Hi! I'm Oscar Wallet IV!  
I'm incredibly rich,  
fantastically handsome,  
a superb hockey player,  
and perhaps the best  
kisser in Harvard ...  
give or take a lip!

Get lost, Pee-Pee!!

No ... you mean  
"PREPPIE"!  
Pee-Pee is a  
form of childish  
vulgarity!

**BULL\$#\*!** Now,  
get lost, you  
¢%\$#\* @#\$%¢&\*!

Hmm! I guess  
you DID mean  
Pee-Pee!

Look, you're  
annoying me!  
Please ...  
get the hell  
out of here!!

Why should  
I?! My family  
OWNS this  
Library!

I'll call  
the  
Police!!

We own the  
Police, too!  
Also the  
School ... and  
the whole  
State!!

The whole  
STATE!?!?

Yep! It's in my Mother's  
name! Perhaps you've heard  
of her ... the former Martha  
Ann Massachusetts?! But,  
that's nothing! Wait till I  
tell you about my **REALLY**  
**RICH UNCLE!!** You'll never  
believe what **HE** owns! Ever  
hear of Irving America ... ?





Well, then what do you say about a movie that, in this day and age, not only shows two people involved with each other and in love, but also of different sexes? You might say, "That's sick!"

Okay, but please bear with me! Get out 25 boxes of Kleenex and be prepared to cry your eyes out! You see, this is a ... sob ... gulp ... choke ...

# R'S STORY



I really don't want to hear about your &¢%\$#@\* family! So get lost!

Can't you see I'm crazy about you?

But I'm not beautiful, I've got crooked teeth, and I sneer and smirk a lot! So tell me, you &¢%\$#@\*!—Why the hell are you crazy about me?

Listen ... looks aren't everything! Maybe it's your sweet, innocent personality!

Come on! Level with me! What do you REALLY like about me?

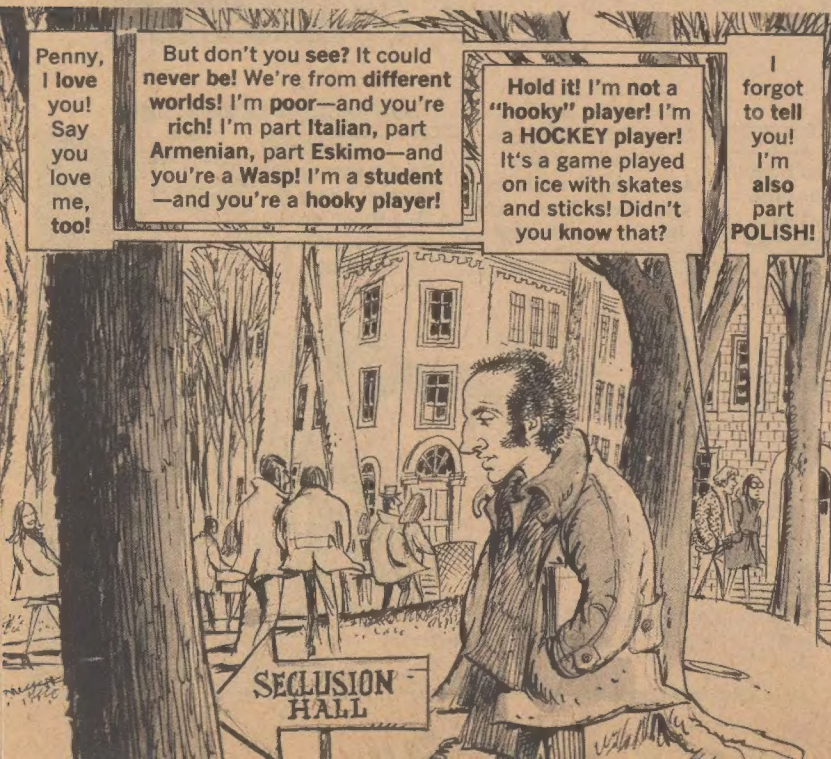
Okay! I believe in frank, open sex talk with girls—so here goes! I think you've got the biggest pair of—sigh—glasses on campus! There! I said it!

That's important to you??

What do I know! My parents ignored me so I had to learn the facts of life on the street corner! And there was an Optician's Shop on our street corner!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



Penny, I love you! Say you love me, too!

But don't you see? It could never be! We're from different worlds! I'm poor—and you're rich! I'm part Italian, part Armenian, part Eskimo—and you're a Wasp! I'm a student—and you're a hooky player!

Hold it! I'm not a "hooky" player! I'm a HOCKEY player! It's a game played on ice with skates and sticks! Didn't you know that?

I forgot to tell you! I'm also part POLISH!



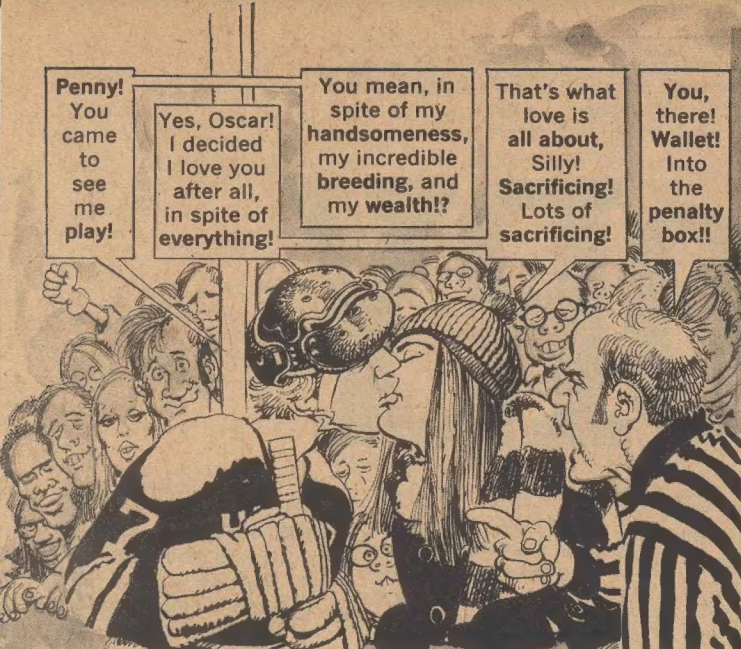
I'm gonna ram this &¢%\$#@\* puck down the &¢%\$#@\* goalie's throat, and then I'm gonna bust the head of every &¢%\$#@\* guy on your &¢%\$#@\* team!

Hey, Wallet! What happened to you on the ice? You've changed!

I'm in LOVE!!

So THAT's it! I remember when you used to be nasty!





Penny!  
You came to see me play!

Yes, Oscar!  
I decided I love you after all, in spite of everything!

You mean, in spite of my handsomeness, my incredible breeding, and my wealth!?

That's what love is all about, Silly! Sacrificing! Lots of sacrificing!

You, there! Wallet! Into the penalty box!!



That dirty &#x26; referee! I'll kill him! Imagine... penalizing ME... Oscar Wallet IV... for THAT!!

What did he penalize you for? Roughing? Cross-checking?

You won't believe this... SLOPPY KISSING!!

I believe it! I believe it!

Darling! Our first fight!!



Penny, isn't it wonderful to be young and alive and American and in love...?

**SPLAT**



And part Polish!!



Darling, what do you say we romp and frolic in the snow like true young lovers?

Snow?! There's no snow! This is June!!

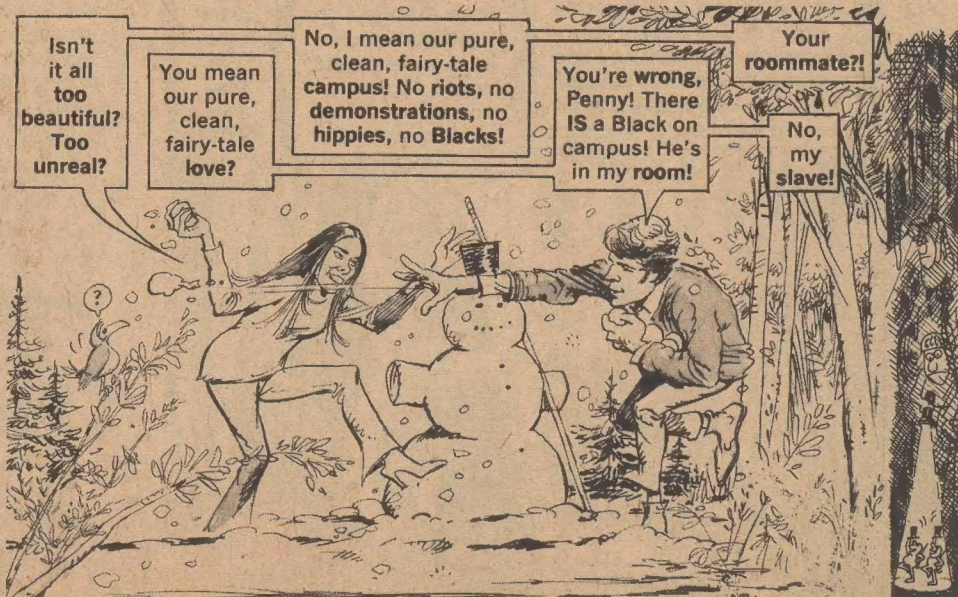
If I say snow—there will be snow!!



Wow!! Your family owns **EVERYTHING!!**

Dearest, let's call this **"OUR SNOW"!!**

Actually, I prefer to call it **"MY snow"**—but I'll share it with you!



Isn't it all too beautiful? Too unreal?

You mean our pure, clean, fairy-tale love?

No, I mean our pure, clean, fairy-tale campus! No riots, no demonstrations, no hippies, no Blacks!

You're wrong, Penny! There **IS** a Black on campus! He's in my room!

Your roommate?!

No, my slave!





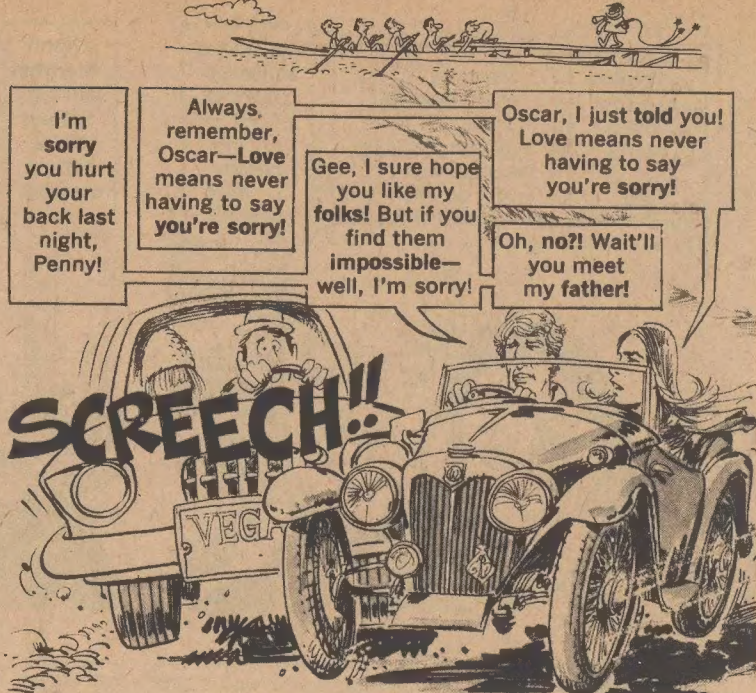
Who'd've thought I'd ever be on your bed, making love to you?! Oh, Oscar, I love you so much it hurts! Love can be so painful!

That's because you've got such a big soul —such a big heart!



No, it's because I've got such a big HOCKEY SKATE in my back!

I usually don't sleep with that, but my Teddy bear is at the cleaners!!



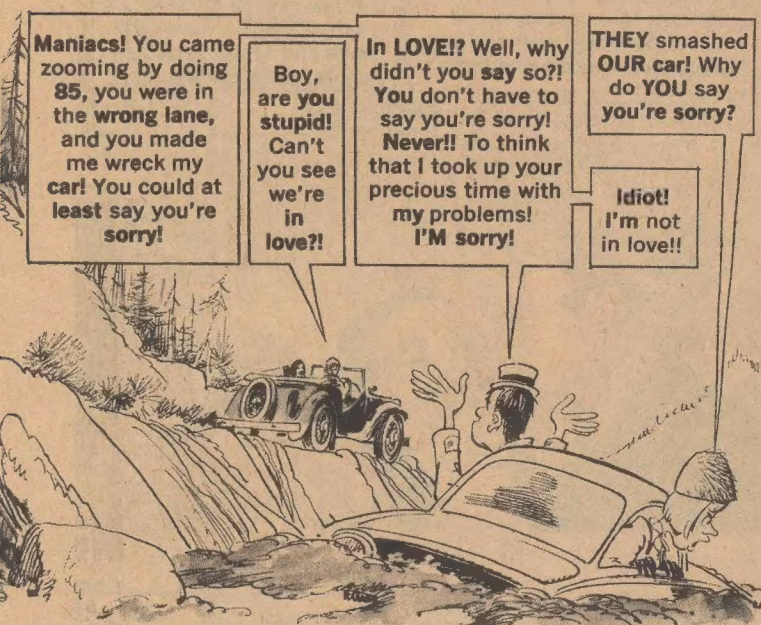
I'm sorry you hurt your back last night, Penny!

Always, remember, Oscar—Love means never having to say you're sorry!

Gee, I sure hope you like my folks! But if you find them impossible—well, I'm sorry!

Oscar, I just told you! Love means never having to say you're sorry!

Oh, no?! Wait'll you meet my father!



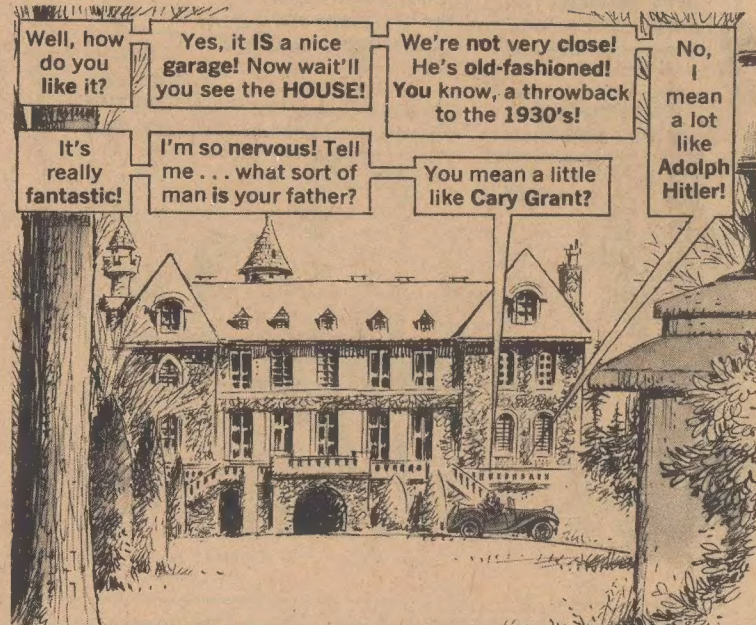
Maniacs! You came zooming by doing 85, you were in the wrong lane, and you made me wreck my car! You could at least say you're sorry!

Boy, are you stupid! Can't you see we're in love?!

In LOVE!? Well, why didn't you say so?! You don't have to say you're sorry! Never!! To think that I took up your precious time with my problems! I'M sorry!

THEY smashed OUR car! Why do YOU say you're sorry?

Idiot! I'm not in love!!



Well, how do you like it?

Yes, it IS a nice garage! Now wait'll you see the HOUSE!

We're not very close! He's old-fashioned! You know, a throwback to the 1930's!

No, I mean a lot like Adolph Hitler!

It's really fantastic!

I'm so nervous! Tell me... what sort of man is your father?

You mean a little like Cary Grant?

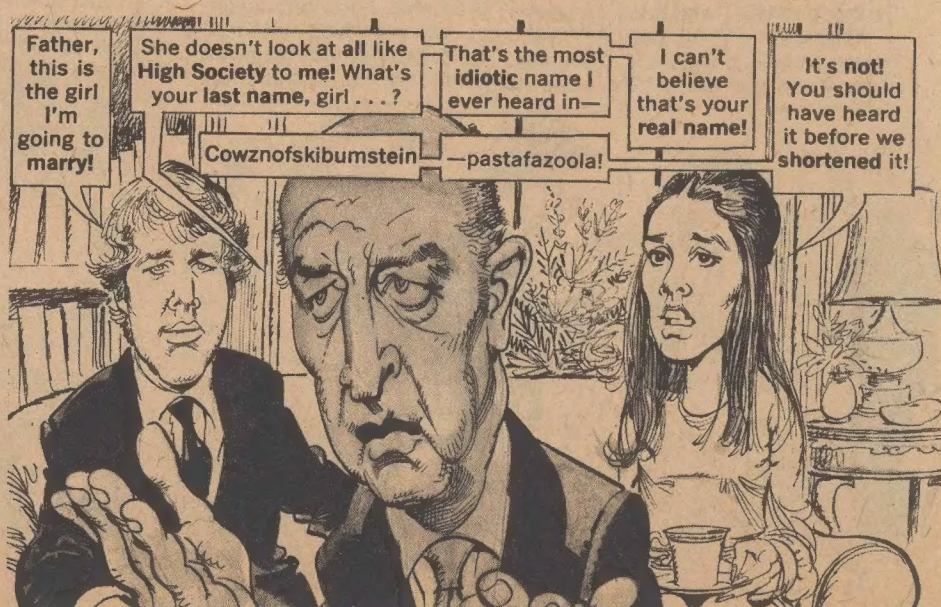


Oscar! Where the hell did you get those ridiculous glasses?!

I told you we're not very close!

Darling, the other one is Oscar!

Too bad! At least this one looks like a man!!



Father, this is the girl I'm going to marry!

She doesn't look at all like High Society to me! What's your last name, girl...?

That's the most idiotic name I ever heard in—

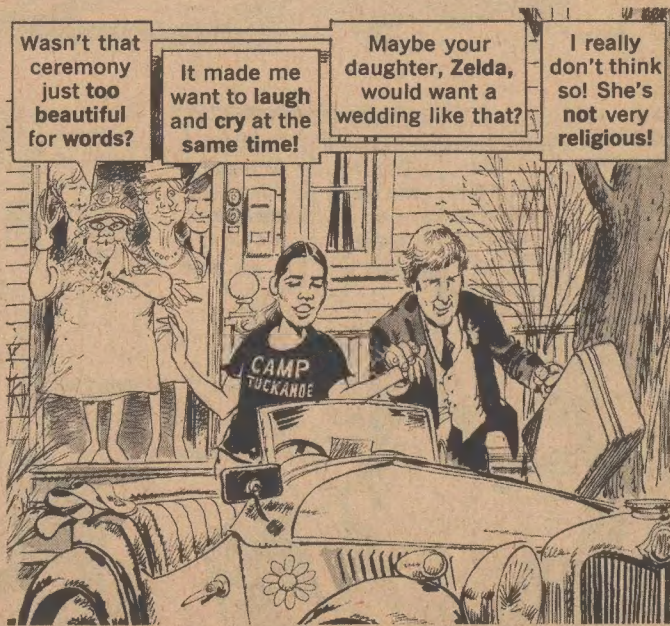
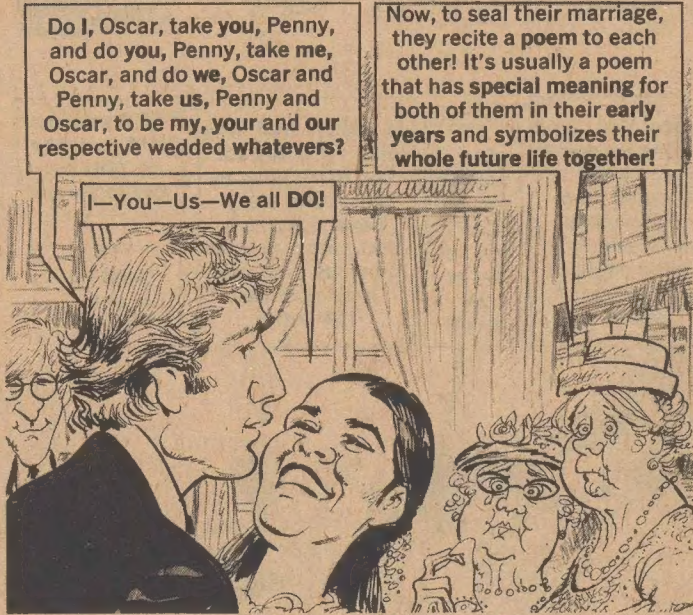
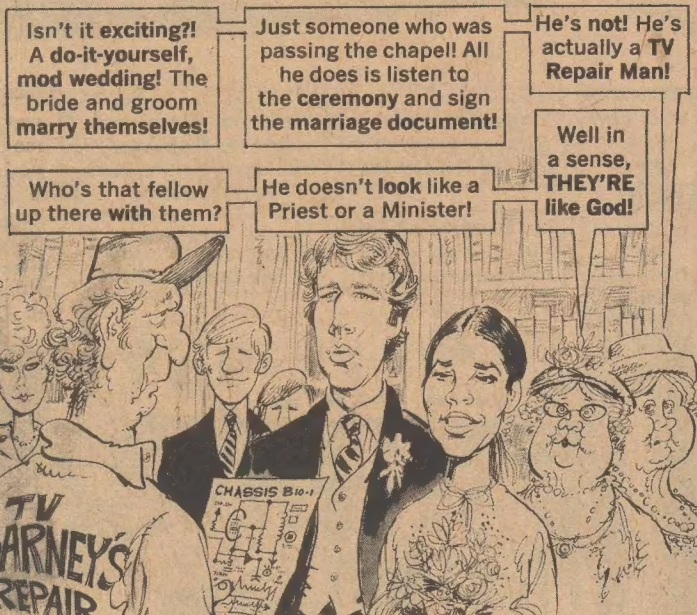
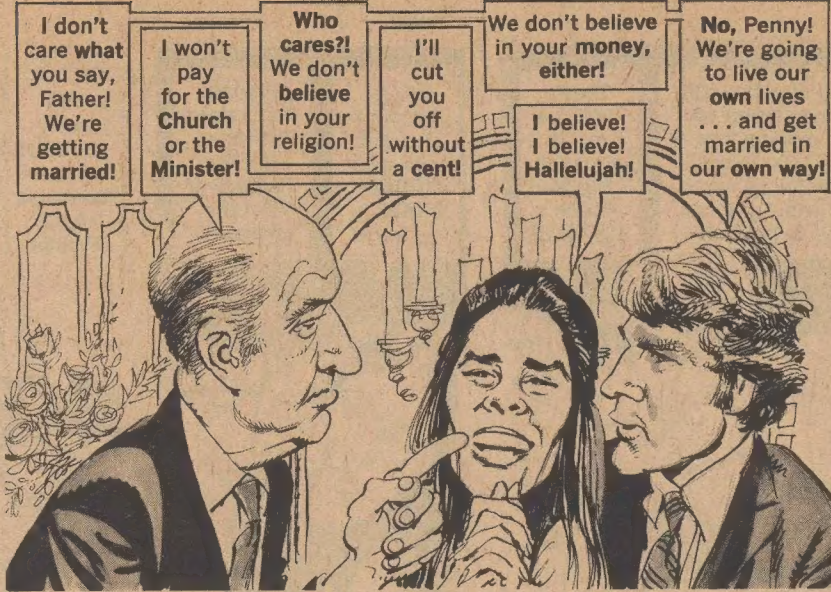
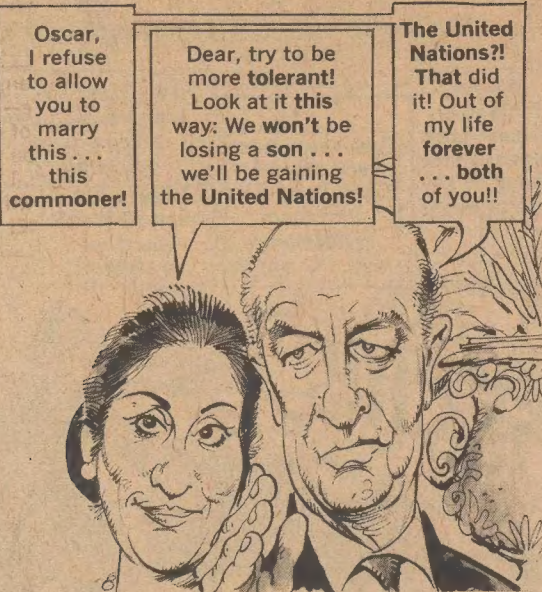
I can't believe that's your real name!

It's not! You should have heard it before we shortened it!

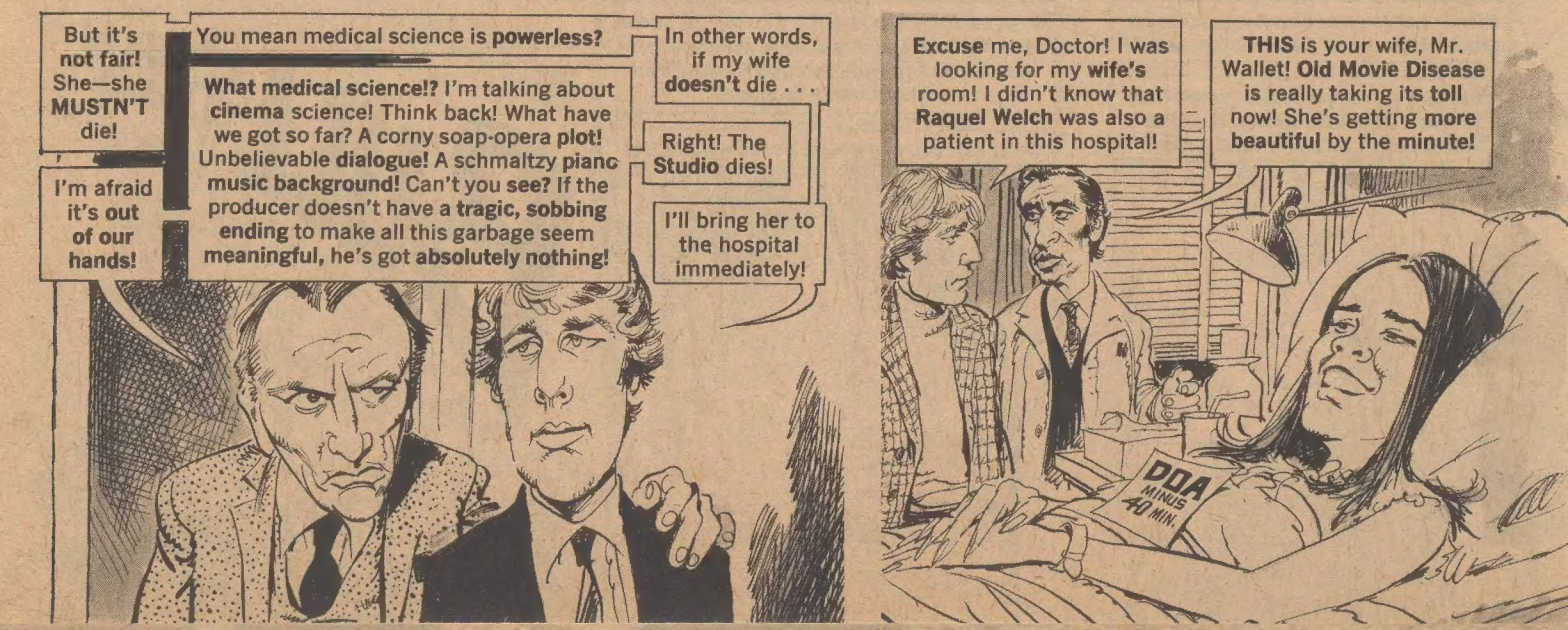
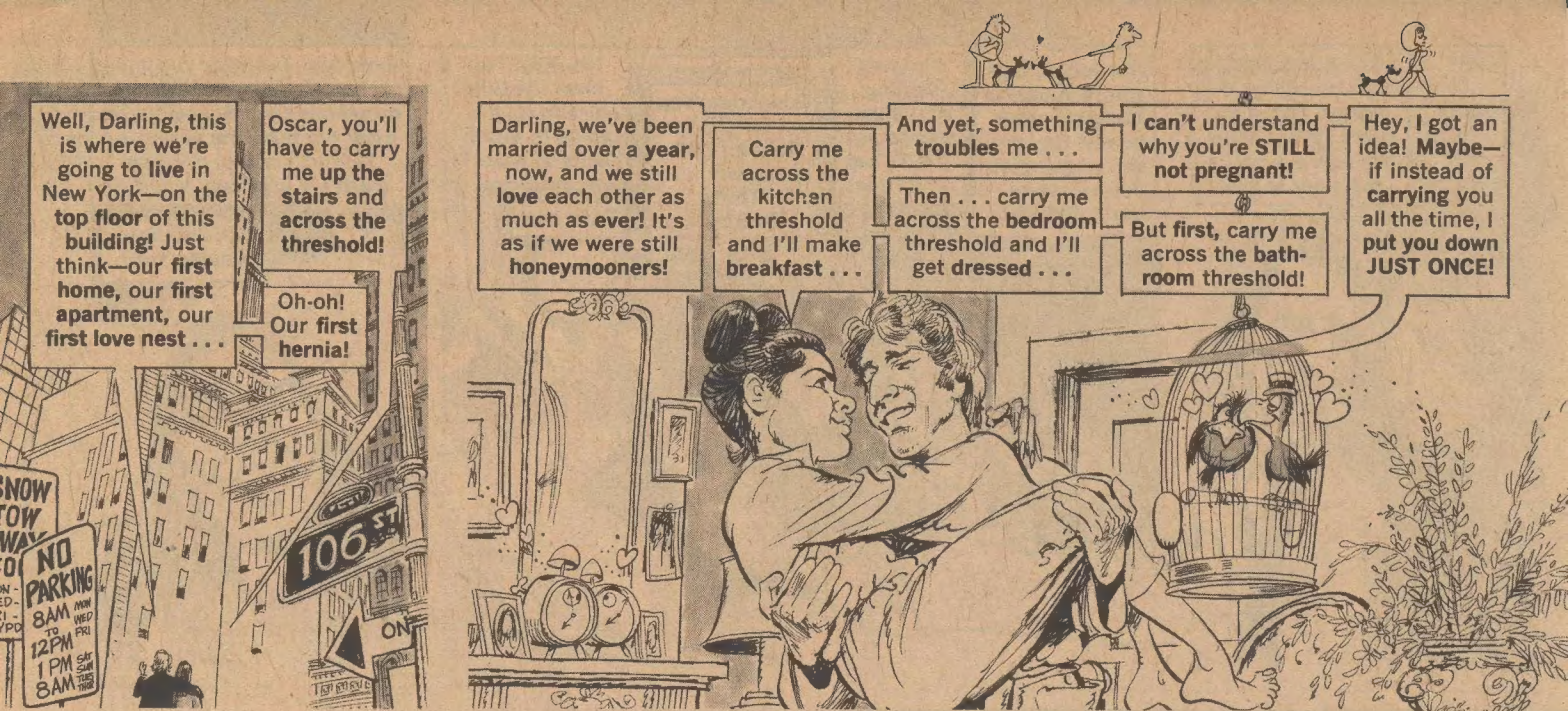
Cowznofskibumstein

—pastafazoola!











Can I speak to her!

Yes, but pretend there's nothing the matter! Above all, don't let her know she now has only a half hour to live!

The doctor says you're going to be—gulp—fine, honey! He says you're going to live a—choke—long, full life!

I'm glad! Darling, would you please put the TV set on for me?

Good idea! You can watch your favorite CBS program . . . "Thirty Minutes"!

No, silly! You have the title all wrong! I'm going to watch "Sixty Minutes"!

Trust me!

Look, Doc! The color is coming back to her cheeks, the mascara's coming back to her eyes, her bust-line has grown four inches, and all of her teeth are suddenly straight!

Poor kid! She's sinking fast!



Doctor! Doctor! Is she—?

But according to my watch, she should've lasted another ten minutes!

Medicine isn't perfect, Mr. Wallet! I'm sorry!

Hold it, Doc! Always remember, medicine is never having to say you're sorry!

I'm afraid she's gone!



This has GOT to be the most beautiful movie death EVER!!

This moment sort of makes me wonder!

About the mortality of Man here on Earth?

No . . . about whether those angels and cherubs are covered by my Blue Cross!



What can you say about a tear-jerker movie that makes death so beautiful?

What can you say about a movie that shows a fairy-tale college campus that couldn't possibly exist today?

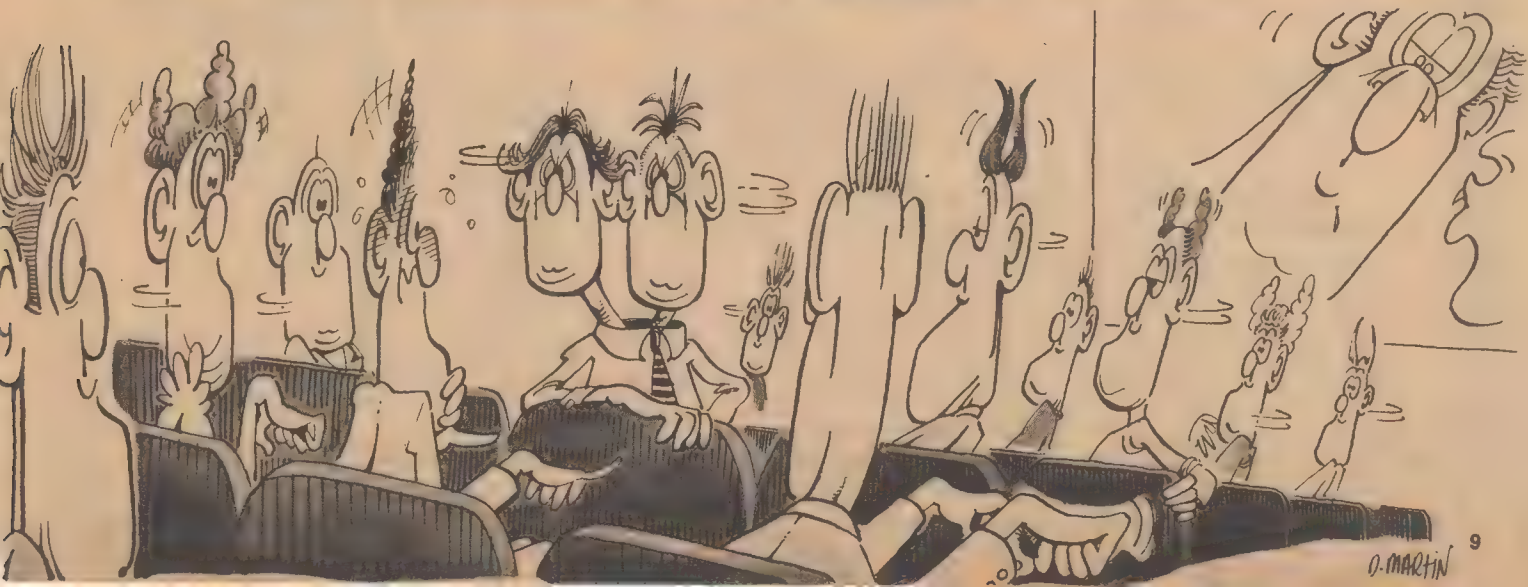
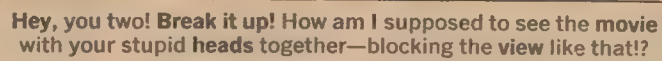


What can you say about a movie that shows New York City as a fabulous wonderland—where you can walk through Central Park without being mugged?

What can you say about a movie like that?









Recently, we read that 20th Century Fox, in order to recoup some of the huge expenses incurred by Marlon Brando while making "Mutiny on the Bounty", has offered to sell the "Bounty"—which was constructed especially for the movie.

# HOLLYWOOD S

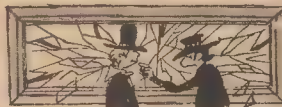
**BARTENDERS! GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF WITH THIS**

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**INCLUDING THESE EXCITING FEATURES:**

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that shatters into a million pieces  
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- **A Complete Set of Beer Glasses**  
that slide the length of the bar



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that slide the length of the bar



**REAR OF SALOON  
CONTAINS MANY ALCOVES AND CORNERS  
SUITABLE FOR CUSTOMERS TO BACK UP SLOWLY INTO!**

**COMES WITH MANY EXTRAS—THREE, TO BE EXACT:  
Sol, Irving and Tex! They haven't worked since "The Alamo"!**

If you're handy with tools, this surplus Western Saloon can be turned into a profitable business with just a little work. For example: You can't lean against the balcony or it will collapse, and you'll fall through it onto a large round table which will also collapse, and you'll fall through that too!

**COMPLETE  
FOR ONLY \$20,000<sup>00</sup>**

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**PET LOVERS!**

**2,152 SPECIALLY-TRAINED**

**CATS**



These cats were specially-trained to knock over garbage can lids, ash trays, etc.,—then freeze in the searchlight beam—at the sound of approaching low voices speaking in German or Japanese.

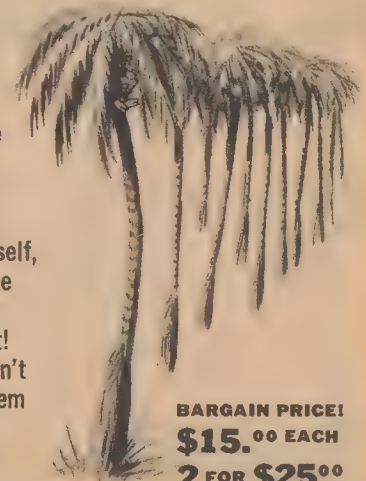
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\$10  
EACH**

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**FOR IMMEDIATE SALE!  
2000 PALM TREES**

**Simulate Florida or California  
in your backyard all-year-round!  
BUY SEVERAL PALM TREES TODAY!**

Only one drawback!  
You'll have to come out here and get them yourself, as each one has a Jap sniper in it! We just can't convince 'em that the picture is over!!



**BARGAIN PRICE!  
\$15.00 EACH  
2 FOR \$25<sup>00</sup>**

**BANZAI FEATURES, INC.**

**Hollywood, California**



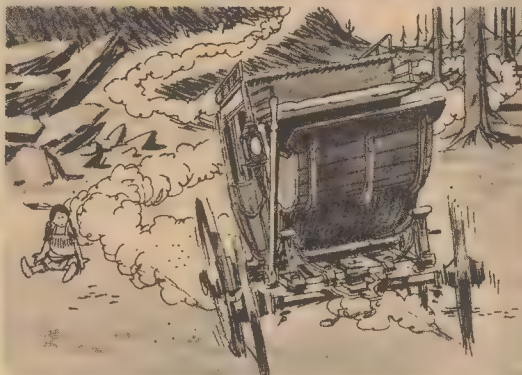
Maybe they should've offered to sell Marlon Brando instead. Anyway, the idea of selling old movie props to offset modern production costs could catch on — and then we'd be seeing ads like these in our newspapers, announcing another

# URPLUS SALE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: EARLE DOUD

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THE ORIGINAL "RUNAWAY STAGE" OF OVER 150 WESTERNS

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Cutaway drawing at right shows location of engine, brakes and steering wheel inside. Pretty neat, hah?



Coach needs work, though. The left rear wheel keeps falling off at high speed.

**YOURS FOR ONLY \$595**

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Choose from this assortment of over 200 portraits used in famous horror movies!

Unfortunately, each one has the eyes cut out of it!

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## GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

**NOW YOU CAN OWN**

ONE OR MORE OF THESE  
UNIQUE MOVIE GUNS!

### HERO'S GUN

Shoots only hands. Even when pointed at head, neck or stomach and fired — will still hit only the hand.



### VILLAIN'S GUN

Cannot kill anybody! Just point it at person two feet away — it will miss!



### DETECTIVE'S GUN

Absolutely harmless. Only shoots locks and knobs off doors.



### INDIAN WAR HERO RIFLE

Absolutely fabulous. Each bullet kills five Indians at same time.



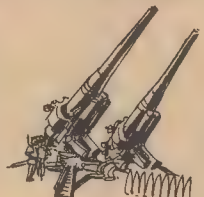
### EARLY PIONEER WOMAN'S RIFLE

When pointed up in the air and fired with eyes closed, will kill Indian on fast horse 500 yds. away



### GUNS OF NAVARONE

Only two available! Perfect for person who now owns two 400-ft. holsters!



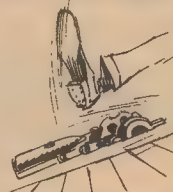
### CLICK GUN

Made of rubber. Will not fire. Just clicks 3 times — then is used to throw at hero. Will not injure.



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Will not fire. Flat on one side. Perfect for kicking back and forth across floor during fights!



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**Murderous Props, Inc.  
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**CLOCKS!  
CLOCKS!  
CLOCKS!**

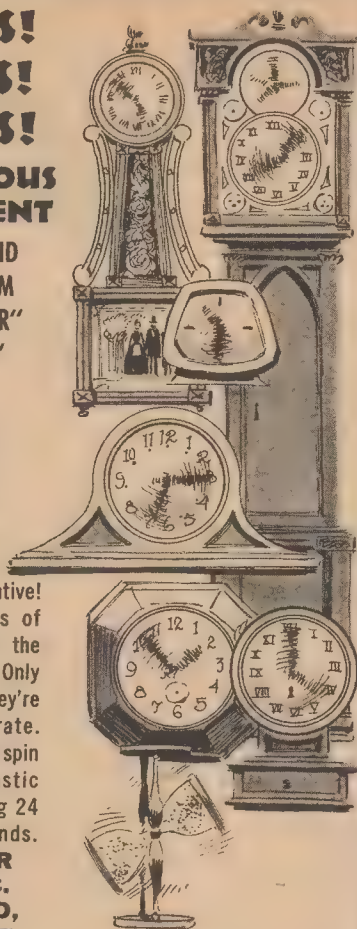
**TREMENDOUS  
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TO "ALARM"

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Used in hundreds of  
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passage of time. Only  
one drawback. They're  
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In fact, the hands spin  
around at a fantastic  
speed, registering 24  
hours in 10 seconds.

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**78  
ROOMS...**

**EACH  
WITH AN  
IRRITATING  
FLASHING  
NEON SIGN  
OUTSIDE  
THE WINDOW!**



**\$9,000<sup>00</sup>**

Hideout Locations, Incorporated, Hollywood, California

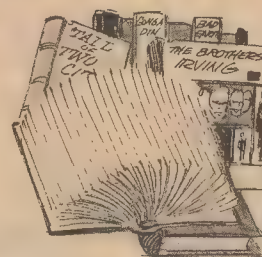
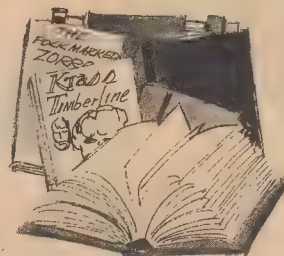
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Decorative!  
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hundreds of  
movies to  
denote the  
passage of  
time. Only  
one drawback.  
When you  
hang them  
on your wall,  
the dates  
fall off in  
rapid  
succession—  
one at a  
time!

**YEARS LATER  
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Love to ride—but  
have a small yard?  
Order one of these  
beautiful palomino

**Indian  
Battle  
Horses**

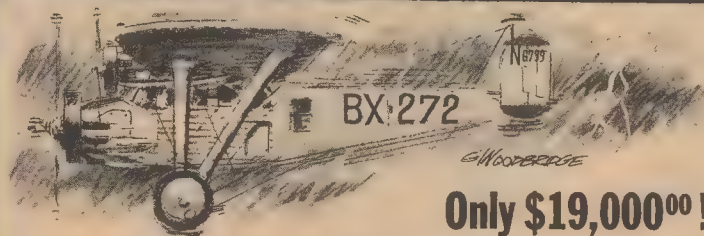
Now, you can ride  
around your small  
property to your  
heart's content—  
because these  
specially-bred  
horses fall down  
every 5 or 6 feet.



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100.<sup>00</sup>  
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Jobs. The only trouble is, these planes only fly in storms!  
And they can't fly forward, only up and down!

HIGH-AND-MIGHTY-BAD EPICS, Culver City, Calif.



## COFFEE, TEA AND MILKED DEPT.

Hey, gang! Getting sick of all those "Now" films with little or no story-line? Pictures like "Midnight Cowboy", "Easy Rider", "Alice's Restaurant", "MASH", etc. Do you sometimes wish that somebody would bring back stories in motion pictures like they had in the old days? Well, somebody has! Boy, **HAVE** they! They've come up with a movie that not only has a plot, but enough left over for 37 more "Now" pictures! We're referring, of course, to MAD's nomination for an Academy Award "Oscar"... namely a 1946 Academy Award "Oscar"...

# AI

I'm Mule Bakersdozen, Manager of Crisis International Airport! You are about to join me in an evening of fun and crises you won't believe! Oh-Oh, there goes the Crisis Phone!

Okay! So much for the fun! What about the crisis?!

There's the other Crisis Phone... Hello? I'm a busy man! This better be a real crisis!

Mule, this is your wife, Cinderblock!

It's a real crisis!

Mule, when are you coming home? You're never home! Twenty-four hours a day, you're at that Airport! What kind of a life is that? You think it's easy for me? You think I like nagging you over the phone like this?

Cinder, why do you want me to come home?

I want to nag you in person for a change!

I know why you don't come home! There's someone else! Someone has come between us!!

Don't be foolish, Cinder! Who could possibly come between us?

Hi, there—remember me?

Hello? State your crisis! What's that? The airport is being picketed, half the flights have been cancelled, and 27 planes are stacked up...?







# RFPLOT

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm Tango Livingdoll, your beautiful but cold, wooden assistant who is secretly in love with you, and who you secretly love, too—but we won't reveal our true feelings about each other until 42 crises from now!

Ahh . . . when you've seen one cold, blonde, immaculately-dressed, impeccably-coiffed, expressionless Assistant Airport Manager, you've seen 'em all!

Mule, there's no future for us! I was offered a job in 'Frisco, and I think I'm going to take it!

Doing what . . . ?

Working as a Dress Manikin in a Store Window! The one they have now is too emotional!

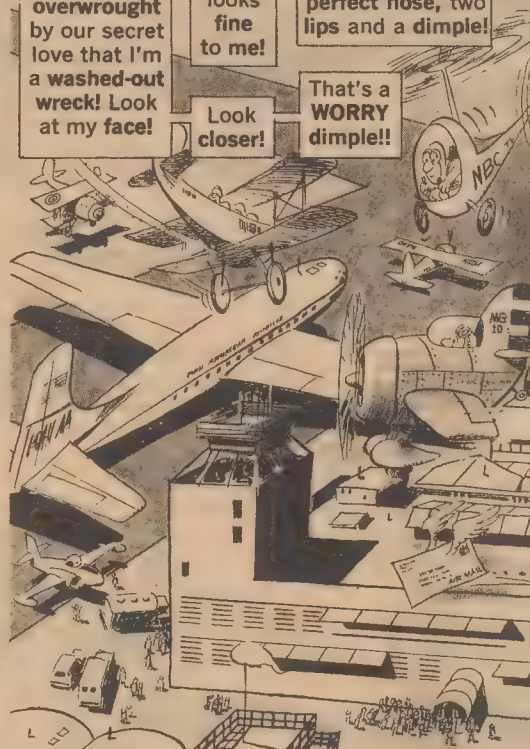
Oh, Mule, I'm so upset—so overwrought by our secret love that I'm a washed-out wreck! Look at my face!

Your face looks fine to me!

All I see are two flawless eyes, a perfect nose, two lips and a dimple!

That's a WORRY dimple!!

Look closer!



Oh-Oh! There's the Crisis Phone again!

Oh, Mule! How I've cried!

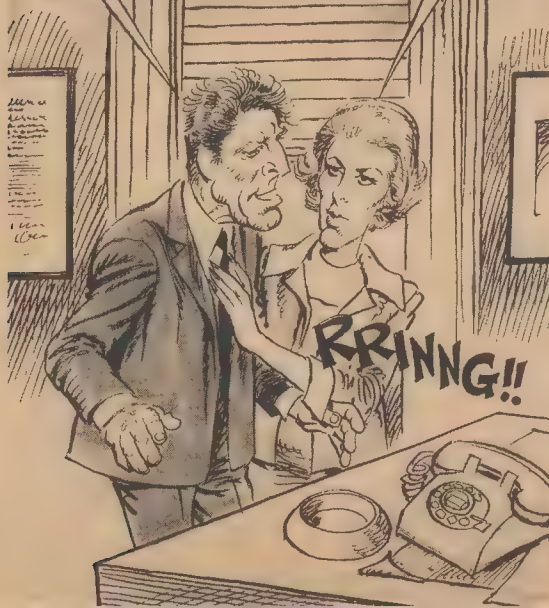
But your face is dry!

That's just it! I cry INSIDE! You should see the sockets behind my eyeballs! They're filled with tears!

Hello? State your crisis! What's that? There's a plane stuck on Runway 28? That's no crisis! Taxi it off! What? You can't taxi it off? Well, tow it off! Listen, I've got the 4th of July holiday rush to worry about and—What? The plane is stuck in SNOW? On the 4th of July?! Listen, who am I talking to? What's your name?

Who was it, Mule?

Boy, if there's one thing I can't stand, it's a recorded crisis!







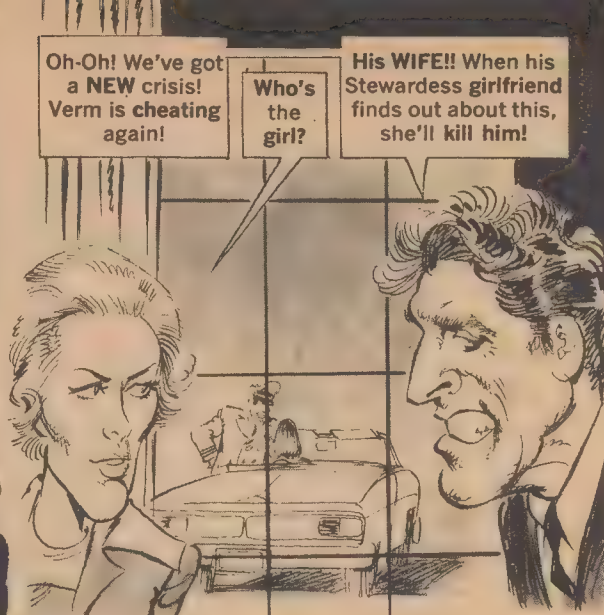
I think flying is fabulous! I think it's much safer than driving, and a lot more fun! I love to get up in the air! I feel so free—so alive—so wonderful! And I have worlds of confidence in the planes and the fantastic men who fly them!



Er—Who is that?

That's Vermin Swinger—one of the pilots here!

I'm taking a train!!



Oh-Oh! We've got a NEW crisis! Verm is cheating again!

Who's the girl?

His WIFE!! When his Stewardess girlfriend finds out about this, she'll kill him!



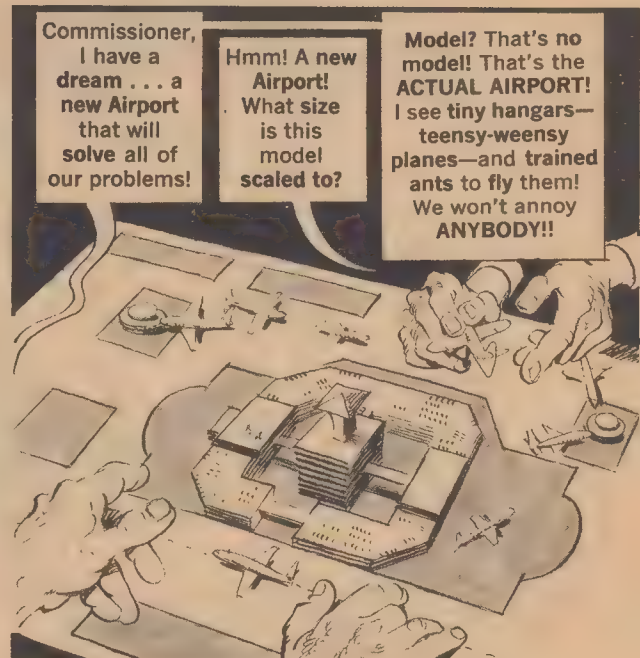
Another crisis, Mule! You've got to close the Airport! Residents for 20 miles are complaining! The jet noise and sonic booms are driving them crazy!

Close the Airport, Commissioner?! That's insane! Where are those Residents! I want to talk to them!

You can't! They're all deaf!! I'll write them letters!

That's no good either! How come?

It's impossible to read when you're vibrating like that!



Commissioner, I have a dream . . . a new Airport that will solve all of our problems!

Hmm! A new Airport! What size is this model scaled to?

Model? That's no model! That's the ACTUAL AIRPORT! I see tiny hangars—teensy-weensy planes—and trained ants to fly them! We won't annoy ANYBODY!!



Bakersdozen, you're INSANE!!

Okay! Okay! We'll build a real Airport right here! An Airport so new . . . so modern . . . that it will never bother those Residents from 20 miles around again!

How large do you figure this Airport to be?

About 20 miles around!



New crisis, Mule! We just picked up this stowaway on our L.A. flight!

Hello! I'm Ida Cutesy! I'm 75! I sneak on planes, I forge passports, and I steal!

Why do you do these things, Miss Cutesy?

I'm a rebel! I'm the oldest, cleanest Yippie in the world!

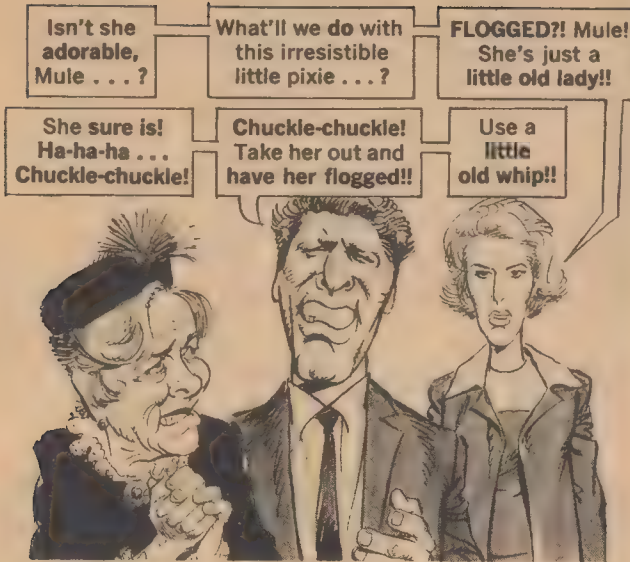
What are you rebelling against?

The Administration! President Coolidge has GOT TO GO!!

Miss Cutsey, President Coolidge is GONE!!

See?! It's paying off!!





Isn't she adorable, Mule . . . ?

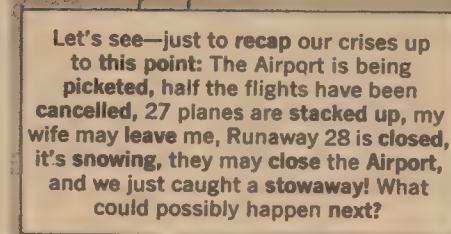
What'll we do with this irresistible little pixie . . . ?

**FLOGGED?!** Mule! She's just a little old lady!!

She sure is! Ha-ha-ha . . . Chuckle-chuckle!

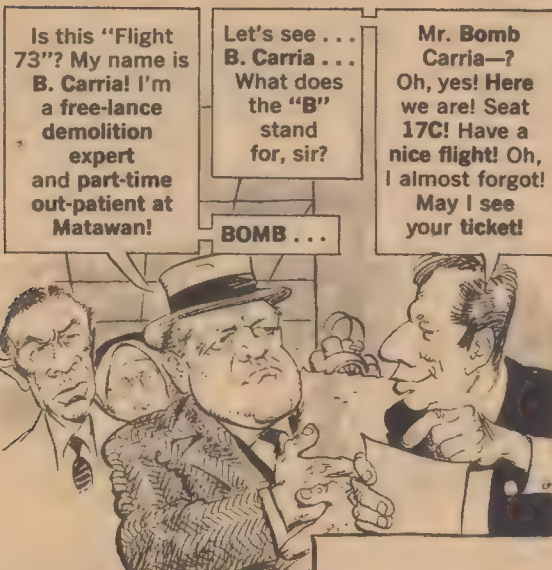
Chuckle-chuckle! Take her out and have her flogged!!

Use a little old whip!!



Let's see—just to recap our crises up to this point: The Airport is being picketed, half the flights have been cancelled, 27 planes are stacked up, my wife may leave me, Runaway 28 is closed, it's snowing, they may close the Airport, and we just caught a stowaway! What could possibly happen next?

Attention—passengers holding tickets for "Ill-Fated Flight 73", which departs at 7:10 and either arrives in Rome tomorrow at noon—or NEVER!—may now board at Gate 12!

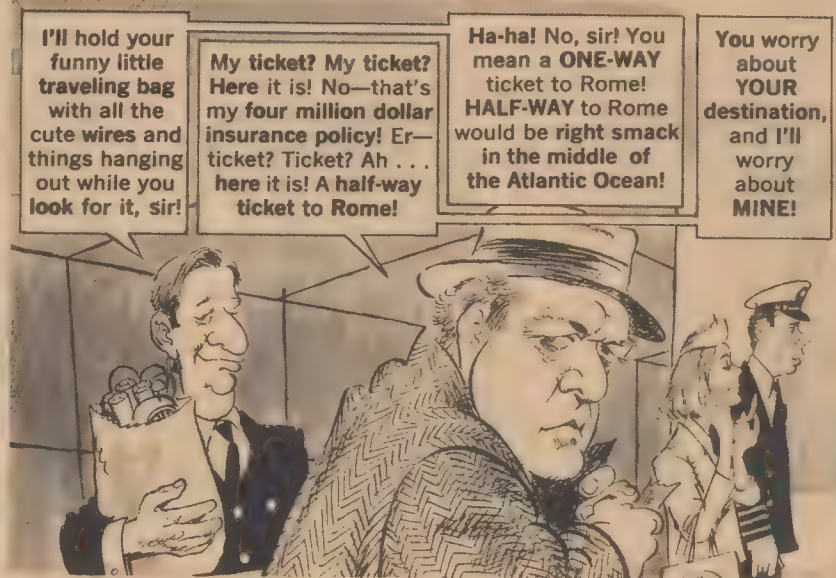


Is this "Flight 73"? My name is B. Carria! I'm a free-lance demolition expert and part-time out-patient at Matawan!

Let's see . . . B. Carria . . . What does the "B" stand for, sir?

**BOMB . . .**

Mr. Bomb Carria—? Oh, yes! Here we are! Seat 17C! Have a nice flight! Oh, I almost forgot! May I see your ticket!



I'll hold your funny little traveling bag with all the cute wires and things hanging out while you look for it, sir!

My ticket? My ticket? Here it is! No—that's my four million dollar insurance policy! Er—ticket? Ticket? Ah . . . here it is! A half-way ticket to Rome!

Ha-ha! No, sir! You mean a **ONE-WAY** ticket to Rome! **HALF-WAY** to Rome would be right smack in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean!

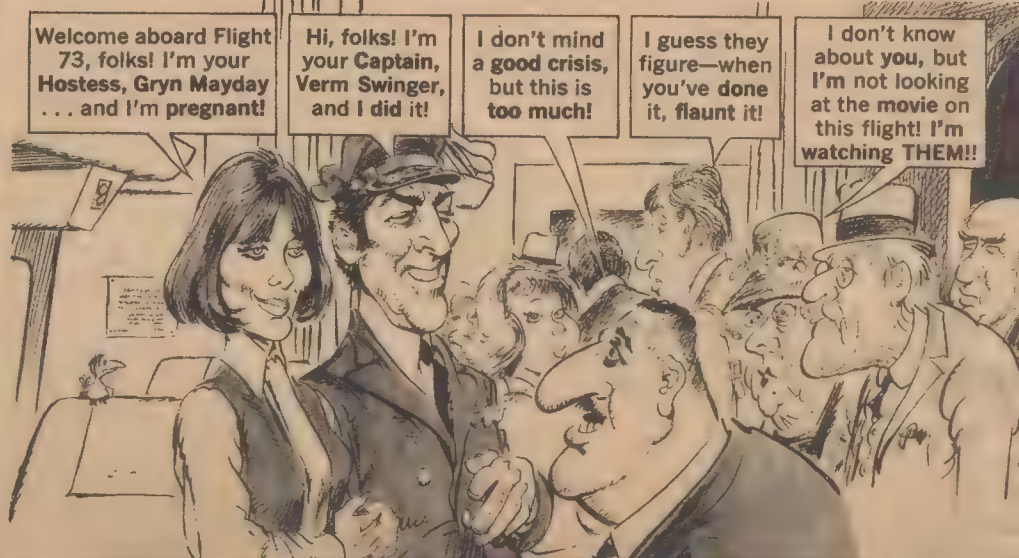
You worry about **YOUR** destination, and I'll worry about **MINE!**



Say—did you notice anything **STRANGE** about that passenger!

Yeah, come to think of it! Who wears two-toned shoes nowadays?!

**GATE 33**



Welcome aboard Flight 73, folks! I'm your Hostess, Gryn Mayday . . . and I'm pregnant!

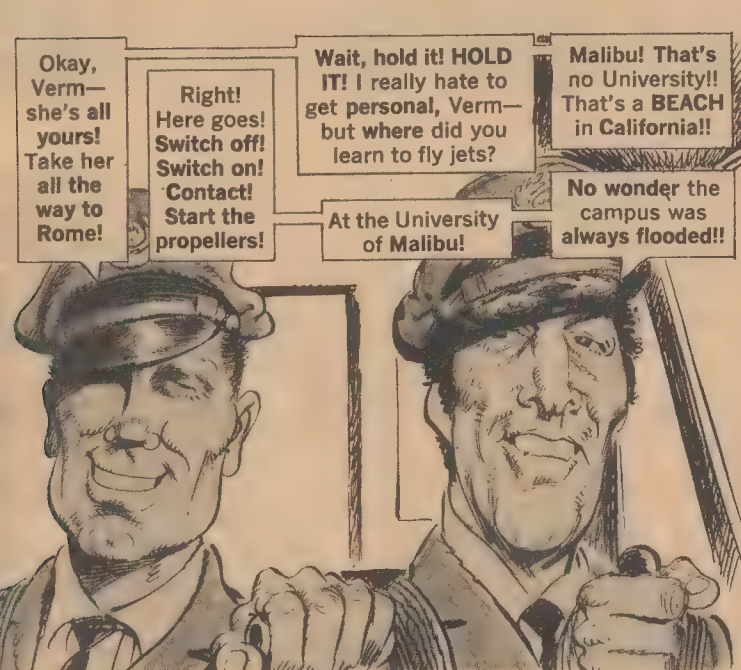
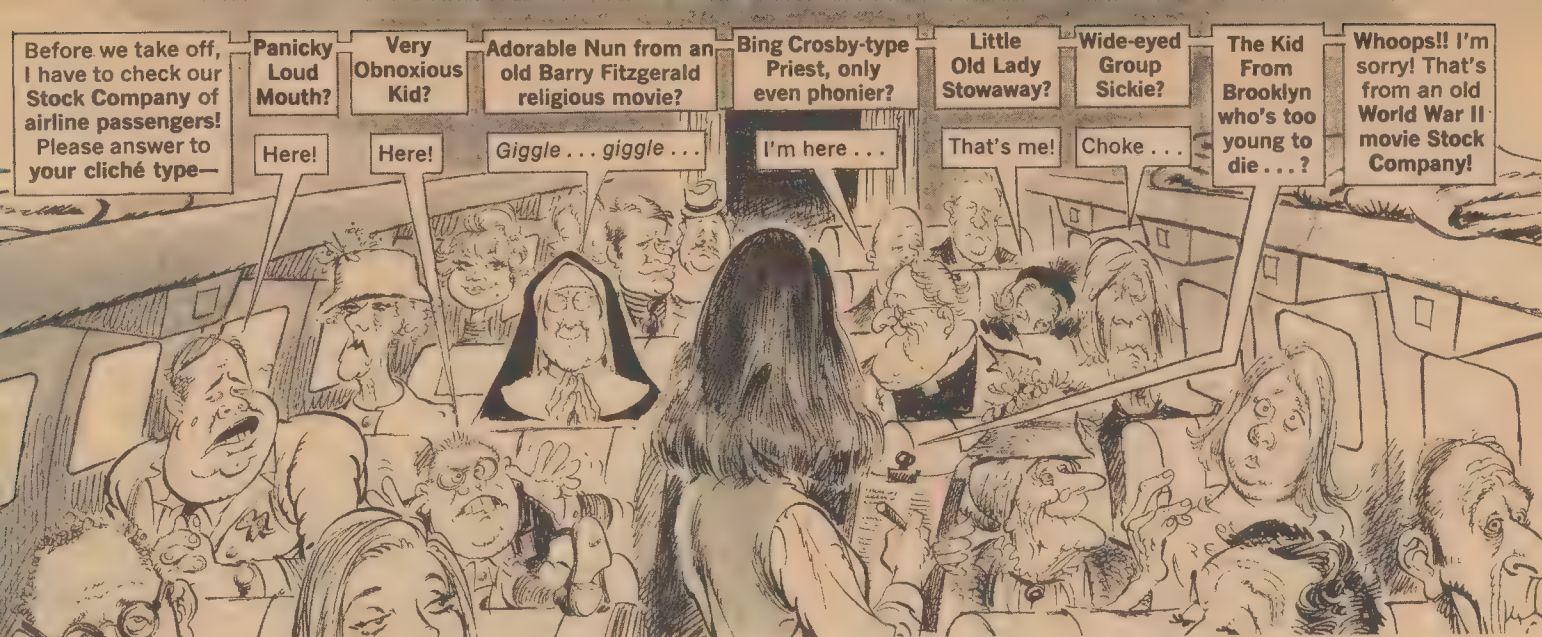
Hi, folks! I'm your Captain, Verm Swinger, and I did it!

I don't mind a good crisis, but this is too much!

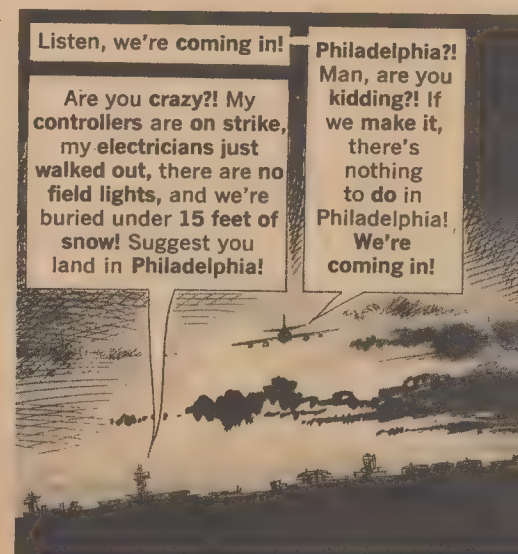
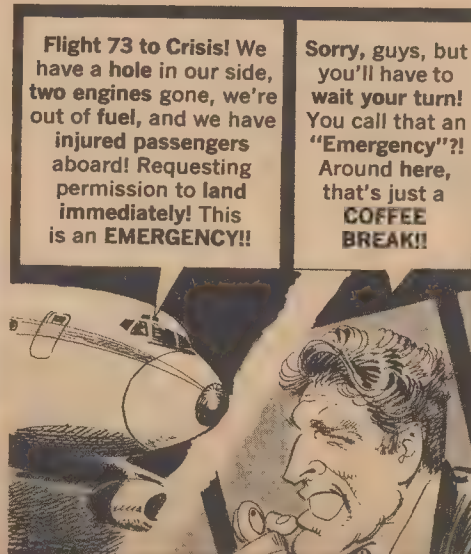
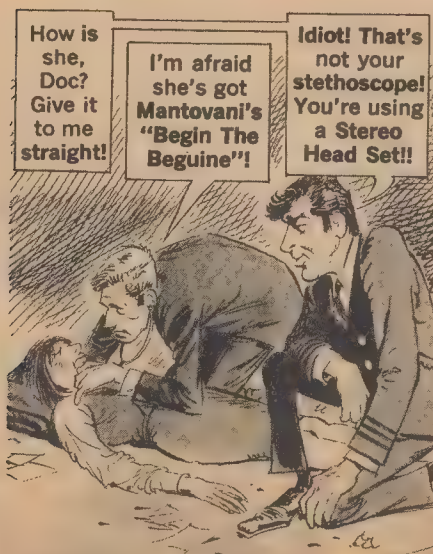
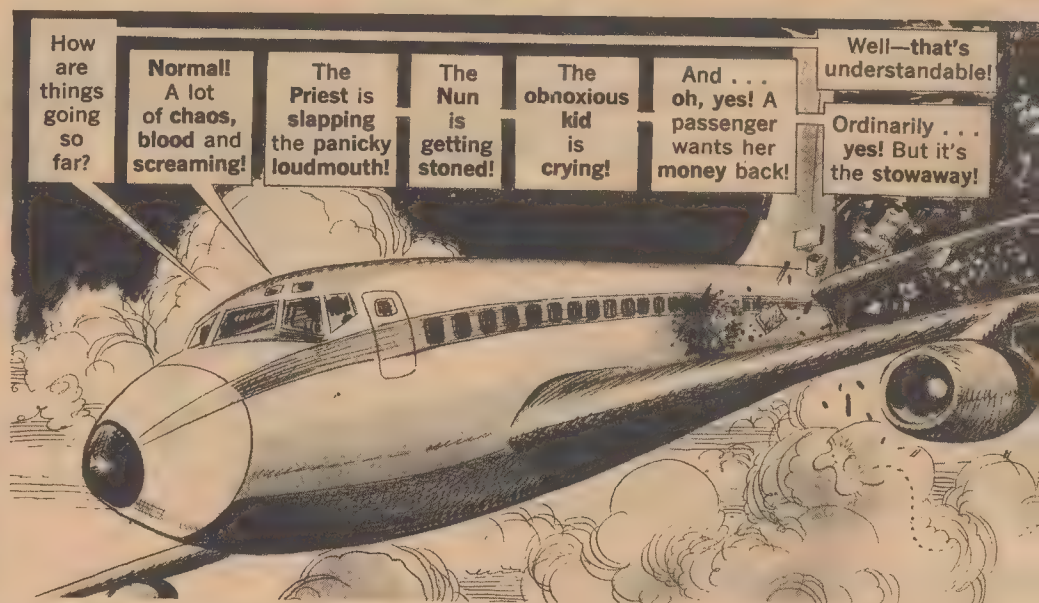
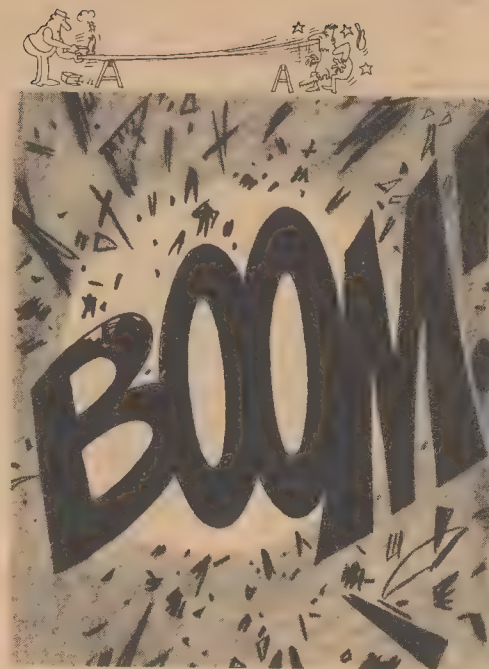
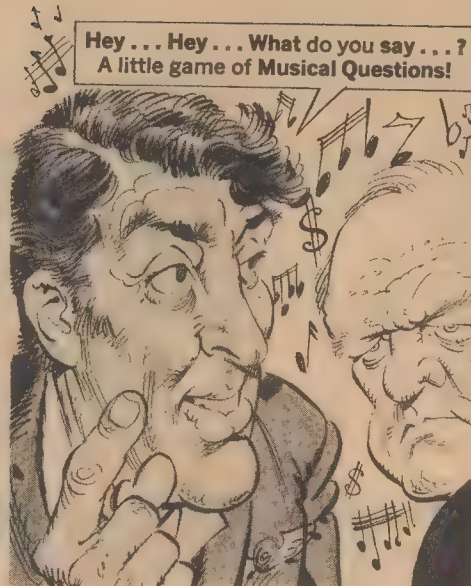
I guess they figure—when you've done it, flaunt it!

I don't know about you, but I'm not looking at the movie on this flight! I'm watching **THEM!!**







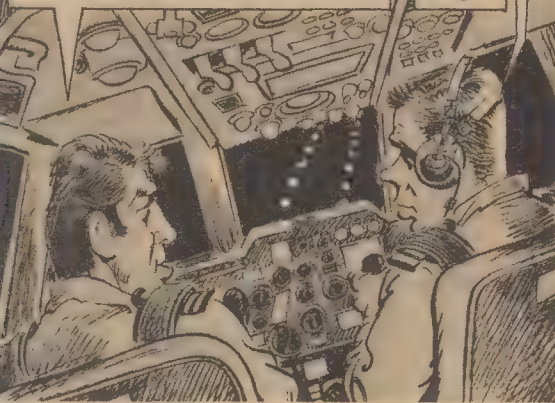




This is suicide, Antsin! We'll never make it! Even if we land okay, we'll be buried in snow! And there are no plows, and no lights! We haven't got a chance! What a shame! All my dreams . . . everything I ever hoped to be someday—all gone—up in smoke—

What did you hope to be someday?

A grown-up!!



Look, Verm! The snows have magically parted! There's a clear, dry runway down there . . . and an emergency crew to guide us in!



What happened, Father!? We had so much more drama we could've wrung out of this situation . . . so much more blood, and screaming, and carrying on by passengers! I was planning an exciting belly-landing! Maybe even flipping over! But it ended so fast—so easy! How do you explain it?

You may find this hard to believe, my son . . . but God got BORED!



What those poor people have been through! A mid-air bombing, a wrecked plane, a harrowing flight, and a miraculous landing . . . cheating death! Well, Mule—that's it! I guess the crises are over for tonight!

Oh, yeah?! Let's get back to my office!



Hello? No, I don't know when the rest of the baggage will be unloaded! Give it until Wednesday—then call me back!

Hello? Some baggage arrived? Good! People left with the baggage? Great! Oh, the people who left with the baggage were not the people who own the baggage? Well, check with our Security Police! Oh . . . THEY walked off with the baggage!!

Hello? What? I'm sorry it cost you \$48 to park your car! You should've parked in the "Long-Term Parking Lot"! Oh, you DID park there! And the CAB you had to take to it cost you \$48!!

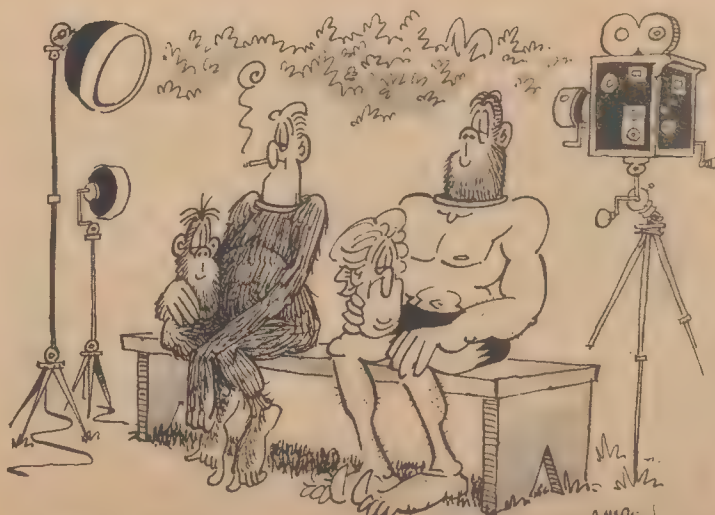
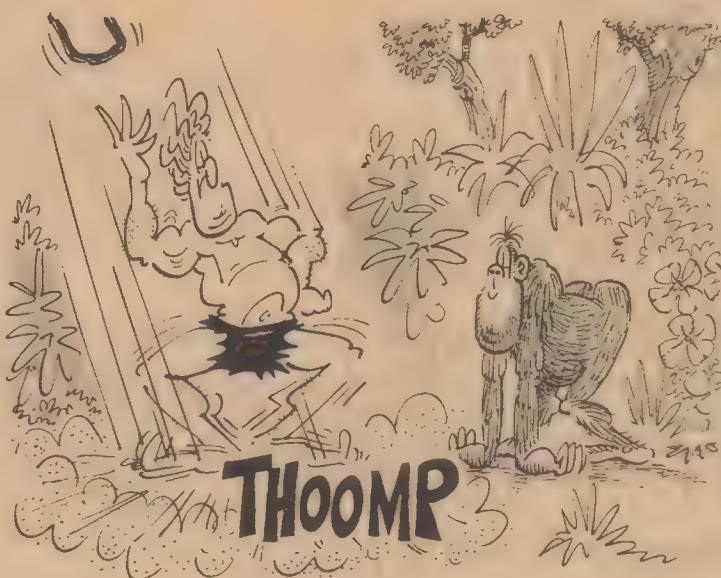
Hello, what's that? Traffic leading from the Airport is stacked up for 30 miles! No, you mean BACKED UP! Planes get stacked up in the air! It doesn't happen to cars on the ground! What? Oh . . . these cars ARE stacked up!!

What an idiot I am! I should have known! For the "Arriving Passengers", this is when the crises first begin!





# ON THE "TARZAN" SET





# THE ANATOMY OF A

THE NEW YORK TIMES, NOVEMBER 25, 1969

**"W.B."**  
IS COMING!

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THE NEW YORK TIMES, DECEMBER 15, 1969

On January First, Nineteen Hundred and Seventy,  
Reserved Seat Tickets will go on sale for...

## "Whispering Branches"



THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD  
A TENDER AND TOUCHING FILM OF YOUNG LOVE  
THREE HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES OF RAPTURE  
A MOTION PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME

**OPENS JANUARY 15, 1970**  
at the CINEMIRACLE THEATRE

YONKERS DAILY POOP, January 28, 1970

★ **NOW AT POPULAR PRICES!!** ★

FIRST-RUN NEIGHBORHOOD  
**PLAYHOUSE THEATER**  
presents

DIRECT FROM ITS GALA RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT ON BROADWAY  
AND ITS RECORD-BREAKING RUN AT "HIT SHOWCASE THEATRES!"

## "Whispering Branches"

A HARD-HITTING STORY OF ILICIT YOUNG LOVE  
THAT WILL BLAST YOU RIGHT OUT OF YOUR SEAT!

DON'T REVEAL THE THROCKING CONTENTS  
OF THIS PICTURE TO YOUR FRIENDS!

2 HOURS & 6 MINUTES OF SOCK!



RECOMMENDED FOR  
**ADULTS ONLY**

★ **STARTS TODAY FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!** ★

ILLVILLE WEEKLY STAR February 5, 1970

**NOW PLAYING!!**

"I Was A Teenage Motorcycle Gang"

plus

## "Whispering Branches"

R.K.O. Styx Theatre

Main Street

ILLVILLE WEEKLY STAR February 12, 1970

## TRIPLE-THREAT DRIVE-IN

"HOME OF THE HITS"

"ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW"

Route 189 at the Traffic Circle

PRESENTS

AN ALL-COLOR, ALL SPECTACULAR GALA PROGRAM

Cecil B. DeMille's "THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"

AND

"BEN HUR" with Charlton Heston

AND

"CLEOPATRA" with Liz and Dick

PLUS

20 Color Cartoons and 6 Travelogues

AND AS AN EXTRA ADDED ATTRACTION

"Whispering Branches"





# MOVIE AD CAMPAIGN

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

THE NEW YORK TIMES, JANUARY 15, 1970

## OPENS TONIGHT!

A MOTION PICTURE YOU WILL TALK ABOUT FOR YEARS TO COME  
THREE HOURS AND TWENTY-ONE MINUTES OF RAPTURE  
A TENDER AND TOUCHING FILM OF YOUNG LOVE  
THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD



Reserved Seat Tickets Are Now On Sale For All Of 1970  
And Early 1971 By Mail, Phone, Or At The Box Office

## The CINEMIRACLE THEATRE

SELECTED RESERVED SEATS FOR TONIGHT'S  
OPENING PERFORMANCE STILL AVAILABLE

Theatre  
Parties  
Arranged

THE DAILY NEWS, January 23, 1970

☆☆☆

## COMING WEDNESDAY!

DIRECT FROM ITS RECENT GALA RESERVED SEAT ENGAGEMENT!  
UNCUT! JUST THE WAY SO MANY PEOPLE SAW IT ON BROADWAY!

## "Whispering Branches"

A Hard-Hitting Modern Story Of Young Love  
Designed To Shock You Out Of Your Seat!

3 Hours And 21 Minutes Of  
Sure-Fire Entertainment!



SEE IT AT ONE OF THESE SELECTED "HIT SHOWCASE" THEATRES

The BEEKMAN ART	The ART EAST	The EAST ART	The ART BEEKMAN
The BEEKMAN EAST	The EAST BEEKMAN	The BELCH ART	The ART BURP

CHUCK & PRODUCTION AV

WEDNESDAY

### TV GUIDE

## Monday

March 9, 1970

11:30 ② THE LATE SHOW—MOVIE

**COLOR** "Whispering Branches" 1969  
A young man and a young woman find  
love. (75 min.)

### TV GUIDE

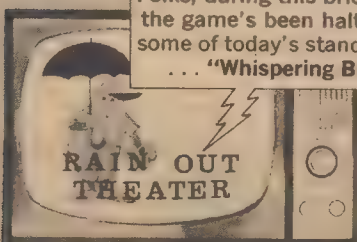
## Wednesday

May 13, 1970

3:15 AM ⑦ INSOMNIAC THEATRE

**COLOR** "Whispering Branches" 1969  
61 minutes of film fare designed to  
have you asleep in no time.

Folks, during this brief shower, while  
the game's been halted, let's watch  
some of today's stand-by film feature  
... "Whispering Branches" ...



THE NEW YORK TIMES, JUNE 1, 1970

## AND NOW—A MOVIE TORN FROM TODAY'S HEADLINES!

See Youtn In Trouble!  
See Youth Gone Mad!

THE WILD SHOCKING STORY  
OF A GUY WITH NO CLASS...  
AND A GAL WITH NO MORALS!

Meet the Father that  
taught him to be BAD!

Meet the Mother that  
forgot to tell her  
how to be GOOD!

Meet the whole  
UGLY GANG ... as



## "The HELL-RAISERS"

(formerly titled "Whispering Branches")

OPENS THIS FRIDAY AT A SCHLOCK THEATER NEAR YOU!

ILLUMINATING ENGINEERING SOCIETY

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## BAITING THE TRAPPS DEPT.

In times past, Hollywood has turned out some big, corny movie musicals. But the biggest, corniest movie musical of all is now playing. Sure, the songs are lovely, but take them away and what have you got? Nothing but a collection of the same old dull clichés and boring tear-jerker gimmicks that you've been seeing in movie musicals for years. (We're even falling asleep writing this introduction about it!) It's obvious that this motion picture was made with only one goal in mind: Mainly to hear

# THE \$OUND OF MONEY

\* How come I'm alone, and there's so much music?  
High up on a hill, with no one in view?  
So how do they get all this sound and music?  
A musical quiz I now pose to you.

Just see how I race up this steep mountainside  
Without ever losing a beat!  
You'd think that my lungs would give out up here  
Over ten thousand feet!

To do all these things  
with a wide-mouthed grin  
Really should not amaze;  
I've had lots of rest,  
'Cause they filmed it on five different days!

I'm not singing now; I am pre-recorded!  
I'm just mouthing words I have sung before!  
And how does it feel to be singing nothing?  
It's an aw-ful bore!

IIIQT  
DRUCKER



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER  
WRITER: STAN HART



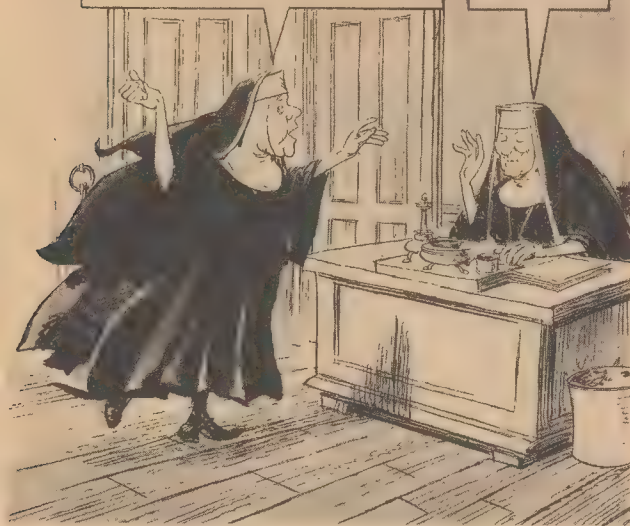
Mother Obsess, we really must do something about Mitzia! You should see how she's conducting the choir at Vespers!

Now, now! She's just a little high-spirited!

And now . . . direct from three smash years in a convent in the Belgian Congo . . . the "Sisters Four"! They'll sing their way into your hearts with a little hymn called—

Mitzia!! Come into my office at once!

Take five, girls!



Mitzia! You are quite a problem! I do not think that you belong in a Convent!

You mean, I belong in the outside world??

No, not there, either! That's the problem!!



Well, at least we've solved **ONE** problem! The problem of religion!

Really? Is it a problem?

When you're making movies about Nuns it is! Listen—

\* How do you solve the problem of religion? How do you handle Nuns and not offend? Just simply have them doing things they wouldn't! Don't follow the norm, Or stay true to form . . . Pretend!

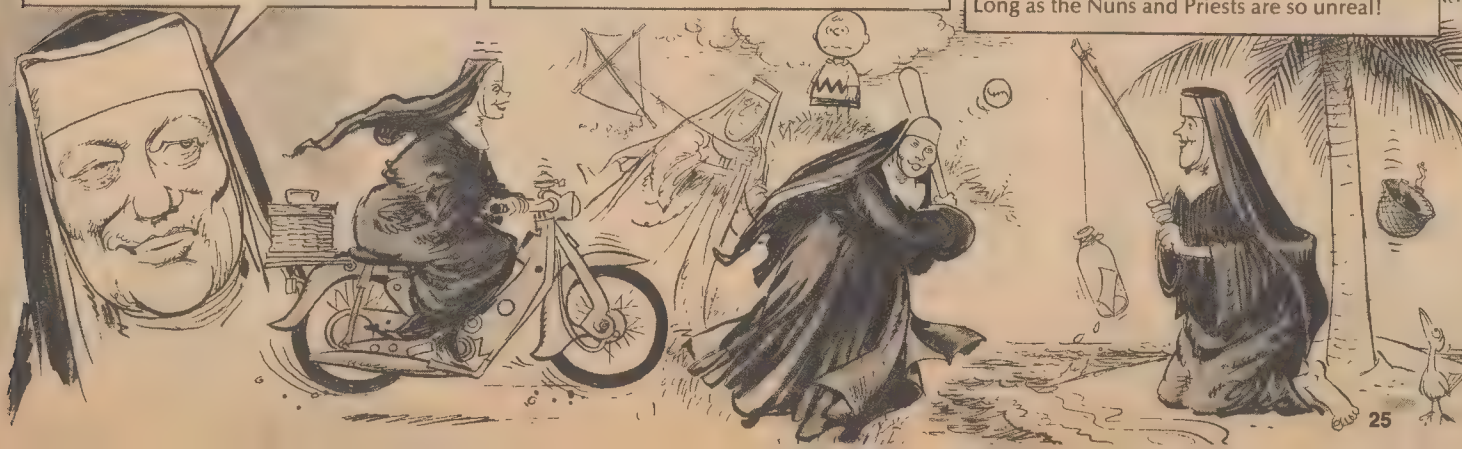


\*Sung to the tune of "How Do You Solve A Problem Like Maria?"

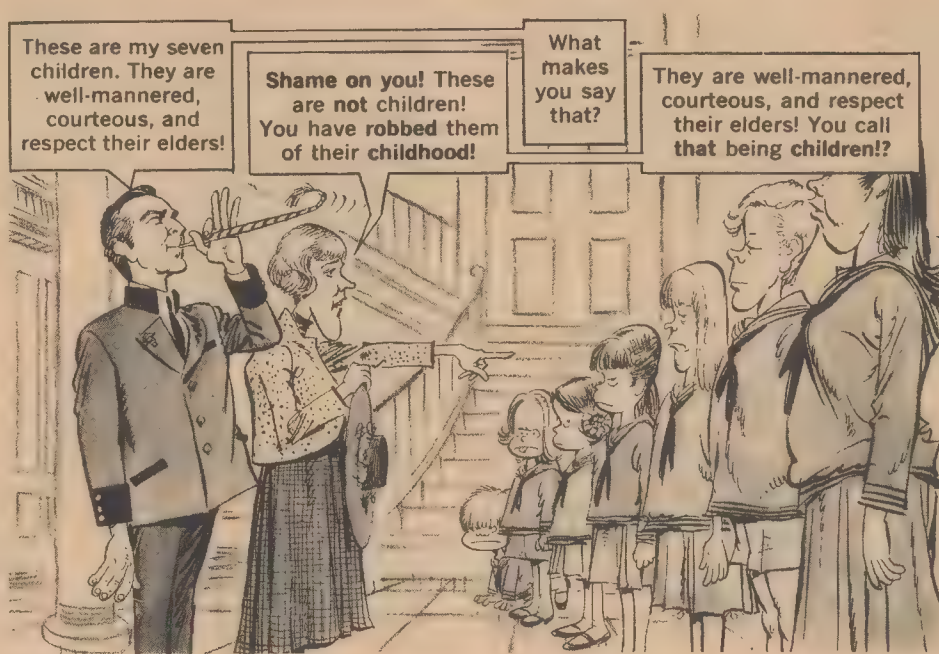
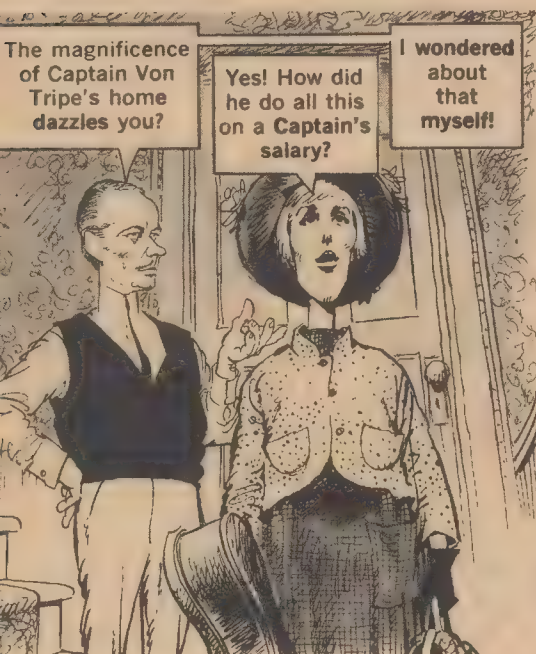
Just show a kookie Nun who rides a scooter; Or show a Sister try to fly a kite. The movies can make folks feel That all these events are real, And being a Nun is fun from morn' till night! People will eat up films about religion! Just keep them cor-ny, sacch-ar-in and trite!

Ingrid Bergman, you'll recall, As a Nun would play baseball; And sweet Audrey Hepburn, Convent life forswore; Sister Debbie was so swinging On her motorbike, while singing; Old Roz Russell, Donna Reed, and many more.

All the Nuns sang a lament While they mixed up their cement, Playing "Lilies Of The Field" with so much zeal; Deborah Kerr was quite specific On that spot in the Pacific; Celeste Holm, Loretta Young all had appeal. Yes . . . everyone loves a picture on religion— Long as the Nuns and Priests are so unreal!









What happened to you?

Nothing, Captain—it's just a flesh wound!

She didn't squeal on us!

She could've gotten us all into trouble!

She's not like our other Governesses!

This one is a real jerk!

THAT NIGHT...

I came in because I heard you whimpering! There... there... Don't be afraid! The thunder and lightning can't hurt you!

That's what **YOU** think! And get your hands off my security blanket!!

We're frightened of the thunder and lightning, too, Mitzia!

Don't worry! I'll fix that! I'll sing you a song!

What will that do?

Well, it will get rid of the thunder and lightning for a while... so the audience can hear the music and lyrics! And that should rid you of your fright!

Boy... that's the corniest old gimmick!

That's not the **ONLY** one we'll be pulling in this movie! Want to hear some others?

\* Lightning and thunder and Danger that hovers; Scared little children who Hide under covers; When I start singing, then Happiness springs—These are just some of the Corniest things!

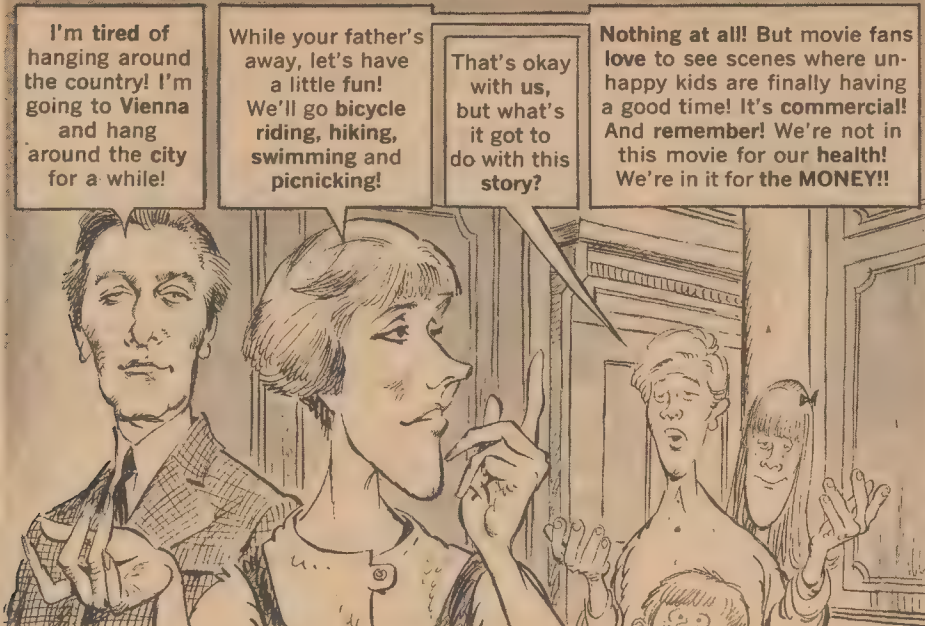
One little kiddie who Lips out a sentence; Makes his stern Daddy so Full of repentance; Movie fans love all the Tears that it brings—These are just some of the Corniest things!

See how the children all Love one another; You know that's nonsense if You have a brother! Who can believe that such Harmony rings? These are just some of the Corniest things!

When a storm comes, And we're frightened By the things we Dread, We put on our nightclothes and Jump up and down, And break hearts—but not The bed!

\* Sung to the tune of "These Are A Few Of My Favorite Things"





I'm tired of hanging around the country! I'm going to Vienna and hang around the city for a while!

While your father's away, let's have a little fun! We'll go bicycle riding, hiking, swimming and picnicking!

That's okay with us, but what's it got to do with this story?

Nothing at all! But movie fans love to see scenes where unhappy kids are finally having a good time! It's commercial! And remember! We're not in this movie for our health! We're in it for the MONEY!!

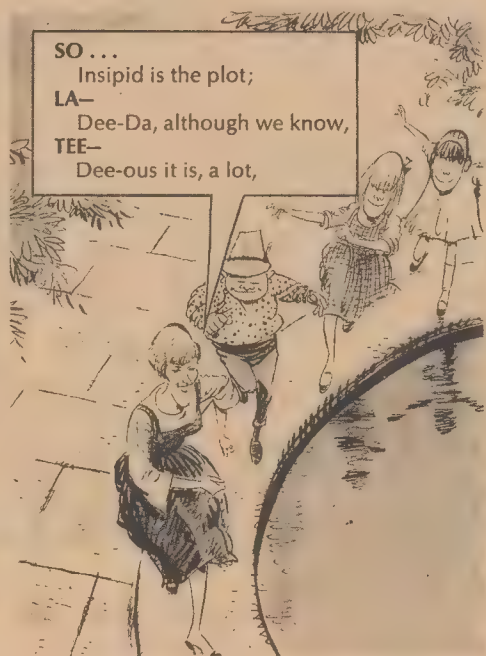


**\* DOUGH ...**  
Means cash for all of us!  
**RAY ...**  
For musicals like this!

**\*Sung to the tune of "Do...Re...Mi"**



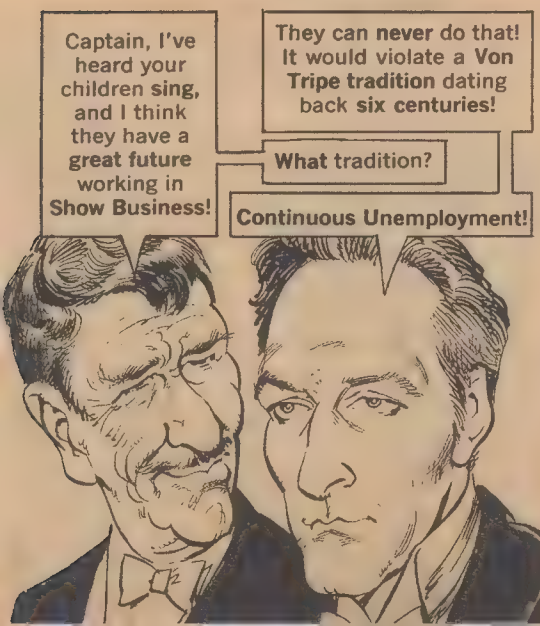
**ME ...**  
A "Star" so big that by  
**FAR ...**  
It couldn't really miss!



**SO ...**  
Inspid is the plot;  
**LA—**  
Dee-Da, although we know,  
**TEE—**  
Dee-ous it is, a lot,



It will bring us  
Back much  
**DOUGH ... DOUGH ...**  
**DOUGH ... DOUGH ...**



Captain, I've heard your children sing, and I think they have a great future working in Show Business!

They can never do that! It would violate a Von Tripe tradition dating back six centuries!

What tradition?  
**Continuous Unemployment!**



Mitzia, I think the Captain is in love with you!

B-but, Countess! I love the Captain! If it's true that he loves me, then I must leave! And if that doesn't make any sense to you, it makes even less to me! But I didn't write this picture! Did anyone?



Mother Obsess, I want to come back to the Convent!

You can't come here to escape the outside world, Mitzia!

Because we came here to escape from you!!

Why not??



Countess,  
I cannot  
marry  
you  
I am in  
love with  
someone  
else!

You didn't have  
to tell me! I am  
a woman, and a  
woman's heart  
knows! It's that  
Dancer in Vienna!

It's  
that  
Nurse  
in  
Salzburg!

That  
waitress  
in  
Carlsbad?

Well,  
who  
is  
it,  
then?

All right, I'll  
tell you! It's  
... it's ...  
I'm so bad at  
remembering  
names ...

Mitzia??

You  
are  
so  
wise!

Are you sure it's  
love, Captain? Or  
could it just be  
the fascination  
of saving money  
on a Governess?

If you really  
knew me, you  
wouldn't ask  
that question!  
Actually, it's  
a little of both!!

No, it isn't her!

Not her,  
either!

No, not  
her  
either!

Guess!



Isn't it lovely,  
Mitzia! You've  
got seven little  
attendants!

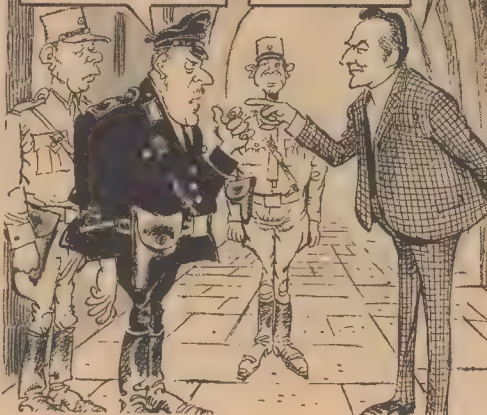
What's so lovely?  
They're all from  
HIS side of the  
family!



Sorry to interrupt  
your honeymoon,  
Captain, but  
I order you to  
report to  
Bremerhaven  
to join the  
German Navy!

You must be joking!

Listen, Bud,  
I'm not one  
of those  
lovable Nazis  
you see on  
television!



I can't join  
the German  
Navy, Mitzia!  
I just can't!

Poor dear!  
It's against  
your  
principles!

No, it isn't that!  
You see, I'm not  
really a Captain!  
I just have this  
"thing" for  
Sailor Suits!



We must leave  
Austria, but  
the Nazis are  
watching every  
road out!

Let's join the  
children at the  
Folk Singing  
Festival, and  
then escape!

Excellent idea! Pack  
only what we'll need  
for the trip! That's  
three Sailor Suits,  
two Whistles, and my  
Security Blanket!



We've finished  
our song! Now's  
our chance to  
escape!

While the  
audience is  
applauding?

No ...  
while the  
audience is  
sleeping!

Stop them ... stop them!

From trying to escape?

No, from doing an encore!







Stop them! Stop them!

From doing an encore?

No, idiot! From escaping!



You can hide here, Mitzia, but you must not make a sound!

Why? Are you afraid we'll get caught?

No! I'm afraid you'll start singing! Then I'll give myself up!!



Children, you must be very brave!

Why, Mitzia?

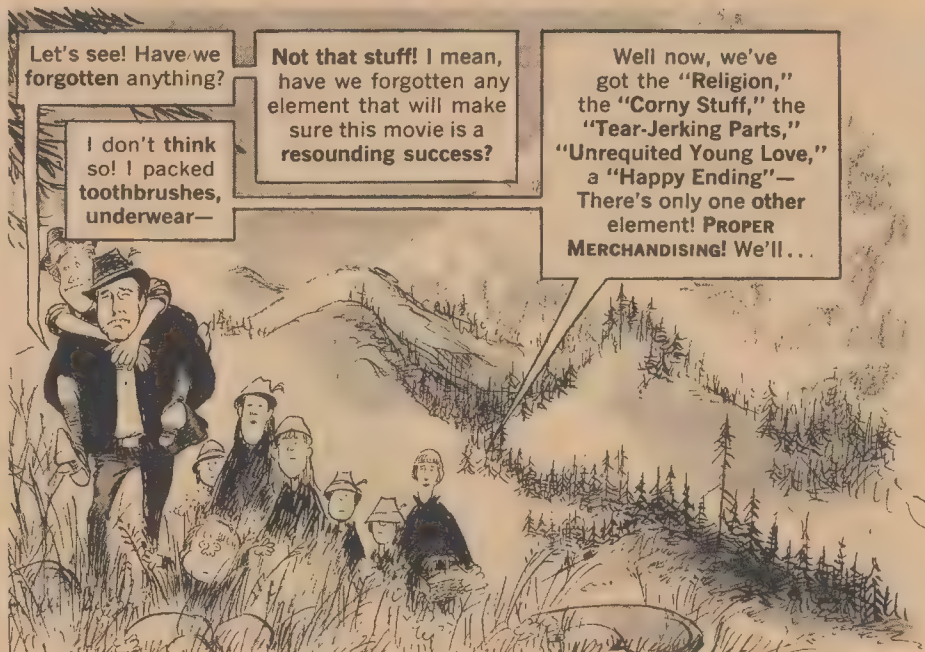
So you can set a good example for your father!



The search party is gone! It will be safe to leave!

Besides, I took this out of the Nazis' car! Did I do wrong, Mother Obsess?

I'm afraid so, Sister! This part is from Von Tripe's car!

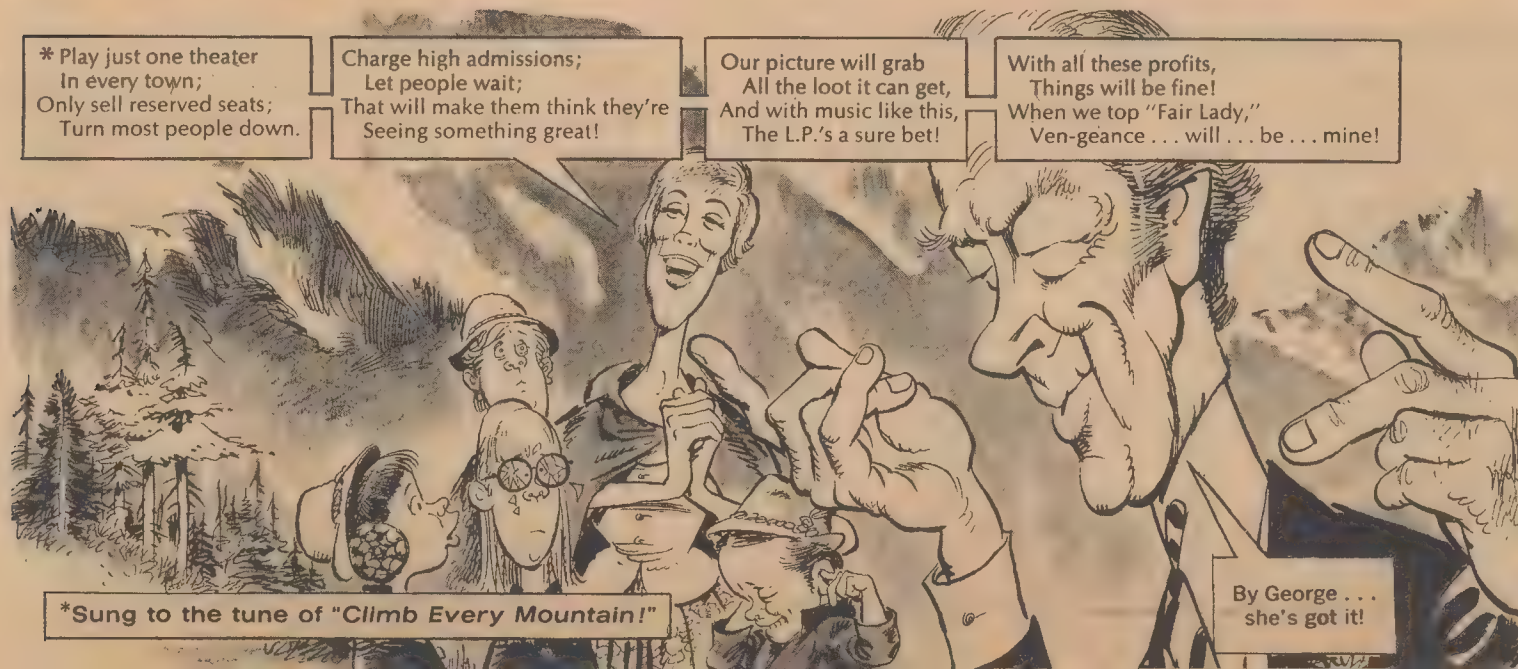


Let's see! Have we forgotten anything?

I don't think so! I packed toothbrushes, underwear—

Not that stuff! I mean, have we forgotten any element that will make sure this movie is a resounding success?

Well now, we've got the "Religion," the "Corny Stuff," the "Tear-Jerking Parts," "Unrequited Young Love," a "Happy Ending"—There's only one other element! **PROPER MERCHANDISING!** We'll...



\* Play just one theater in every town; Only sell reserved seats; Turn most people down.

Charge high admissions; Let people wait; That will make them think they're Seeing something great!

Our picture will grab All the loot it can get, And with music like this, The L.P.'s a sure bet!

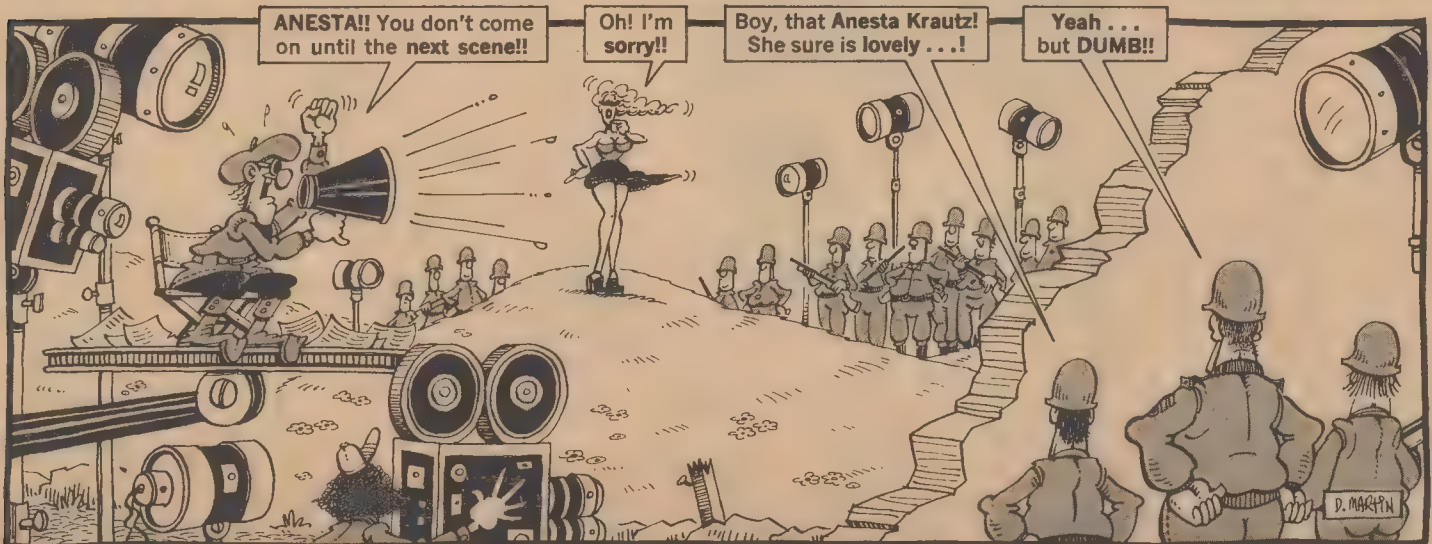
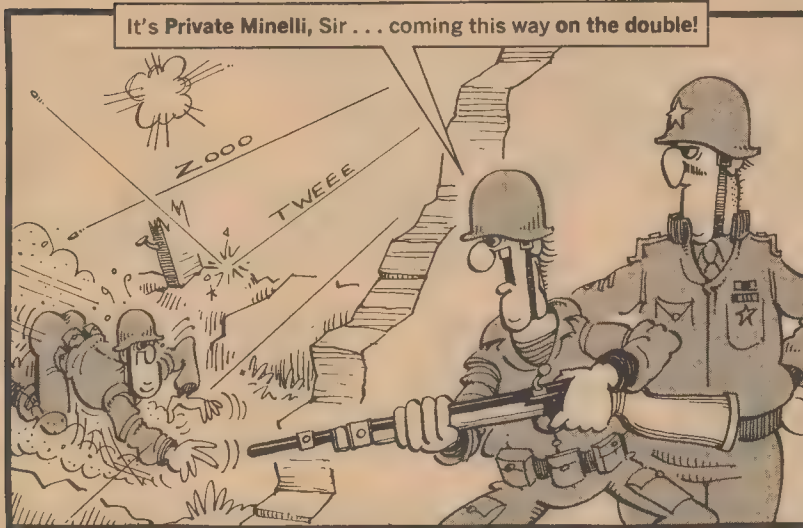
With all these profits, Things will be fine! When we top "Fair Lady," Ven-geance... will... be... mine!

\*Sung to the tune of "Climb Every Mountain!"

By George... she's got it!



# ONE DAY WHILE FILMING A WORLD WAR II MOVIE





Hello! I'm sullen actor, Warren Booty!  
I recently starred in a great film epic  
about the Depression Era of the Thirties.  
I got the part because I'm a sensitive  
actor, I'm a versatile performer, and by  
a fantastic coincidence, I also happened  
to be the Producer!

This is my co-star, Faye Runaway. The  
historic couple we're supposed to play  
in this film were really ugly, savage  
killers. But after watching the movie  
for five minutes, you'll know at once  
what famous American couple we're really  
portraying . . . Steve and Eydie Lawrence!

This picture deals with one of the most  
violent crime waves in American history.

Oh, by the way, the girl who just walked  
in is my sister, Shirley MacKook! She  
recently starred in "Woman Times Eight!"  
But that was another violent crime . . .



# BALMY

Hi, thayah, you  
purty li'l thang.  
Ah'm Clod  
Barrow. Ah'm  
a full-time  
ex-con an'  
a part-time  
degenerate.

Tha's nice.  
Ah'm Balmy  
Parker. Ah'm  
a full-time  
waitress an'  
a part-time  
moron.

Whaddaya say? Let's  
do some robbin'  
an' spittin' an'  
cussin' an' stabbin'  
and shootin'.

Sounds okay t'  
me. But Ah'm  
warnin' you.  
Ah never kill  
on a firs' date.

See this hyar gun?  
Guess what it really  
stan' for in mah life.  
Go ahaid an' guess.  
Ah'll give you a hint—

It got somethin' t'  
do with Freud an'  
symbolism. Heh, heh!  
Go ahaid, guess what  
the gun stan' for.

Yor mother . . . an'  
you a son of a gun!  
Hee, hee! Don' you  
jus' love mah cute  
sense of humor?

BEECH-  
NUT  
CHEWS BEST  
TASTES BEST



NRA



OUR PART

Hires  
ICE  
COLD

SE  
HABLA  
ESPAÑOL  
AQUI





Some people have asked me how I happen to be qualified to produce films at my age. Well, actually I am a great student of the motion picture. In fact, I've seen every movie that Walt Disney ever made. I just love his adorable little animals. And now, speaking of adorable little animals, here is the story of . . .

WE RIB BANK ROBBERS DEPT.



# AND CILOID

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Hoo—boy, are you stupid!

Well, Ah tol' you Ah'm a part-time moron! An' Ah'm "On Duty" now!

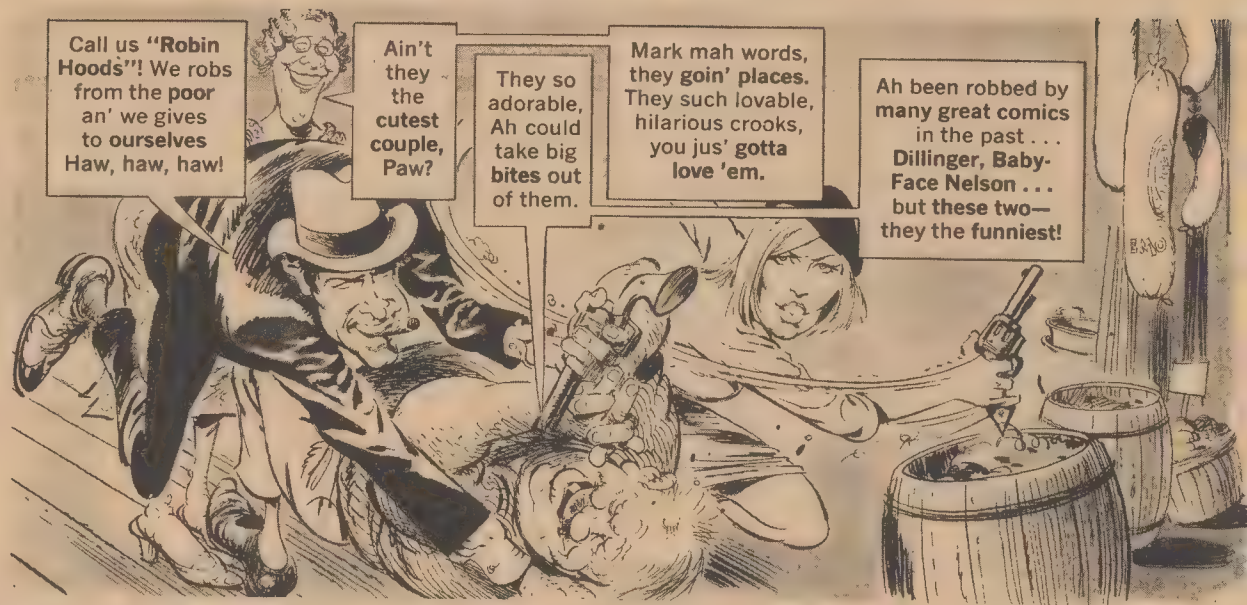
Call us "Robin Hoods"! We robs from the poor an' we gives to ourselves Haw, haw, haw!

Ain't they the cutest couple, Paw?

They so adorable, Ah could take big bites out of them.

Mark mah words, they goin' places. They such lovable, hilarious crooks, you jus' gotta love 'em.

Ah been robbed by many great comics in the past . . . Dillinger, Baby-Face Nelson . . . but these two—they the funniest!



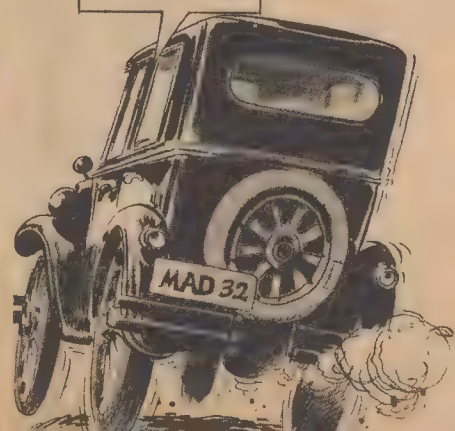
TEXAS-1933  
587-9041

Oh, Clod, waren't that fun? We gonna have such a happy life together. Kiss me! Hug me! Make out with me!

No makin' out! Ah cain't make out with you!

You cain't make out with me? Why? 'Cause you got problems? 'Cause you sick? 'Cause you need a haid doctor?

No, 'cause Ah happen t' be drivin' this car at eighty miles an hour!



FULL Press FLOUR







Balmy ... C. W. ...  
This mah brother,  
Cluck, an' his wife,  
Blunjid. They gonna  
join our mob ...

Great. When we make  
our nex' haul, we  
c'n split the sixty  
cents FIVE ways  
instead of three!

C'mon,  
evahbody,  
le's pose  
fo' funny  
pitchers!

Ain't it great  
t' be young  
an' alive an'  
in love ...

... an'  
wanted fo'  
murder ...

... an'  
posin' fo'  
pitchers ...

... an'  
stupid!

Why you  
say we  
stupid?

You see  
anybody  
workin' the  
camera?



Hyar  
they  
come  
agin,  
folks!

They wowed  
'em at the  
Firs'  
National  
Bank!

They  
panicked  
'em at  
Secon'  
Federal!

They  
killed  
'em at  
Farmer's  
Trust!

Now hyar they  
are with a  
bigger n'  
funnier act  
than evah!

Five great  
performers!  
FIVE ...!!  
Count  
'em!

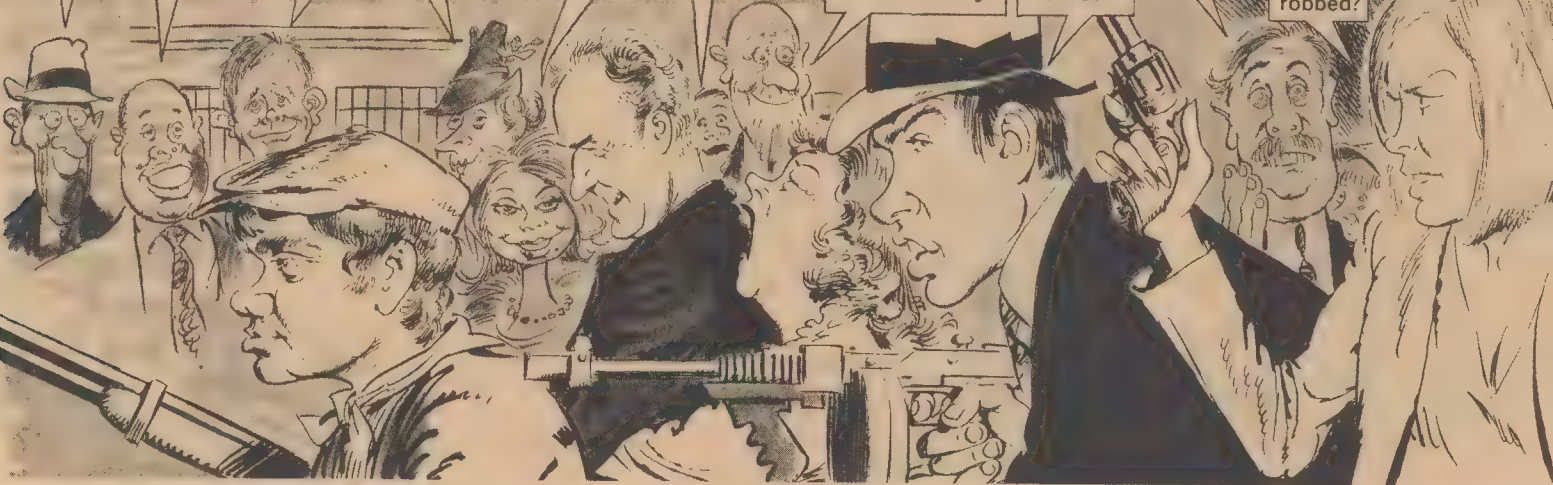
Hey, Clod, you  
kidnapped mah  
pappy yestiddy!  
Where you want  
me to leave the  
ransom money?

With our  
agents—  
at the  
William  
Morris  
Office!

I can't  
stand it!  
I just  
can't  
stand it!

What!?  
Yor  
bank  
bein'  
robbed?

No—all this  
"hick" talk!  
This is a  
New York  
City bank!



We been goin' together  
fo' 51 bank jobs an'  
112 killing's! Le's  
make out now, Clod!

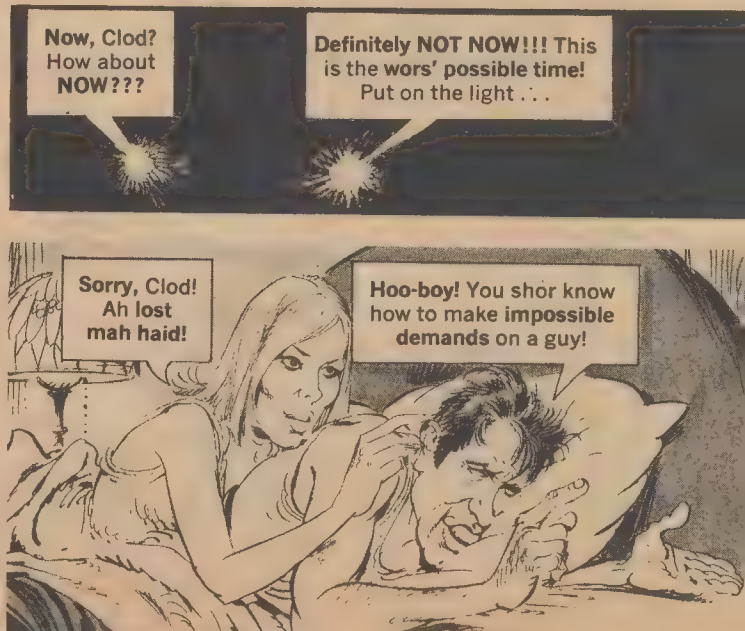
You outta  
yor mind??  
NOT  
NOW!

Now,  
Clod?  
NOW??

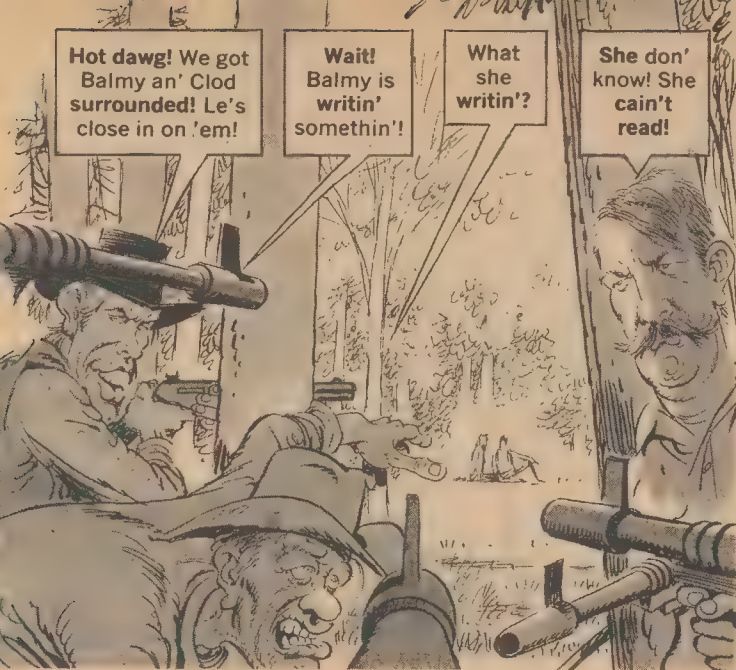
You mus'  
be insane!  
NOT NOW!!

Now, Clod?  
How about  
NOW???

Definitely NOT NOW!!! This  
is the wors' possible time!  
Put on the light ...







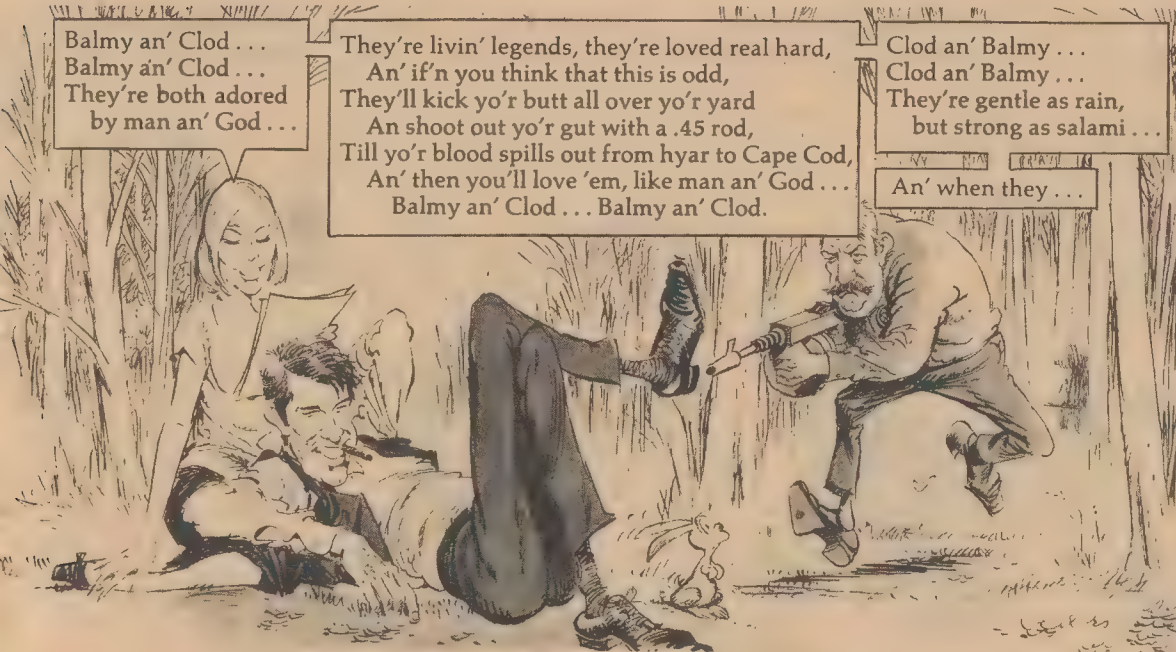
Hot dawg! We got  
Balmy an' Clod  
surrounded! Le's  
close in on 'em!

Wait!  
Balmy is  
writin'  
somethin'!

What  
she  
writin'?

She don'  
know! She  
cain't  
read!

Clod, Ah got two s'prises fo' you! Firs', Ah learned how t' read  
yestiddy ... an' secon', Ah jus' wrote somethin' which Ah  
thinks is beautiful. When Ah read it to you, you gonna be  
so inspired, won'erful thangs is gonna happen to our ...  
you should pardon the expression ... LOVE LIFE!

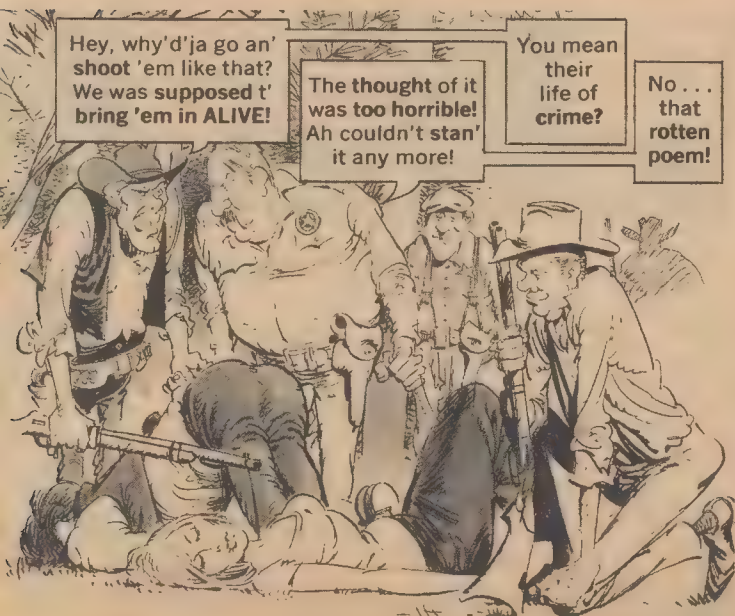


Balmy an' Clod ...  
Balmy an' Clod ...  
They're both adored  
by man an' God ...

They're livin' legends, they're loved real hard,  
An' if'n you think that this is odd,  
They'll kick yo'r butt all over yo'r yard  
An shoot out yo'r gut with a .45 rod,  
Till yo'r blood spills out from hyar to Cape Cod,  
An' then you'll love 'em, like man an' God ...  
Balmy an' Clod ... Balmy an' Clod.

Clod an' Balmy ...  
Clod an' Balmy ...  
They're gentle as rain,  
but strong as salami ...  
An' when they ...

BLAM!  
BLAM!  
BLAM!



Hey, why'd'ja go an'  
shoot 'em like that?  
We was supposed t'  
bring 'em in ALIVE!

The thought of it  
was too horrible!  
Ah couldn't stan'  
it any more!

You mean  
their  
life of  
crime?

No ...  
that  
rotten  
poem!

Balmy! Clod! What have  
you done to 'em? Tell  
me! Ah gotta know ...  
what did you do to 'em?

Ah'll give it to you  
straight, C. W. ... We done  
blowed their brains out!

Oh, thank God!  
That means they  
c'n still lead  
normal lives!





Well, that's our picture!  
And what a fantastically  
successful one it's been!  
We've made millions on it!

And now, for all our loyal fans . . . particularly  
you wonderful teenagers who identified so strongly  
with our adorable hero and heroine . . . I've got a  
marvelous surprise for you! . . . Dig this poster:

My next picture deals with  
still another . . . and if  
possible . . . much better  
"fun couple" of the Thirties!

If you liked  
"Balmy and  
Clod" . . .  
you'll love—

Were Young! Were Adorable! We Murder Millions!

# WARRIEN BOOTY FAYIE RUINAWAY

as those beloved Nazi nuts...

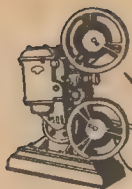
# EVA AND IDOLF

History's most talked-about couple!

CO-STARRING  
MICHAEL J. DULLARD as GOERING • GENE HACKHACK as GOEBBELS.  
and featuring ESTELLE PARSNIPS as the irresistible ILSA KOCH

PRODUCED BY WADDEN BOOTY • DIRECTED BY ARTHUR PINHEAD • WRITTEN BY DAVID NINNY and ROBERT BOOBY • FROM AN IDEA SUGGESTED BY THE CHASE MANHATTAN BANK

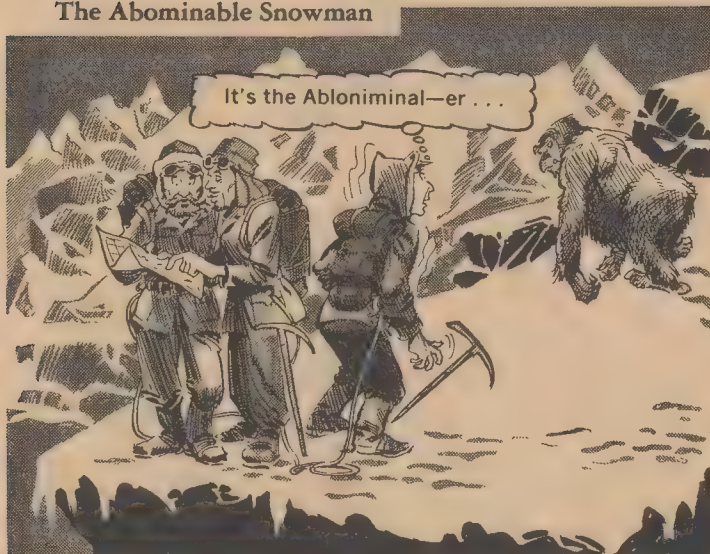




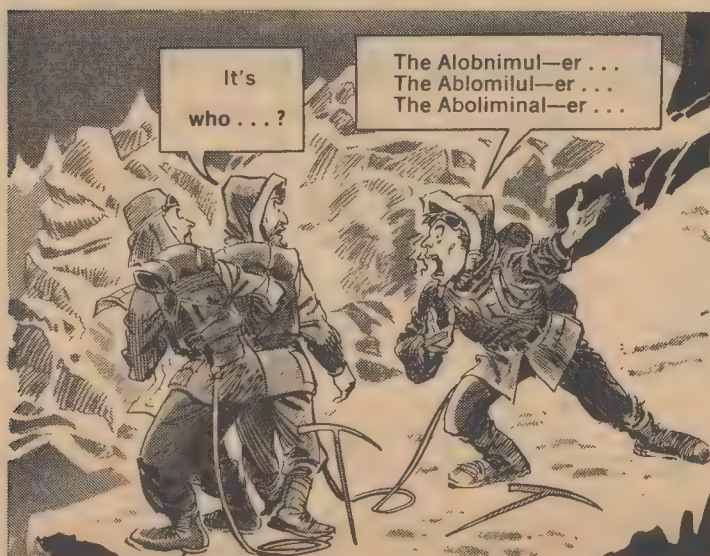
HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

# Scenes We'd Like to See

The Abominable Snowman



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

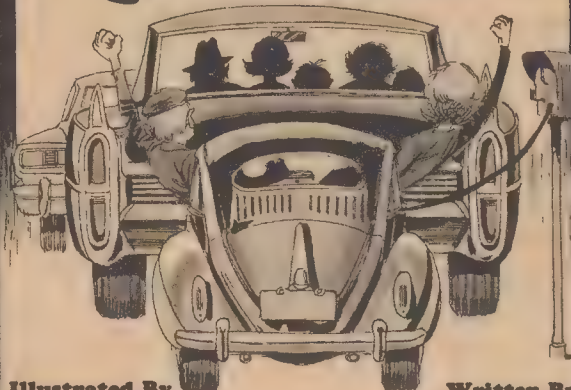






According to a recent MAD survey, hardly anybody reads the introductions to these articles. In fact, we discovered that there is only one person in the whole country who reads the introductions to MAD articles. You, Sonia Muffleknopf, of Evanston, Ill.! Hi, Sonia! It's nice communicating with you like this. And Sonia, guess what? We just learned that you are really Anastasia, the sole surviving member of Tsar Nicholas's family. There are \$7,000,000 worth of Russian crown jewels waiting for you under the letter box at the corner of State and Lake Streets in Chicago. Pick them up at your convenience. Don't worry—not a soul knows about this. The U.S. Government has authorized us to contact you this secret way. So, good luck, Sonia, with your new-found fortune. Just remember, while you are driving around in your shiny Cadillac or roaming thru your 40-room mansion with the swimming pool, that you owe it all to reading introductions to ridiculous MAD articles like this one, which presents . . .

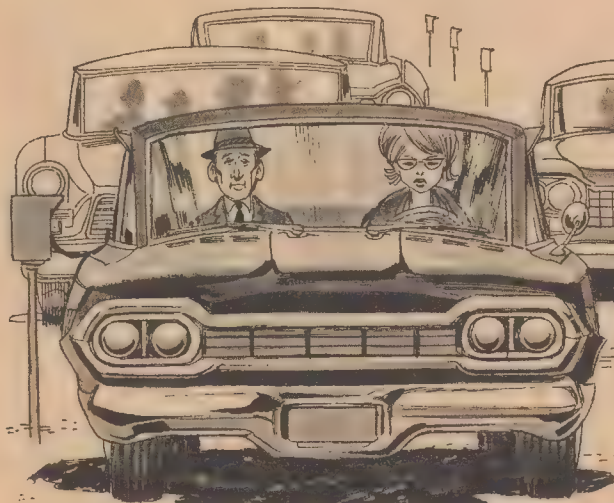
# THE MAD drive-in movie primer



Illustrated By  
George Woodbridge

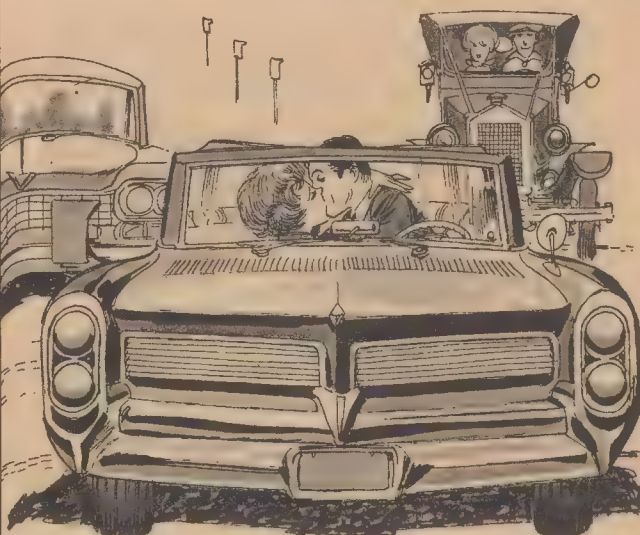
Written By  
Larry Siegel

## LESSON 1.



See the Drive-In Theater.  
See the nice car parked in it.  
See the nice man and lady in the car.  
What a lovely couple they are.  
The man and lady are married.  
How do we know they are married?  
Because they are in the Drive-In Theater  
And they are not necking!

## LESSON 2.



See the other nice man and lady.  
See them kissing.  
Kiss, man and lady, kiss.  
What a pair of kissers!  
This man and lady are not married.  
No, sir!  
Then again, they *could* be married—  
But not to each other!



### LESSON 3.



See the children in pajamas.  
 Why are they wearing pajamas?  
 So they will sleep in the back seat  
 While their parents watch the movie.  
 See how nicely they are sleeping.  
 See how they talk in their sleep.  
 See how they fight in their sleep.  
 See how they sleep with their eyes open.  
 Tomorrow they will sleep with their eyes closed.  
 In school!

### LESSON 4.



See the refreshment center.  
 That's what it's called at a Drive-In.  
 The owner has a cuter name for it.  
 He calls it a "Gold Mine".  
 See the people eating.  
 Eat, people, eat.  
 Chomp, slurp, gulp.  
 Doesn't it remind you of feeding time at the zoo?  
 Only the animals have better table manners.  
 These people eat as if this is their last meal.  
 Considering the quality of the food,  
 For many of them—it is!

### LESSON 7.



See the speaker.  
 Every car has a speaker.  
 See the angry man.  
 Grrr! Grrr! Grrr!  
 The angry man is smashing the speaker!  
 Why is the man so angry?  
 Because the movie he is watching is called  
 "Gidget Goes Crazy"...  
 And, unfortunately, his speaker works!

### LESSON 8.



See the funny man.  
 He has made a funny mistake.  
 He has driven off...  
 But he has forgotten to remove his speaker  
 from his car door.  
 The speaker wire has snapped...  
 And the man is driving home with the speaker.  
 Ha! Ha! Ha!  
 But some speaker wires are very strong.  
 When drivers forget to remove these speakers  
 from their car doors,  
 They drive home without these speakers.  
 They also drive home without their doors!

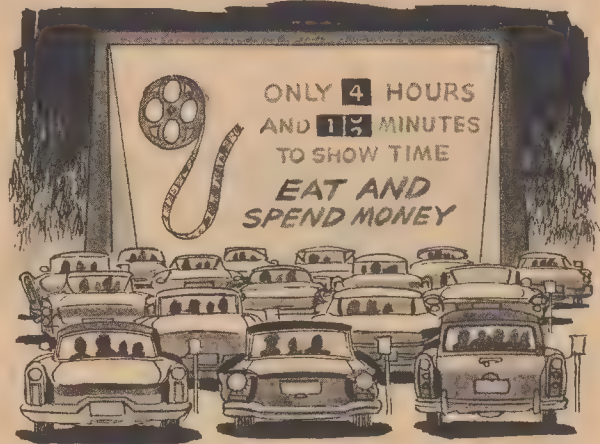


## LESSON 5.



See the Amusement Area.  
See the children having fun.  
Amusement Areas serve two valuable functions:  
They allow youngsters to get rid of excess energy,  
And they allow youngsters to play in the night air.  
This usually leads to two important results:  
Dirty pajamas . . .  
And pneumonia!

## LESSON 6.



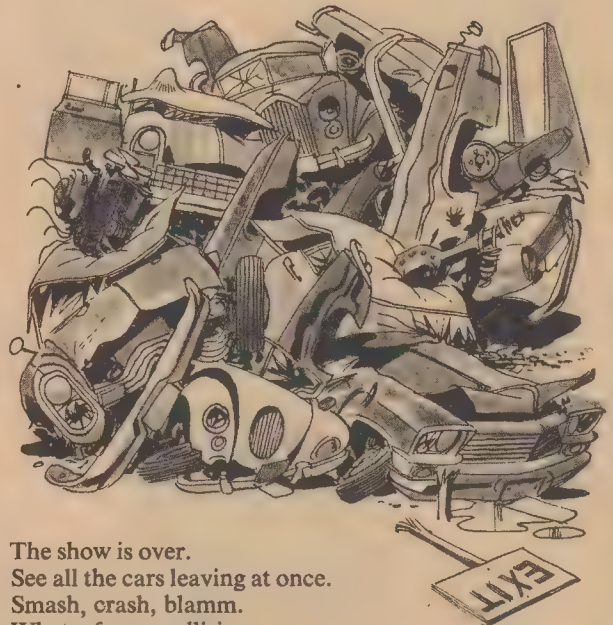
See the Drive-In Movie screen.  
It tells you how many minutes to show time.  
And how many minutes to the next announcement  
Of how many minutes to show time.  
It also tells you about the fabulous  
Refreshment Center.  
And Phil's Garage on Main Street.  
And Ernie's Meat Market on Maple Avenue.  
And Henry's Funeral Parlor on Elm Drive.  
Aren't you glad you're not home watching TV  
With all those lousy commercials?

## LESSON 9.



See the rain come down.  
Splish, splash, splosh.  
See the windshield wipers working.  
Flip, flap, flop.  
Hear the defroster fans blowing.  
Rrrr, rrr, rrr.  
You can't beat a Drive-In Movie for a cheap evening.  
It only costs \$1.00 per person to get in,  
Plus \$4.85 . . .  
For using up 15 gallons of gas  
To keep the motor running  
So the windshield wipers will work  
And the defroster fans will blow  
Without running down the battery.

## LESSON 10.



The show is over.  
See all the cars leaving at once.  
Smash, crash, blamm.  
What a funny collision.  
It is a 312-car collision.  
Tomorrow the owner will close his Drive-In Theater.  
In its place, he will open an auto junkyard.  
He is off to a grand start.  
Look at all the lovely merchandise he has.



## TIDAL WAVE OF NAUSEA DEPT.

A while back, the folks in Hollywood made a movie about a group of people thrown together by a disaster aboard a jet airliner. The movie was called "Airport." It was a huge success and it made millions! Recently, the folks in Hollywood said, "Now let's make a movie that's

# THE POOPSIDED







completely new and different!" So they made a movie about a group of people thrown together by a disaster aboard a luxury *oceanliner*! Here, then, is MAD's version of this completely new and different movie . . . this sort of "Underwater Airport" . . . which we have titled . . .

# OWN ADVENTURE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

I CAN'T have dinner at the Captain's Table! Suppose I run into some MAN I knew! Listen . . . when I told you I was in the "Body Business," it didn't mean I used to fix dented cars!!

I KNOW what it meant! But you're different now! You have self-respect! You have class! You're no longer a common woman!

You know, you're RIGHT! I WILL have dinner at the Captain's table! And one OTHER thing! You made me think so much more of myself . . . I'm afraid I'm going to have to start charging you DOUBLE!!

Good morning, Mr. and Mrs. Roseman!

You know, he's lonely! That's why he runs . . . so he won't notice!

He's lonely, all right! But that's not why he runs! There's a girl in a Bikini running up ahead of him! He's just trying to catch up!



Sure! Just ask God for anything . . . and He'll give it to you! NUTS!! I used to pray my knees off, and I got nothing in return . . . except a little shorter! I came from a Godforsaken, poor neighborhood! We had to burn furniture!

For heat? No, for laughs! We were poor, but we had a sense of humor!

But what do you know about real suffering! My church was so cold, we didn't have Holy Water . . . we had Holy ICE! But I didn't take my hardships lying down! I fought back! I screamed and yelled from my pulpit! And I got results!!

Like what? Like being thrown out of my parish!

No, Reverend! God's not looking for people who are down on their knees, praying! He's looking for people who are UP—on their feet, fighting . . . climbing . . . doing . . . living . . . grabbing all the happiness they can!

Your talk borders on the sacrilegious, Reverend Shout! Exactly what church do you belong to? Our Lady Of Perpetual Motion!





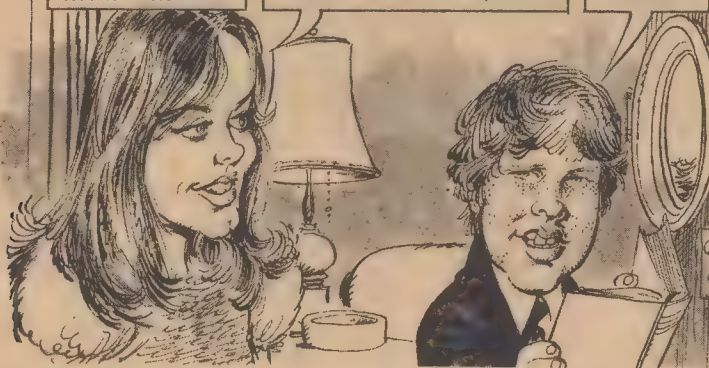
Listen to this, Snoozin'...! The Poopsidedown is one of the most seaworthy ships ever built... except for one little incident!

WHAT incident?

At its launching ceremony, when they hit it with the champagne bottle, it turned upside-down! And listen to this! Its Generators make enough electricity to light all the homes in Furd, N.J.!

But there are only thirty-seven homes in Furd, N.J.!

I know! That's another thing wrong with this ship! Its Generators are too small!



My goodness... a yellow, a red, a blue, a green and an orange! You sure take a lot of vitamins, Mr. Martyr!

What vitamins? These are M & M's!

Are you married, Mr. Martyr?

No! With my work, I just don't have time! I hold two jobs, and it's a long day! I'm a Milkman, and a Night Watchman! Sometimes, I don't get home until 4 the following week!



How about you, Purser? Are you married?

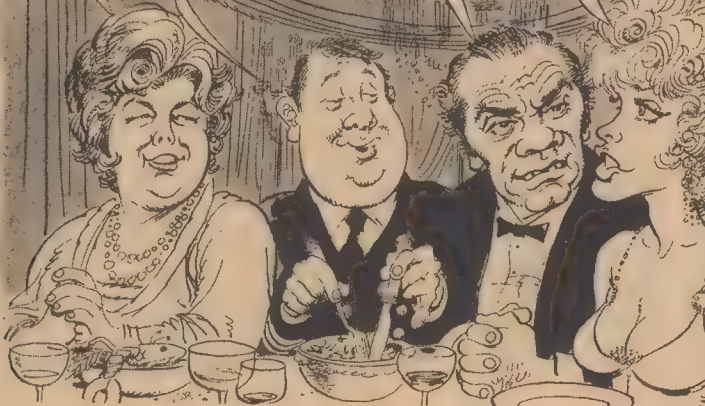
No, I have a Mistress!

He means the sea is his Mistress!

No, I don't! I mean your wife is my Mistress!

Limber, I just can't take you ANYWHERE!!

You said, "No more walking the streets!" You never said a word about walking the DECKS!



How does it feel to be the Captain of a ship, Mr. Captain?

It's not like what it used to be! Lately, I can't seem to keep my head above water! I keep getting this—sinking feeling! You know... like you're going under! But I really shouldn't complain! I guess we're all in the same boat!

Boy... am I sorry that I asked!!

Tell us, Captain! Who is this ship named after?

Poopsidedown, the Greek God of the Sea! That's his statue there!



Do you think it means anything that Poopsidedown just fell on the floor?

Er—just to be sure, I'll go to the—er—little room at the front of the boat!

You mean "The Bridge"?

Yeah! There!

Hello? Weather Station Athens? This is the Captain of The Poopsidedown! Can you give me the latest weather report for this area?

Yes, sir! At this moment, the sea is absolutely calm... except for one wave!

Oh, that's good!

One 90-foot wave!!

Oh, that's bad!

Engine Captain! This is the Room speaking! We have a slight need—but there's no emergency for alarm! Just hatten down the batches, close all watertight doors, secure all lifelines, ready all lifeboats... and prepare for an immediate death!







Captain! Look!  
Over there! A  
wall of water  
90 FEET HIGH!

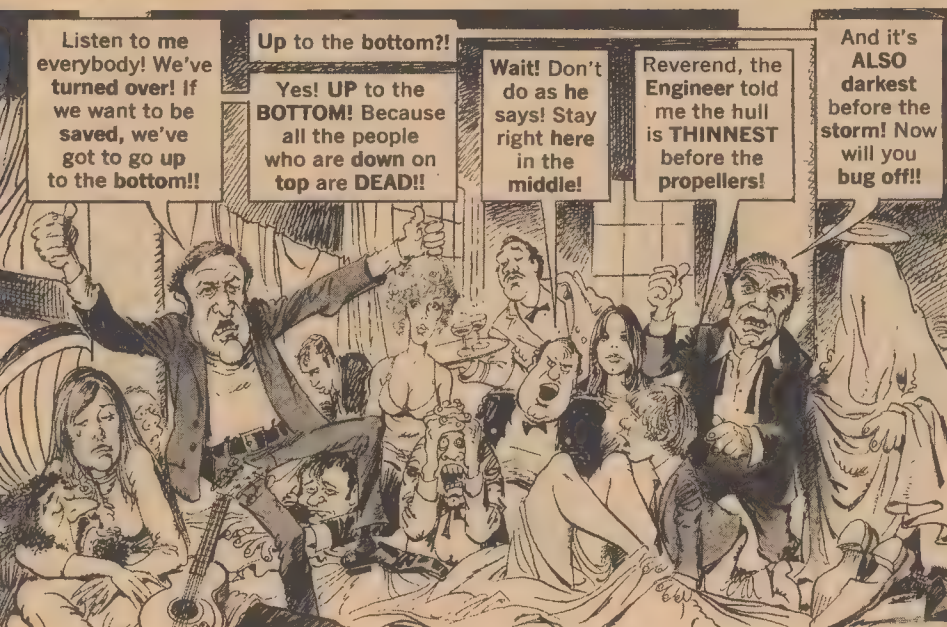
Oh, my God!  
Talk about  
**SURF'S**  
UP!!!



Ladies and Gentlemen,  
it's five seconds to  
Midnight ... four ...  
three ... two ... one  
... **HAPPY NEW YEAR!!**



Wow! I've heard of wild New Year's Eve Parties ... but this  
tops them all!! Or should I say, "This **BOTTOMS** them all!!"



Listen to me  
everybody! We've  
turned over! If  
we want to be  
saved, we've  
got to go up  
to the bottom!!

Up to the bottom?!

Yes! **UP** to the  
**BOTTOM!** Because  
all the people  
who are down on  
top are **DEAD!!**

Wait! Don't  
do as he  
says! Stay  
right here  
in the  
middle!

Reverend, the  
Engineer told  
me the hull  
is **THINNEST**  
before the  
propellers!

And it's  
**ALSO**  
darkest  
before the  
storm! Now  
will you  
bug off!!



No ... Rotten is  
right! We've got  
to work our way  
up to the  
propeller room!

Yeah? And  
what will  
we get  
there?

The shaft!!

That's  
what I  
figured!



Come with  
us! God  
is only  
going to  
help us if  
we help  
ourselves!

No, Reverend Snout!  
You go! You take the  
strong who believe  
in your new religion!  
I believe in the **OLD**  
religious ways!

What will  
you do??

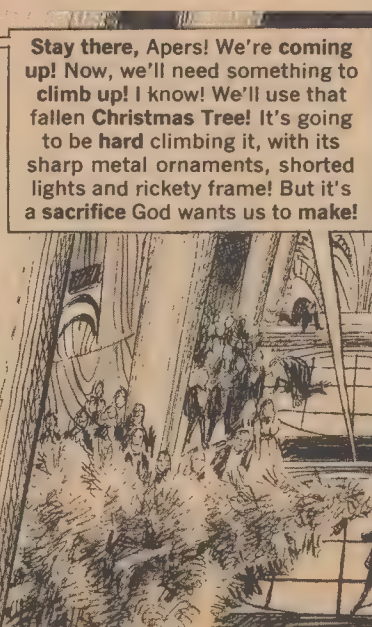
Stay here  
and take  
up a  
collection!



Reverend  
Shout!  
Can you  
help  
me? I  
think  
I hurt  
my leg!

Can you tell  
for sure?

No, sir! Not  
until I find  
it! Anybody  
see a leg  
down there?



Stay there, Apers! We're coming  
up! Now, we'll need something to  
climb up! I know! We'll use that  
fallen Christmas Tree! It's going  
to be hard climbing it, with its  
sharp metal ornaments, shorted  
lights and rickety frame! But it's  
a sacrifice God wants us to make!

Why not just use  
that **big ladder**  
leaning against  
the wall?

What are  
you—an  
Atheist?





O.K., Mrs. Rougho!  
You climb up first!  
But you'll have  
to take off that  
long gown ...

Sh—she ain't takin'  
**ANYTHING** off! I—I  
don't want all the  
men in this room to  
see her **UNDRESSED!!**

**YOU  
SHOULD'VE  
THOUGHT OF  
THAT SIX  
YEARS AGO!**



**Marty!** You bring  
up the rear and  
help all the  
**Feature Players!**

But what  
about the  
**Extras?!!**

The Extras can drown!  
With 12 Stars and these  
wild sets, the picture  
is over budget already!!



Okay! Now, do we have everybody?

I think so! We got me, the tough  
Cop, for conflict! We got the  
kids who are "too young to die"  
for sympathy! We got the old Jew-  
ish couple for pathos! We got the  
lonely bachelor and the lonely  
girl for the romantic interest ...

... and we've  
got your wife,  
Limber, to  
show that a  
person can  
rise above  
their past  
sins ...

... and we  
also got her  
because the  
broad's got  
a great body  
for "climbing  
the ladder"  
close-ups!

Yes! And  
that, too!  
Now, let's  
see! Apers,  
can you  
tell us  
what's  
behind  
that door?

I think  
it's the  
**Crew's  
Quarters!**

I think  
it's the  
air  
shaft!

Your  
guess  
is  
as  
good  
as  
mine,  
Sir!

What's this  
with the  
doors ... ??  
**"LET'S  
MAKE A  
DEAL"?!?**  
Can we get  
going ... ??

And  
behind  
this door?

And  
behind  
this door?



The air shaft leads  
to "Broadway," Sir!  
And Broadway runs  
the entire length  
of the ship to the  
Engine Room! The  
Engineer told me!

Apers! do  
you know how  
to get to  
Broadway?

Yes, sir ...  
**PRACTICE!!**

Are you  
going to  
believe  
a stupid  
little  
brat?!?

Why not?! He's one of  
God's creatures ... in  
there—doing, climbing,  
helping, fighting ...  
not begging for mercy!  
Besides, the stupid lit-  
tle brat may be right!

Okay,  
everybody!  
Into the  
air shaft!

I hope I can make it,  
Reverend Shout! You  
see, I've got a big—

**—MOUTH!!**  
But I'm  
sure you  
can do it!





Doctor ... where are you going?

We're all going back to the front ...!

But that's wrong! you have to go forward to the back!

Oh, no! It's up to the bottom, and then back to the front!

No! It's up to the bottom, and then forward to the back!

You won't change my mind, Reverend Shout!

Then may God shower his mercy down upon you ... or is it UP upon you?!!

Reverend Shout, is it possible they're going the right way, and we're going the wrong way?

It's possible! If you want to follow an Extra leading a bunch of Walk-ons who don't even have speaking parts—go ahead! The rest, stay here and look for supplies! I'm going ahead to try and find the route to the Engine Room! While I'm gone, each of you will have your very own big scene to do so the movie audience will get to know you so much better!



Hammy, we're never going to see our children again, are we?

Don't talk so glum! And if you HAVE to talk so glum, could you knock off that "WE" STUFF!?!?

You know, Hammy, I never said this to you before, but you're a "good man"!

For 48 years, I bring home the salary—nothing! I buy you everything—nothing! I know you're never free with the compliments! So how come, on an upside-down, sinking ship, you finally admit you appreciate me?

I don't know! I guess maybe I'm turning over a new leaf!

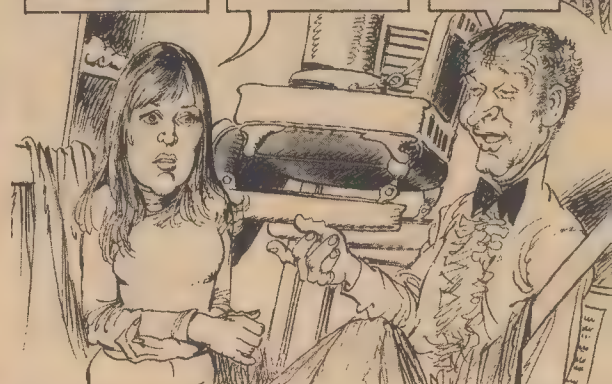
WHERE'S MOM?



Hey, look! You come in here, strap yourself into one of those chairs, and say to the Barber, "Just a little off the bottom, please!"

You're a lonely guy ... and I'm a lonely girl! Do you know what that can mean if we live through all this?

Yeah! We can go to "Singles Bars" together and maybe meet somebody nice!



I gotta go to the bathroom real bad, but this is going to be a lot tougher than I thought! And I'm also getting seasick! I—I think I'm going to throw ... DOWN!



I think that the Preacher got lost! Let's go follow the other group!

After all he's done for us, I say we can wait a little longer!

And maybe DIE?!?

That's plenty long enough! Let's go!



I found the Engine Room! All we have to do is go down that passageway, up a ladder, through a room filled with flames, then swim 40 feet under water through bilge garbage ... and we're there!!

Oh, good! Just so long as I don't have to climb up another Christmas Tree!



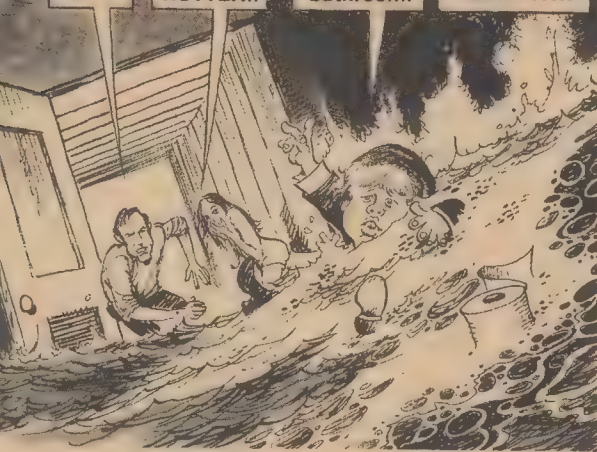


Come on! Let's go! Follow me ...

Wait! Where's Rotten? Rotten! **ROTTEN!!**

Here I am! I had to go to the bathroom!

Going to the bathroom was all right ... but did you **HAVE TO FLUSH IT?!**



I'll tie this rope around me and swim to the Engine Room! When you feel a jerk at the other end, follow ...

As soon as you put that rope around your waist, there will **BE** a jerk at the other end! ... **YOU!!**

Please! Don't start fighting! You two are going to put a damper on the whole evening! Please, let's not spoil a good time ...!

Reverend, let me go first! I can swim under water better than anybody here! I can hold my breath for **TWO MINUTES!**

If she holds her breath for two minutes, it means she'll have to stop talking for two minutes! **IMPOSSIBLE!!**



Don't listen to him, Reverend! Let me do it! I'm a **Champion Underwater Swimmer!** Look! I even got a medal for it! See? I won it—

Oh-oh! He's gone! I guess he jumped in because he feels he knows the way best!

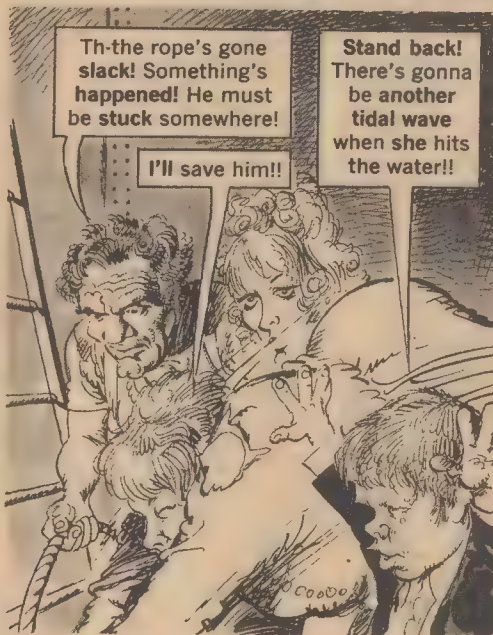
No, he jumped in so he could get a rest from your shrill voice for a while!



Th-the rope's gone slack! Something's happened! He must be stuck somewhere!

Stand back! There's gonna be another tidal wave when she hits the water!!

I'll save him!!



It's okay! She's freed him! Now—one at a time!

I can't **DO** it! I **CAN'T!** L—Let's stay here! I—I could **NEVER** go under water!

But Ninny! If we stay here, we'll drown!

Well, it's better than going under water, isn't it?!



I don't know how to tell you this, Hammy, but Bellow ... she didn't make it!

She—she freed me! And then she started telling me how I should have listened to her, and how she was a much better swimmer than me, and how she won this medal, and how she was looking forward to seeing her Grandson, and ...

Because she was telling me all this **UNDER WATER!**

She **DROWNED!**

Wha—what happened?!

But why didn't she make it?!



Oh, Bellow! Bellow! She ... she never learned! Sometimes at home, I had to give her artificial respiration when she talked too much in the shower. Sob!

You—you go on! I'll stay here with her!

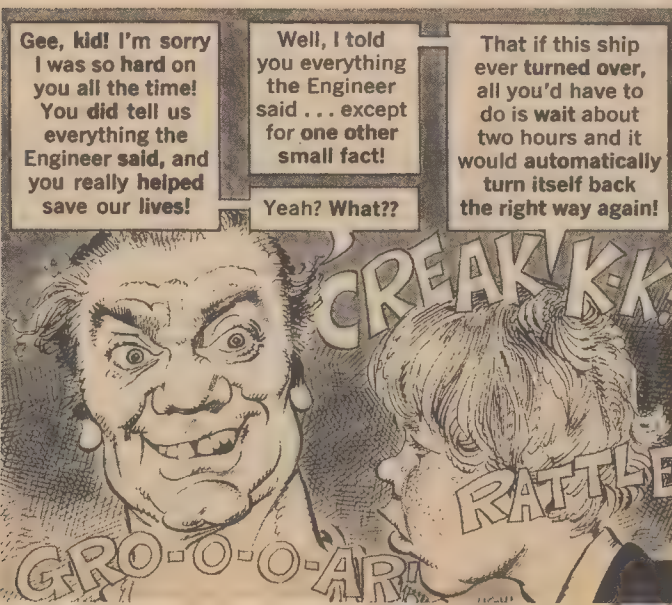
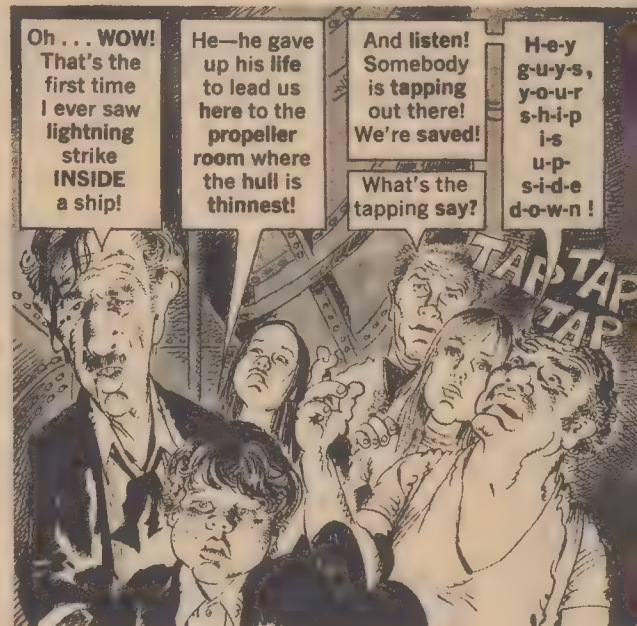
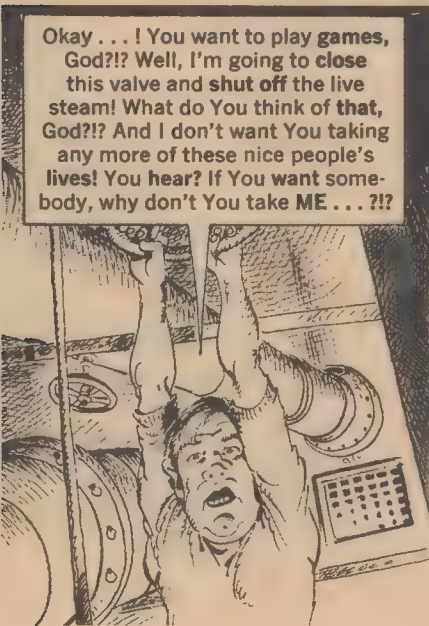
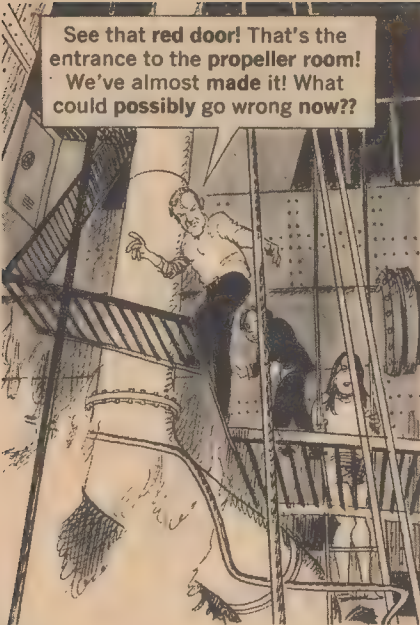
No! You come with us! Because **LIFE** is up there at the bottom, and only **DEATH** is down here at the top!

Okay! But stop with that **UP** is **DOWN** and **DOWN** is **UP** idiocy! I'm getting sick of it!

Besides! I think I'm coming up with—I mean **DOWN** with a cold!!









MEDI-SCARE DEPT.

Hey, gang! Here we go again in our never-ending quest for new inspirations for Hollywood

# NEW MOVIE MONSTERS

THEY CAME BY DAY . . . THEY CAME BY NIGHT . . .  
DRAWING THE BLOOD FROM THEIR VICTIM'S VEINS!

*And when it came time to operate, they  
put it all back . . . and charged for it!*

## "THE BLOOD-TEST VAMPIRES"



**Starring:**

BLOODY John Artery George & Pipette  
ERSEN ★ VEIN ★ CARNEY ★ VESSEL ★ LAURIE

THIS  
PICTURE  
IS RATED  
Q +

SEE THE UNSPEAKABLE BLOBS THAT  
MADE WOMEN FAINT AT THEIR SIGHT  
AND STRONG MEN'S STOMACHS TURN!

## "THE HORRORS OF THE HOSPITAL DIET"



**STARRING:**

Elisha with Stew Steam Broil David Milton  
COOK ★ GRANGER ★ McQUEEN ★ IVES ★ FRY ★ SOIL



# from the MEDICAL WORLD

WRITER: E. NELSON BRIDWELL



# "THE COLD HAND AT MIDNIGHT"



# "THE MENACE OF MEDICARE!"



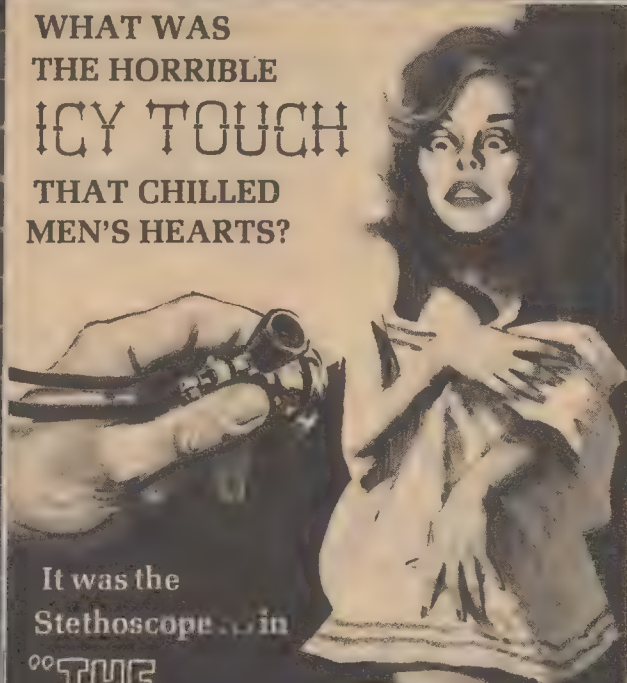
WITH

HY INCOME	DEE SEEVER	HARPO CONDRIAC	OLDEN SICK
			
as the Doctor who padded his claims	as the Nurse who raised her rates	as the Patient who sponged off the Government	as the Needy Man caught in a tangle of red tape



WHAT WAS  
THE HORRIBLE  
ICY TOUCH

THAT CHILLED  
MEN'S HEARTS?



It was the  
Stethoscope in

“THE  
ORDEAL  
OF THE  
CHECK-UP”

WITH

Tapper KNEE ★ Prober GROIN ★ Poker GUTT ★ Phil D. GLANZ & Luke N. DeMOUTH

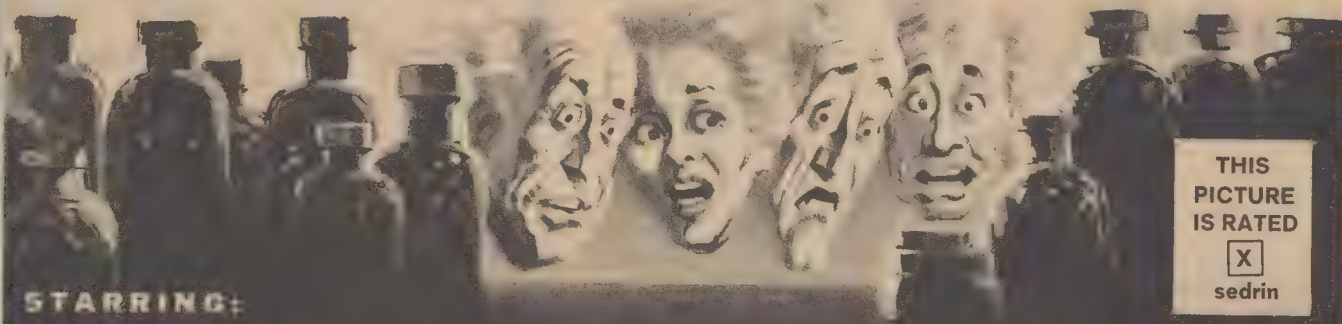
HE RANG AND RANG AND RANG! HE CRIED OUT  
TIME AND TIME AND TIME AGAIN! BUT NO ONE  
CAME! WHAT WAS THE AWFUL ANSWER TO . . .

“THE MYSTERY OF THE  
VANISHING  
NURSE”



WHAT WERE THESE STRANGE CONCOCTIONS? WHY DID THEY TASTE SO TERRIBLE . . . AND COST SO MUCH?  
THEY WERE MEDICINES THAT GREW AND MULTIPLIED IN THE BATHROOM CABINET UNTIL THEY BECAME . . .

“THE THINGS IN THE BOTTLES”



THIS  
PICTURE  
IS RATED

X

sedrin

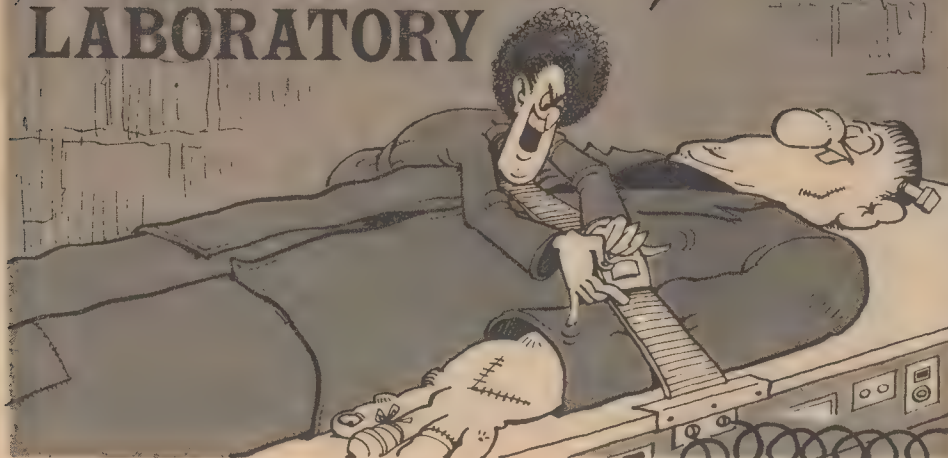
STARRING:

FENNY SILLIN ★ TERRY MYSSIN ★ ALI SELTZER ★ DONNA GEL ★ LIT TUREEN ★ ANNA SINN ★ KAY O'PECTATE ★ ABE ZORBEEN, JR. ★ SARAH TAN ★ JERRY TOLL ★ ROBERT TUSSIN ★ MEG NESIA ★ & EDNA SYDNEY as A Nurse

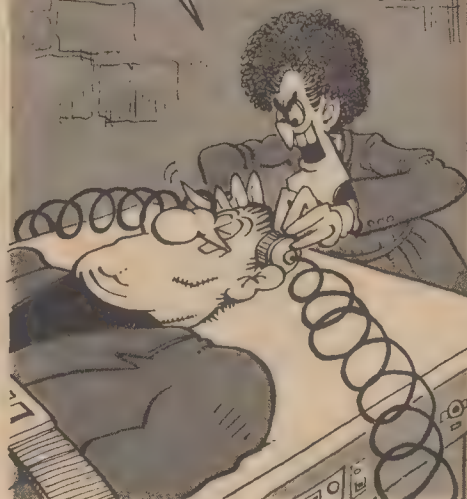


# ONE DARK NIGHT IN A LABORATORY

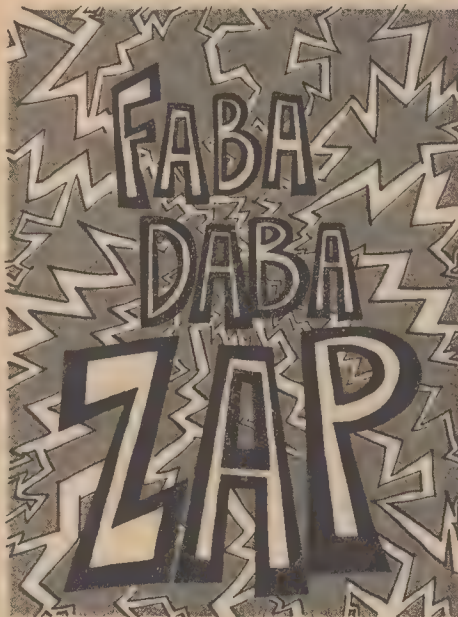
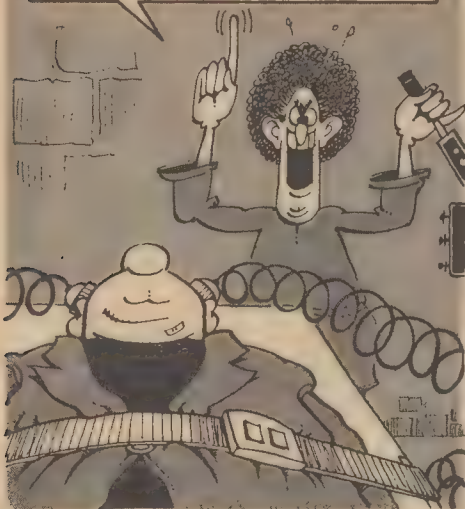
First ... I connect the cross-body electrodes ...



Then ... I connect the head electrodes ...



And now, I pull the switch ... sending four hundred thousand volts into the body ... more electricity than anyone ever conceived of, or produced before!



YEAH!!



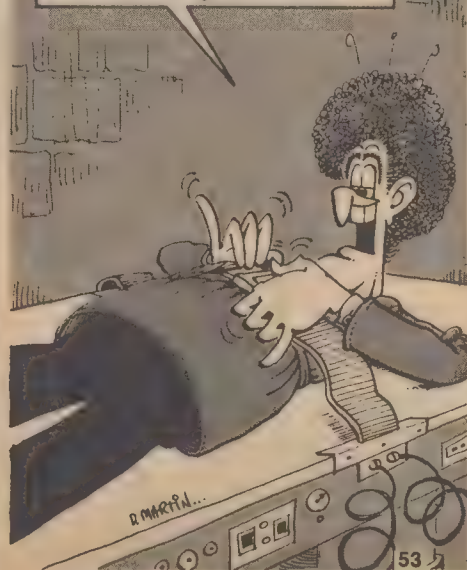
A-ZAP-DAP ... AND A DOOB-BE-DOOB-BE-DOO!!



TRUCKIN' ON DOWN ... AN'-A-HOW'S BY YOU? !? YEAH! YEAH!!



Let's see now! First ... I connect the cross-body electrodes ...





**TEN—HUT!!** Okay... now hear this, you @#%&! MAD readers, and hear it good! I know you don't usually read any @#%&! introductions to articles in this @#%&! magazine... but you're going to read this one!

And you're going to read this @#%&! introduction because I **TOLD** you to! And what's more, you're going to read the rest of the #%&! article that follows this @#%&! introduction, and you're going to read it **FIRST!!**

You're **NOT** going to turn to "You Know You're Really A @#%&! When..." or Dave Berg's "The Lighter Side Of @#%&!" You're going to read **THIS** because it's a #%&! funny satire of a @#%&! great movie about my @#%&! great life as a chicken-@#%&! General during W.W. II!

Hey, you out there! Stop picking your @#%&! nose and pay attention to me, or I'll kick your @#%&! all the way from here to Berlin!



MURT  
DRUCKER



And **YOU**—you @#\$%&! cheap little eight-year old @#\$%&! Better stop peeking at this @#\$%&! story at the magazine rack and **BUY** your own copy, or I'll draft your @#\$%&! right into the @#\$%&! Army!

Now, here's my military philosophy! No @#\$%&! ever won a war by dying for his country! You win a war by letting the **OTHER** @#\$%&! die for **HIS** country!

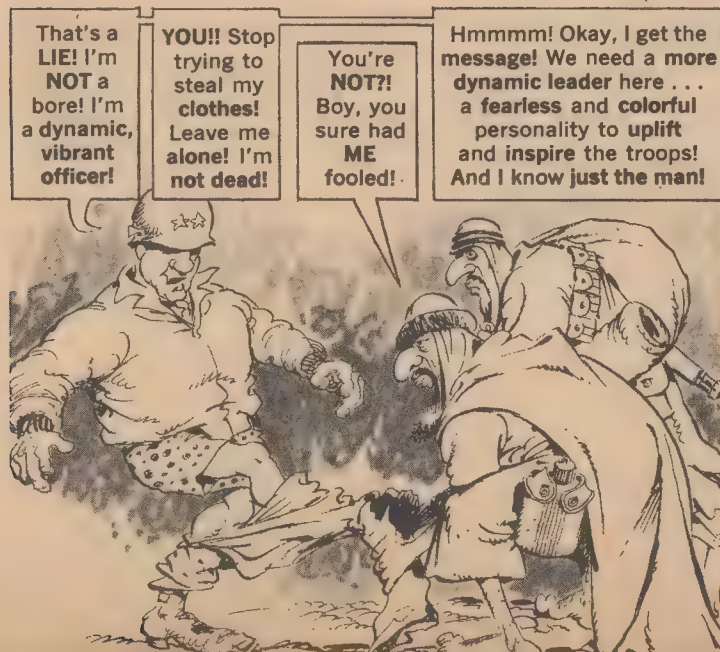
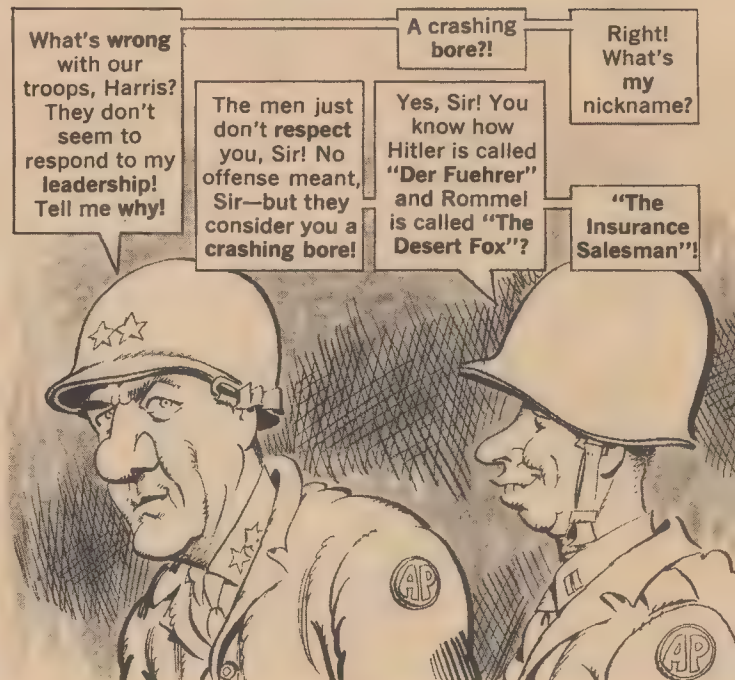
And **HOW** do you let the **OTHER** @#\$%&! die for his country? You **KILL** the other @#\$%&! **THAT'S** how!

So if you want to win a war, you gotta kill every other @#\$%&! And if that includes **ENEMY** @#\$%&!s—so much the **better**! All right! You will now sit and pay attention and you will begin reading this story about killing other @#\$%&!s . . . and you will finish it . . . and you will **enjoy** it . . . and that's a @#\$%&! order! Otherwise, you'll answer to . . .

# PUT★ON

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



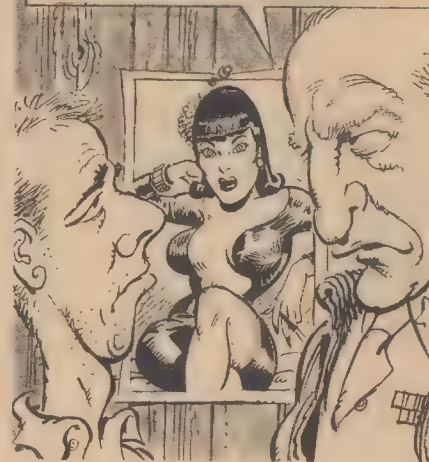


You!! Soldier! Look alive when I talk to you! You call yourself a member of the U.S. Army? I say you're a @ # \$ % & ! disgrace! Look at your @ # \$ % & ! uniform! Look at your @ # \$ % & ! posture! You're confined to your @ # \$ % & ! barracks for the rest of this war ... and for the first two years of the next war ... if we have another one—God willing!!

Well ... don't just stand there! **DISMISSED!!**

Wow! If that's how he talks to his superior officers, **WE'RE DEAD!!!**

This is the filthiest @ # \$ % & ! barrack I've ever seen! Dirty floors ... dirty walls ... dirty beds! And what's this?! **DIRTY PIN-UP PICTURES?!!**



Is that all you can think about, Soldier? **Dirty @ # \$ % & ! SEX!**

Not exactly, Sir—

But, Sir! I don't think you know—

You want exciting fantasies at night? I'll give you MY pin-up pictures to hang! 8 x 10 glossies of mutilated Germans!

What would your Mother say if she saw this picture? Your gray-haired, kind, loveable American Mother ... sitting at home, knitting for the Red Cross and baking apple pie! Soldier, you've got a dirty mind!

B-but, Sir! That pin-up picture IS my Mother!!

Soldier ... you've got a dirty Mother!!



Next barracks! Hmmm! What are these men doing in bed? It's past 0500! Everyone on your feet for close order drill—then five laps around Morocco!

Okay! Make it **FOUR** laps around Morocco! And men with leg wounds can crawl!

But, Sir! This is a hospital!

Now, what's **YOUR** problem, Soldier?

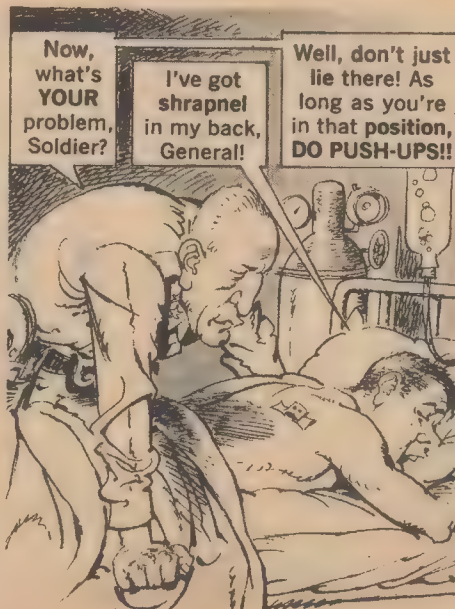
I've got shrapnel in my back, General!

Well, don't just lie there! As long as you're in that position, **DO PUSH-UPS!!**

What's wrong with him?

He's dead, Sir!

That's no excuse! Make him stand at attention!





Ach! Zis mission should be a piece of kuchen, Hermann! Ve come in low over ze town, ve shpray them mit machine gun fire, und zen ve bomb zem—

Turn back, Carl! It's a trap! Ve're outnumbered!

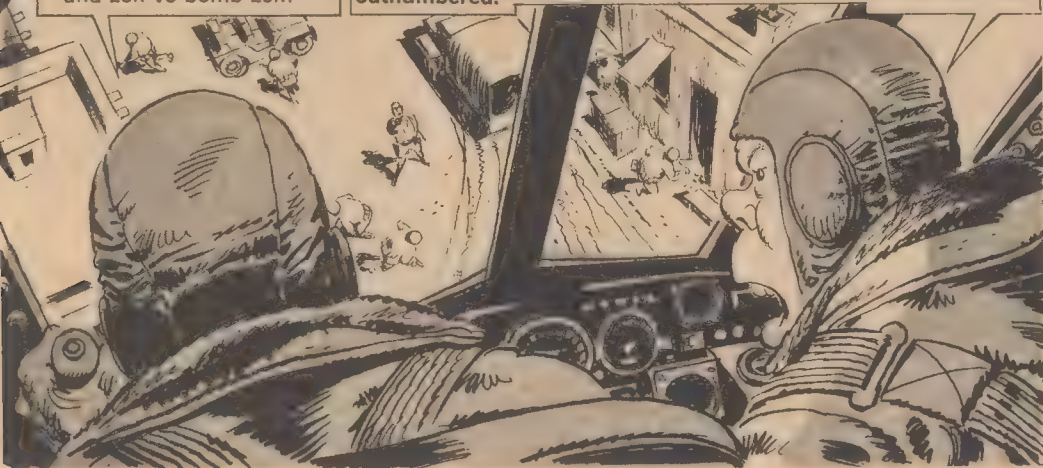
Outnumbered?! Ze Americans haf no planes, no anti-aircraft guns, nuttink! All I see is zat dumkopf in ze middle of ze road firing two pistols at us!

Zat iss vot I mean! Zat iss General George Put★on! Take it from me—ve're outnumbered!!

Take that, you #c\$%&! Kraut! And that... and that!!

Mein Gott! He's a madman! But now ve get him! He ran out of bullets!

Turn back, Carl! Please! He'll find OTHER weapons!!



Gott in Himmel! Now, he's throwink rocks at us!

Turn back! You don't know zis idiot! He'll destroy you vit anything! He killed by brother Vilhelm in ze desert a few weeks ago!

Vit vot...?

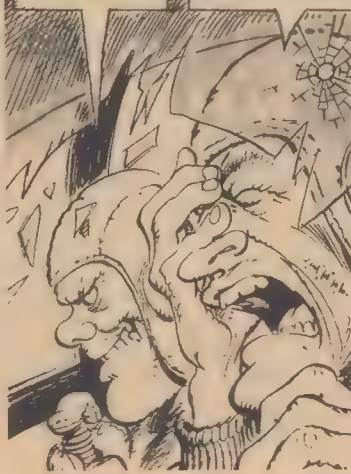
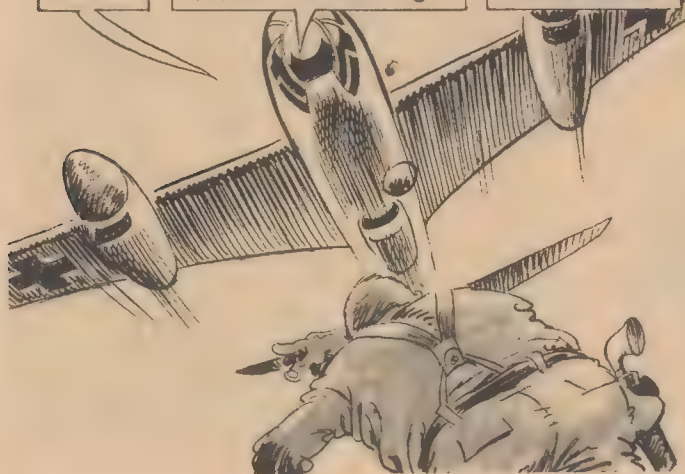
You von't believe zis, but he BIT him to death!!

Hah! NOW, ve get him! He ran out of bullets und he ran out of rocks!

Ach du lieber! He got me right in ze eyes! I can't see! Zis iss it! Ve're goink to crash!

Carl! Vot happened to us?!

YOU'RE not goink to believe ZIS, Hermann—but a bomber in Der Fuehrer's Luftvaffe vas just shot down mit SHPIT!



Brilliant, George! One of the greatest single-handed feats of this war! One of the greatest feats of this century!

You call this a WAR! You call this a CENTURY!?

They don't make wars like they used to! Gee I miss the Spanish Inquisition! The water torture! The cutting out of tongues! Why don't we cut out tongues anymore? And who remembers what's his-name? Attila The Hun! What a wild, crazy nut... with his pillage and rapine! What ever became of pillage and rapine?

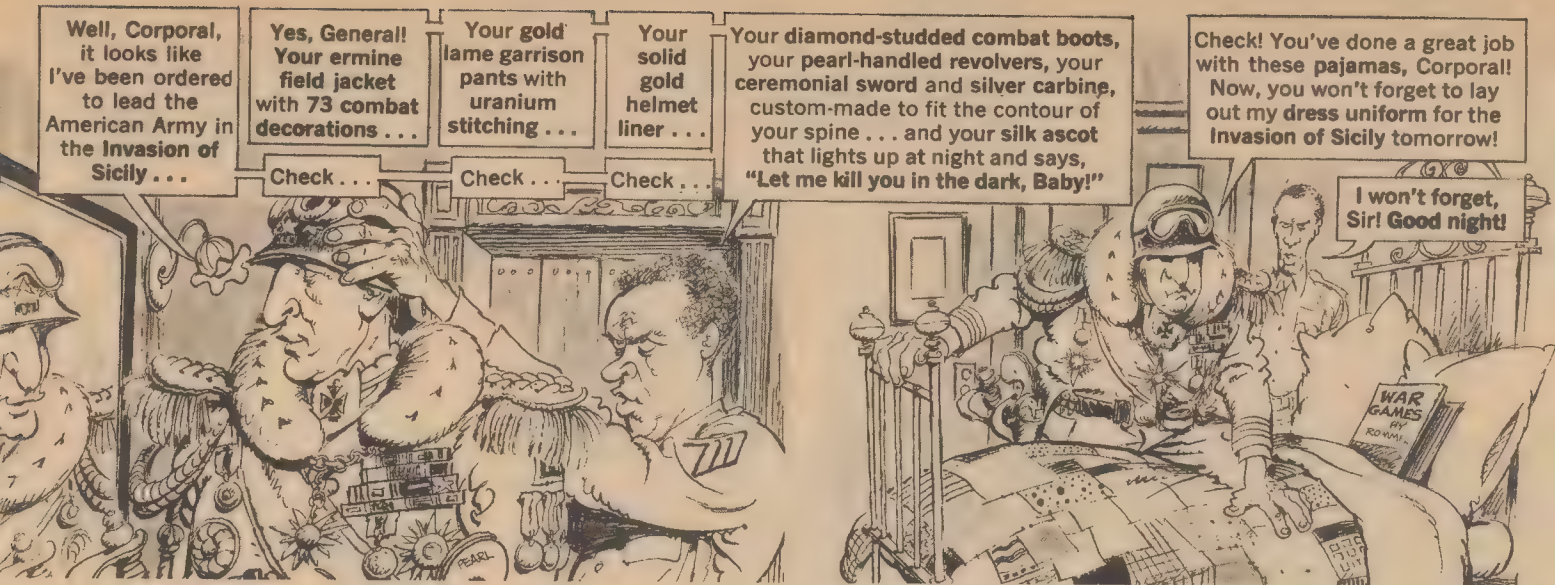
And what about that Oriental kook, Ghengis Khan, and his lovable Hordes? Gee, I'd love to slaughter with my own Horde! And what about those goofy Crusaders with their torture racks for Pagans—burning heretics in the name of God? What's become of us? Why aren't we religious anymore?

The old man going down Memory Lane again?

Shhh! Don't disturb an old soldier and his dreams!







Well, Corporal, it looks like I've been ordered to lead the American Army in the Invasion of Sicily ...

Yes, General! Your ermine field jacket with 73 combat decorations ...

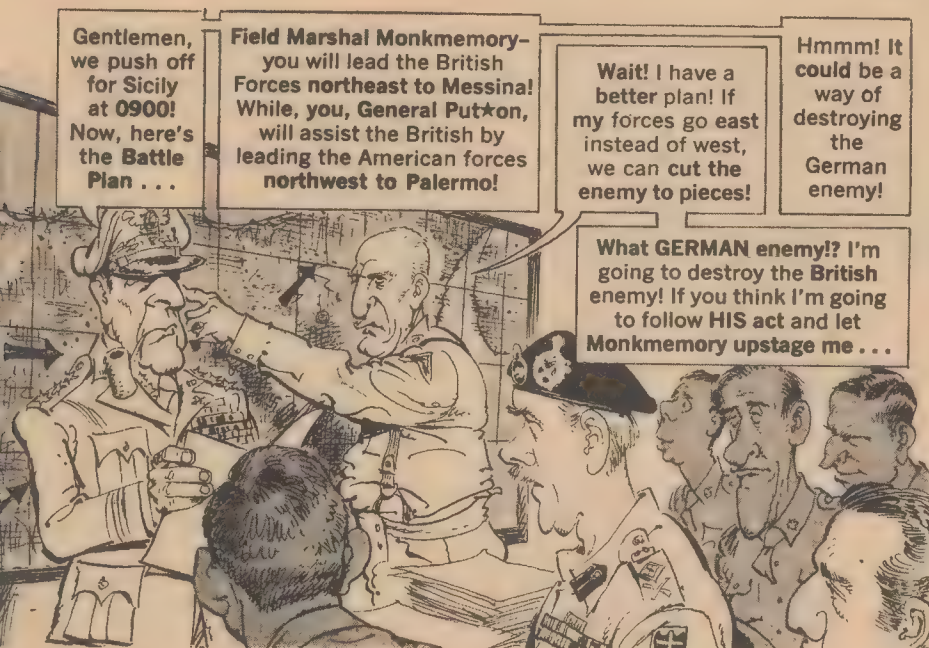
Your gold lame garrison pants with uranium stitching ...

Your solid gold helmet liner ...

Your diamond-studded combat boots, your pearl-handled revolvers, your ceremonial sword and silver carbine, custom-made to fit the contour of your spine ... and your silk ascot that lights up at night and says, "Let me kill you in the dark, Baby!"

Check! You've done a great job with these pajamas, Corporal! Now, you won't forget to lay out my dress uniform for the Invasion of Sicily tomorrow!

I won't forget, Sir! Good night!



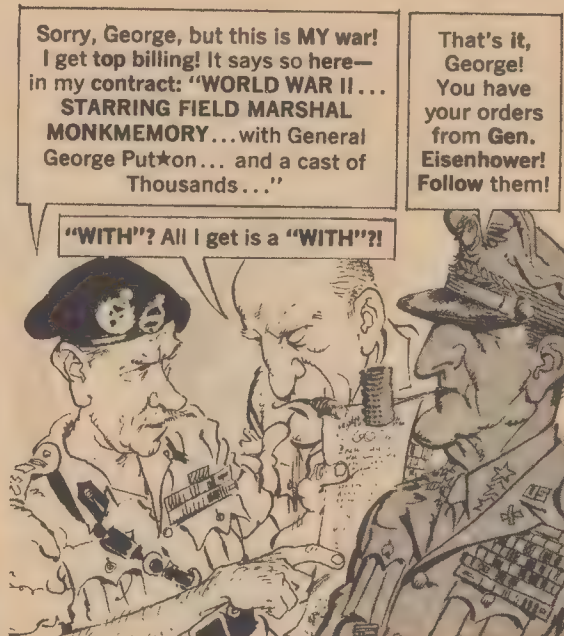
Gentlemen, we push off for Sicily at 0900! Now, here's the Battle Plan ...

Field Marshal Monkmemory—you will lead the British Forces northeast to Messina! While, you, General Put★on, will assist the British by leading the American forces northwest to Palermo!

Wait! I have a better plan! If my forces go east instead of west, we can cut the enemy to pieces!

Hmmm! It could be a way of destroying the German enemy!

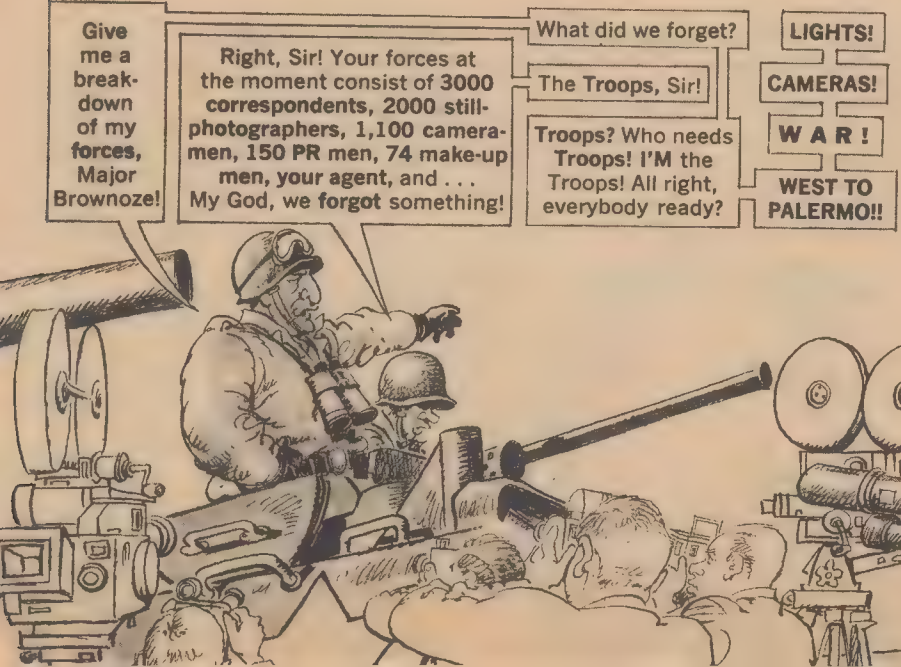
What GERMAN enemy!? I'm going to destroy the British enemy! If you think I'm going to follow HIS act and let Monkmemory upstage me ...



Sorry, George, but this is MY war! I get top billing! It says so here—in my contract: "WORLD WAR II ... STARRING FIELD MARSHAL MONKMEMORY... with General George Put★on... and a cast of Thousands..."

That's it, George! You have your orders from Gen. Eisenhower! Follow them!

"WITH"? All I get is a "WITH"?!

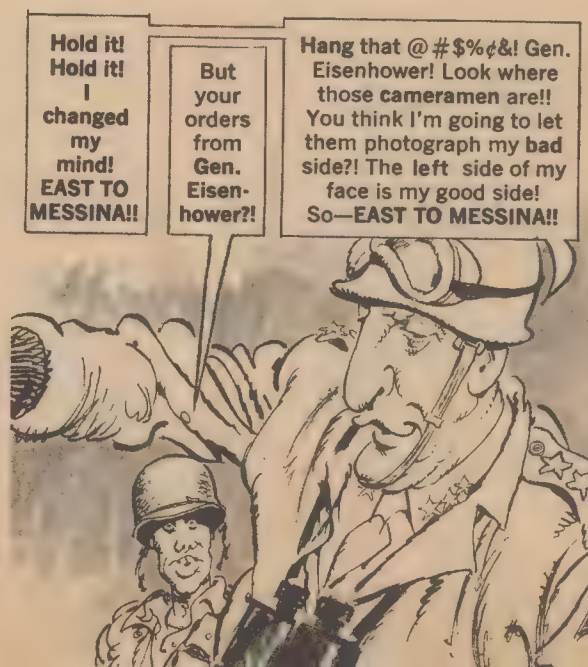


Give me a break-down of my forces, Major Brownzo!

Right, Sir! Your forces at the moment consist of 3000 correspondents, 2000 still-photographers, 1,100 cameramen, 150 PR men, 74 make-up men, your agent, and ... My God, we forgot something!

What did we forget?  
The Troops, Sir!  
Troops? Who needs Troops! I'M the Troops! All right, everybody ready?

LIGHTS!  
CAMERAS!  
WAR!  
WEST TO PALERMO!!

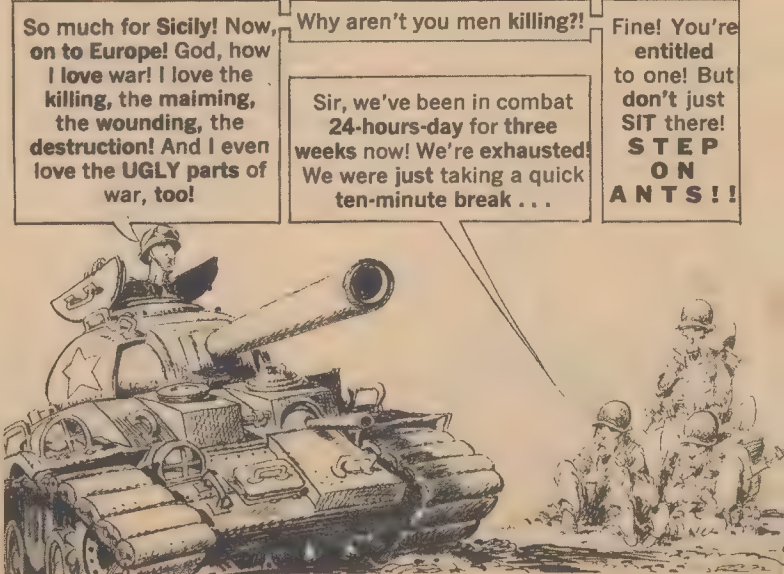
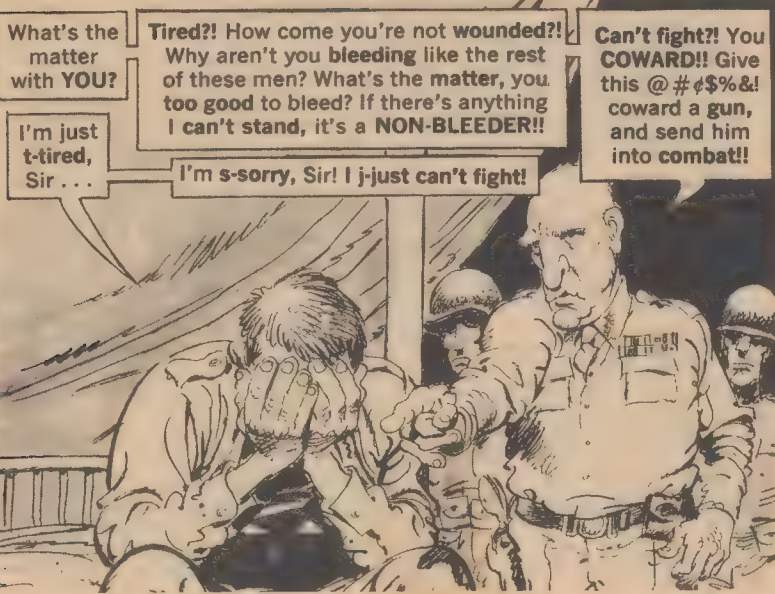
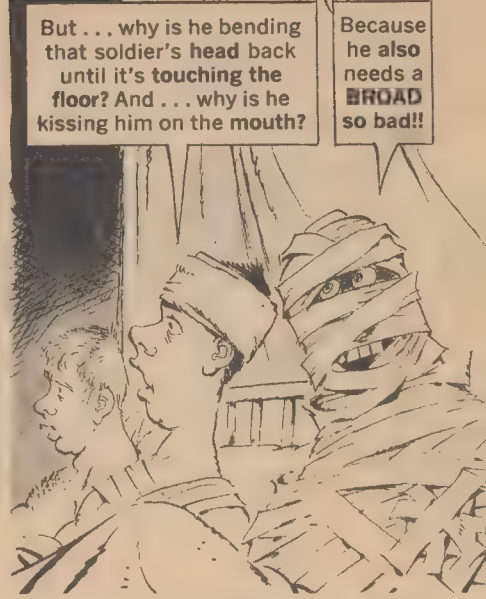
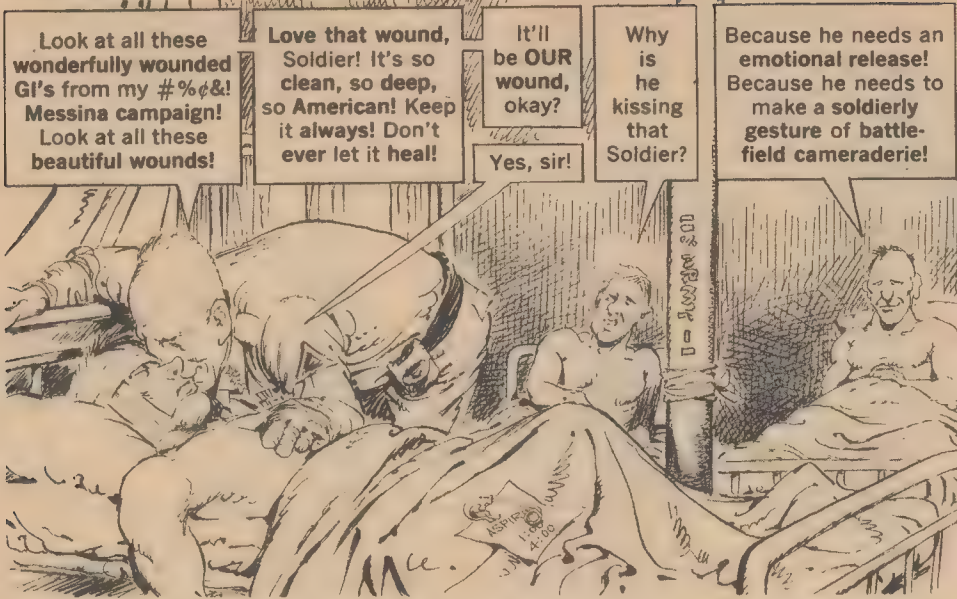


Hold it! Hold it! I changed my mind! EAST TO MESSINA!!

But your orders from Gen. Eisenhower?!

Hang that @#\$%&! Gen. Eisenhower! Look where those cameramen are!! You think I'm going to let them photograph my bad side?! The left side of my face is my good side! So—EAST TO MESSINA!!





Look at all these wonderfully wounded GI's from my #&%&! Messina campaign! Look at all these beautiful wounds!

Love that wound, Soldier! It's so clean, so deep, so American! Keep it always! Don't ever let it heal!

It'll be OUR wound, okay?

Yes, sir!

Why is he kissing that Soldier?

Because he needs an emotional release! Because he needs to make a soldierly gesture of battle-field cameraderie!

But . . . why is he bending that soldier's head back until it's touching the floor? And . . . why is he kissing him on the mouth?

Because he also needs a **BROAD** so bad!!

What's the matter with YOU?

I'm just t-tired, Sir . . .

Tired?! How come you're not wounded?! Why aren't you bleeding like the rest of these men? What's the matter, you too good to bleed? If there's anything I can't stand, it's a **NON-BLEEDER!!**

I'm s-sorry, Sir! I j-just can't fight!

Can't fight?! You **COWARD!!** Give this @#&%&! coward a gun, and send him into combat!!

Stop him! He'll tear that man's head off! Quick—get the Chief Surgeon!

I've got news for you . . . That **IS** the Chief Surgeon!

That explains it! No **WONDER** he said he can't fight! Better call the Chaplain!

I can't! He's in bed with a broken jaw! Don't you remember? **HE** told the General he couldn't fight, **TOO!**

Now hear this! I recently slapped a Chief Surgeon . . . and punched a Chaplain! Gen. Eisenhower told me I shouldn't have done it! So this is what I want to say about that:

@#&%&! @#&%&! @#&%&!

Gee, I've never seen him swallow his pride like this before!

It takes a really **BIG** man to say he's sorry and apologize!

So much for Sicily! Now, on to Europe! God, how I love war! I love the killing, the maiming, the wounding, the destruction! And I even love the **UGLY** parts of war, too!

Why aren't you men killing?!

Sir, we've been in combat 24-hours-day for three weeks now! We're exhausted! We were just taking a quick ten-minute break . . .

Fine! You're entitled to one! But don't just **SIT** there! **STEP ON ANTS!!**



Where's General Putson NOW?

Last we heard, he passed Berlin . . . and took Moscow!

No, that was hours ago! He's now in either Shanghai—or Tahiti!

I got a report that he just pushed through the Lincoln Tunnel and took Secaucus, New Jersey!

**Urgent Communique!** He's landed in Rio de Janeiro and he's crossing South America to the Pacific by way of the Victory Canal!

**Victory Canal?!** There's no Victory Canal in South America!

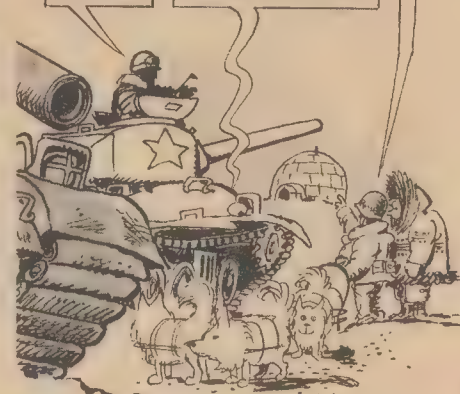
There is NOW! He just built it!

**Kill! Kill! Onward! Onward to Little America!**

Sir, Little America is at the South Pole! We're here at the North Pole!

Whatever . . .

**Communique, Sir!**



It's sad, I tell you! It's heart-breaking! I've never seen him cry before!

What happened? Have our supply lines been cut? Have we been ambushed by Eskimoos?

Worse . . . Much worse! The Germans surrendered! The war is OVER!!

Those @#%\$&! Nazis really know how to hurt a guy!

How IS Gen. Putson . . . now that he's retired and finished with war forever?

Well, he mopes and sulks and dreams a lot!

Does he have any hobbies?

Sometimes, he plays little War Games around the Chateau! Last week, he mined the Latrine! Thursday, he shot the Cook! Yesterday, he bayoneted his Orderly! But . . . well, you know how it is! It's just not the same!!



Now that the war is over, what are the plans of the Joint Chiefs of Staff?

Well, we've got the future to think about! So we've been kicking some ideas around!

None of this is definite, of course! And most of it has only been penciled in—

—But some time around 1950 or so, we figure it might be fun to have a little action in Korea!

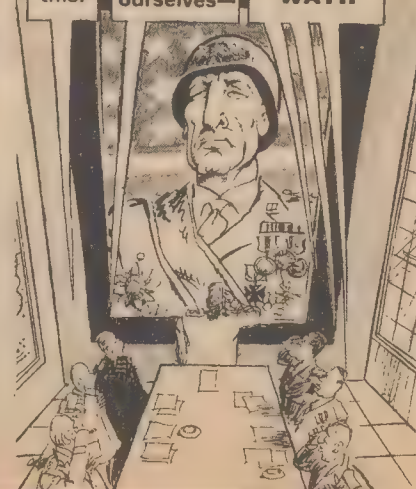
Yeah! And maybe a few years later— Well, there's this place called Vietnam!

And right next to it—this place called Cambodia!

But why are you doing this?

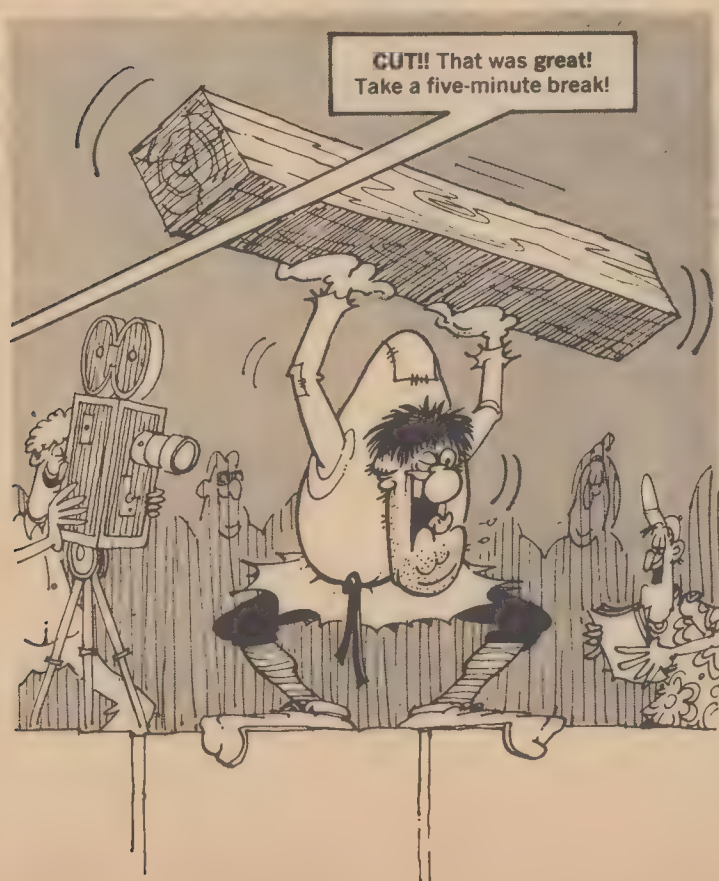
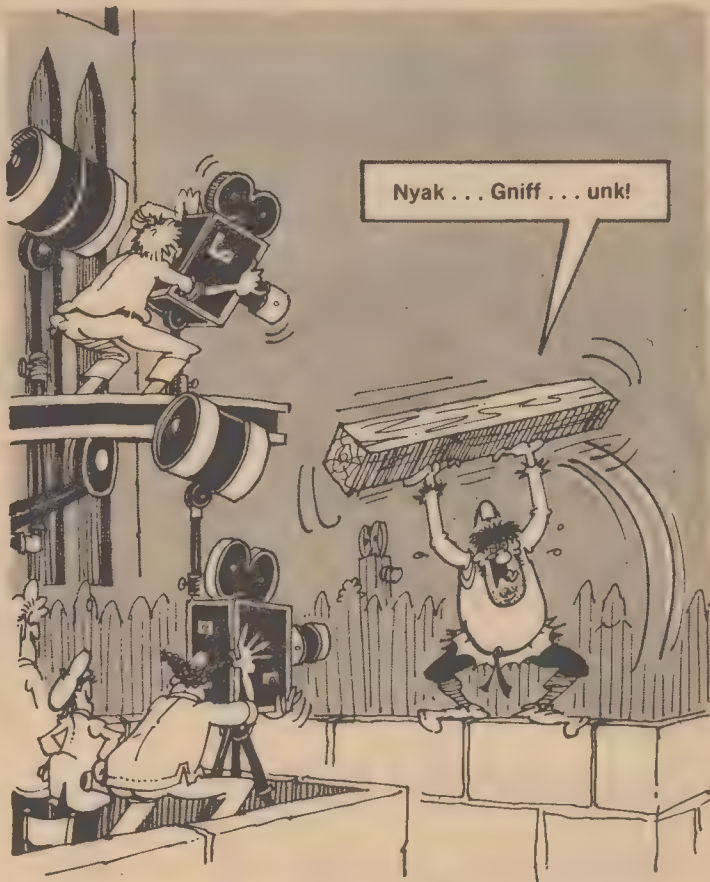
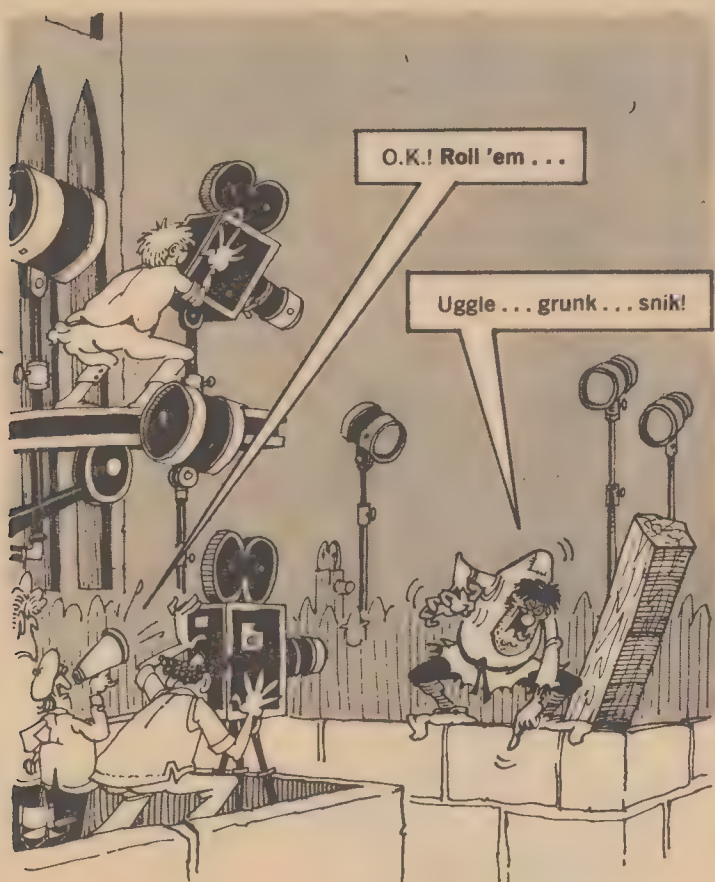
Believe us, we're not just doing this for ourselves—

**GEORGE WOULD HAVE WANTED IT THIS WAY!!**





# ON THE "HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME" SET





The modern phenomenon known as the "New Wave Movie" has created another (and equally sickening) modern phenomenon: "The New Wave Movie Ad" . . . in which all of the sensational elements of the movie are frankly and graphically discussed. These ads are basically all

# MAD'S "Do-It-Yourself"

1

Suburban Housewife

Wall Street Broker

College Sophomore

East Village Yippie

Repressed Mama's Boy

Hollywood Movie Buff

2

Sex and Violence!

Zen Buddhism!

smoking Hashish!

taking LSD trips!

this dull garbage!

a gibbering idiot!

**At Last!** A motion picture that dares to show how a normal respectable

1

can suddenly turn to

2

## "I Am

3

3

**Curious  
Stimulated  
Spaced Out  
Disgusted  
Nauseous  
Bored**

4

**(Yellow)"  
(Purple)"  
(Green)"  
(Hoo-Hah)"  
(Yecch)"  
(Silly)"**

4

THE SHOCKING,  
OFF-BEAT FILM  
THAT PLUMBS  
NEW DEPTHS OF

5

Directed by that  
brilliant young  
"Avant-Garde"

6

Andy Notwell!



NOW PLAYING AT NEW YORK'S EXCITING NEW CINEMA

## CINEMA UPTIGHT

SHOWINGS AT 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00 and 8:30

Due to the startling nature  
of this film's subject matter,  
admission is restricted to

7

5

**EROTICA!  
DEPRAVITY!  
SADISM!  
MASOCHISM!  
PERVERSION!  
BAD TASTE!**

6

genius  
con man  
money maker  
sex fiend  
lunatic  
phony

7

adults and children!  
teenagers with dates!  
Mad Magazine subscribers!  
gorillas and orangoutangs!  
well-known sex offenders!  
law-enforcement officials!



alike, and it's very difficult to tell one from another. In fact, you could probably switch all of the sensational elements around and you would never notice the difference. To show you just how predictable these "New Wave Movie" pitches are, why not try your hand at filling in . . .

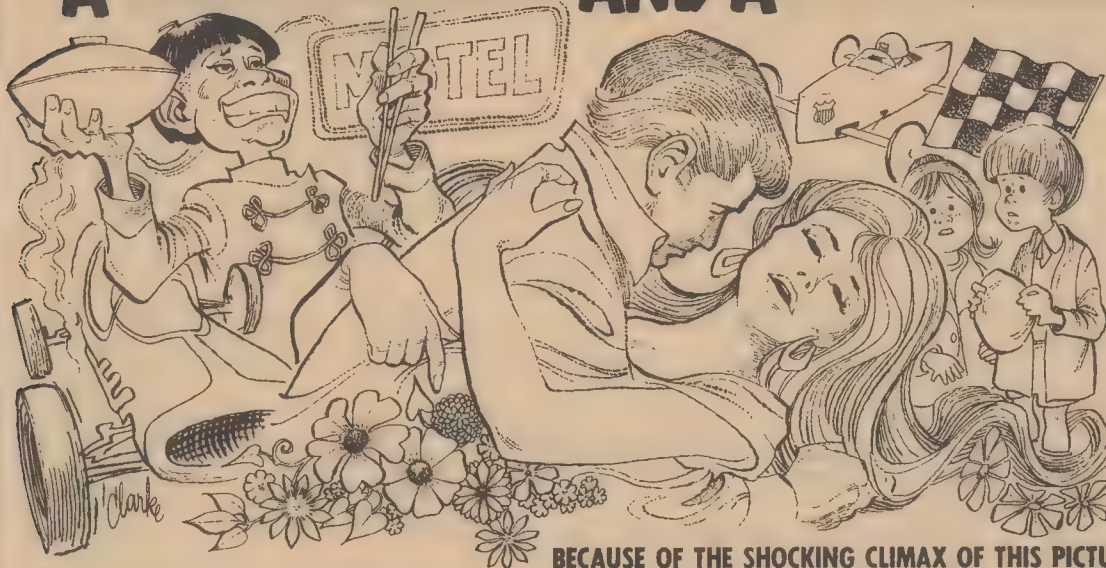
# MODERN MOVIE ADS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: SY REIT

CINEMA MMXVII PROUDLY PRESENTS THE LATEST 1  
BY SWEDEN'S FAMED DIRECTOR, INGMAR BUNGLEMAN . . .

"A 2 AND A 3"



What strange  
illicit

4  
drove this  
bewitched  
duo to their

5

What weird  
obsession  
gave them a  
craving for  
more and more

6

BECAUSE OF THE SHOCKING CLIMAX OF THIS PICTURE, NO ONE WILL BE SEATED DURING THE LAST FIVE MINUTES . . . OR DURING THE FIRST HOUR AND FIFTY-FIVE MINUTES EITHER. IN FACT, NO ONE WILL BE ALLOWED IN THE THEATER! YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND THE PICTURE, ANYWAY!

Now Playing At The New  
CINEMA MMXVII

1

3

5

TRIUMPH PUT-ON FAILURE  
FIASCO SICKIE MISH-MASH

WOMAN MAN

2

BIGOT

MAN WOMAN  
MOTHER-IN-LAW  
SCHOOLBOY  
TEENY-BOPPER  
MUGGER

CALL-GIRL  
CHIMPANZEE  
CODFISH

4

desire passion no-no  
fetish condition sickness

deaths

hairdressers

bedroom

psychiatrist

grade advisor

local theater

6

sex and sadism

Chinese food

Playboy pin-ups

caramel popcorn

licorice gumdrops

Beatle records



## INSIDE DOPE DEPT.

There's a great movie playing around. It's exciting, and full of action, and it's easy to watch. It's not one of those movies where you have to think! Or is it?? You certainly don't do any thinking during the movie. But after it's over, you're left with a couple of unanswered questions. In fact, *everybody* is left with a couple of unanswered questions. Take f'rinstance the guy who gets shot in the very first scenes:



Okay! So I walked around Marseilles! So this brown Mark III Lincoln Continental followed me! So I bought a French bread, and I bought a pizza, and I stepped into this doorway, and now I'm being—GAAAK! —murdered! So after the picture is all over, maybe somebody will tell me . . .



Hey, kid, tell me! Do you believe in Santa Claus?

Well, I used to . . . until you started showing up around here—in JULY!!

An' I never saw Santa wearing a gun before! I think you're a cop!!

Well, I'm NOT, you little brat! And if you say that one more time, I'm gonna arrest you!

I'll have a Frank with sauerkraut . . . and a bottle of Pepsi!

I don't have any Franks . . . sauerkraut . . . OR bottles of Pepsi!

Then what's in the cart?

DISGUISES!! Now . . . beat it!!

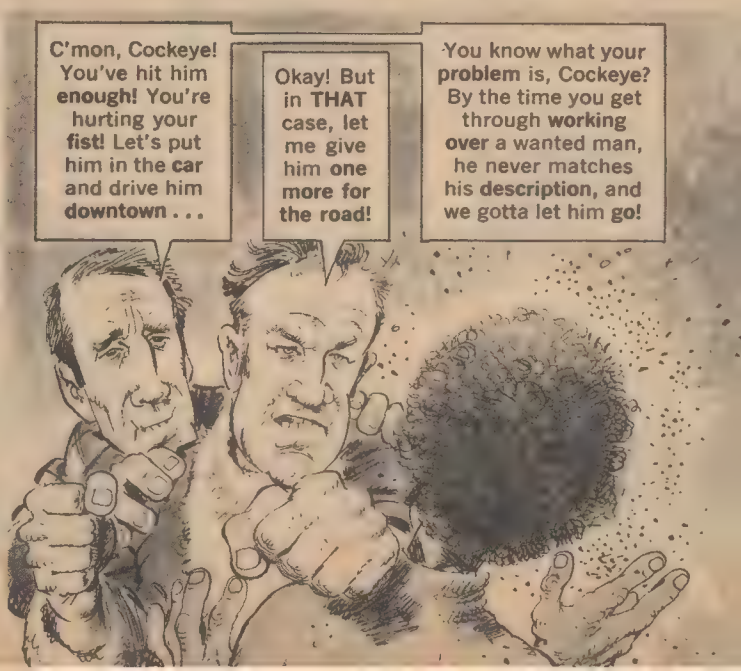
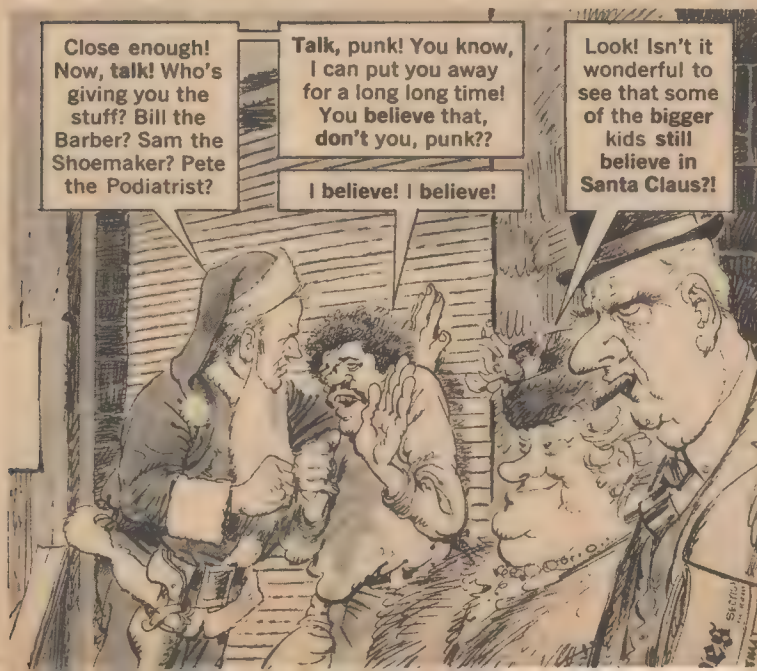
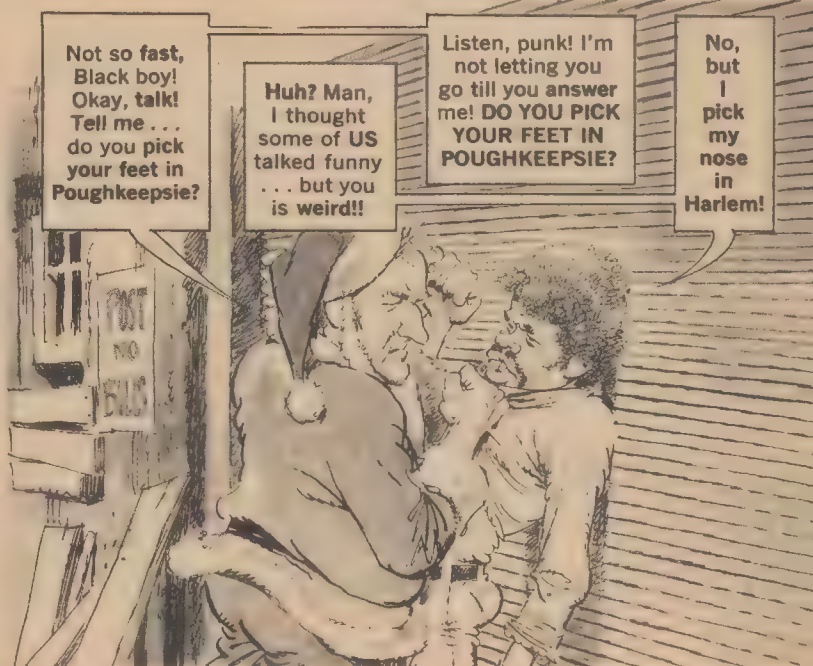
I WILL NOT TRADE WITH RED CHINA



# WHAT'S THE CONNECTION?

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO





Hey, Birdie! Did you see? That guy gave the waiter a \$100 tip!

It's not even his waiter! And now he's giving the hat check girl a \$50 tip!

He doesn't even have a hat! There's something fishy going on here! That kind of tipping makes me suspicious! And the fact that they're all wearing GUNS doesn't help! C'mon! Let's follow 'em!

Cockeye, the last time we followed someone, we stayed up for 3 days and 3 nights, went 48 hours without food, and accidentally killed a Federal Agent!

Well . . . I can't promise it will be as much fun as THAT—but let's give it a whirl!

Gee, Cockeye, you're doing a great job of staying right on their tail!

No problem, Birdie! I tied our bumpers together!

Well? What's so unusual about that?

Well? What's so unusual about that?



But don't you think they'll get a little suspicious—seeing the same car behind them five hours in a row—especially in deserted Brooklyn?!

Naw! I keep changing my expression and they think I'm someone different each time they look!

Hey! The guy drives a Caddy, his girl is loaded down with expensive clothes and jewelry, and they come home to a dumpy little Candy Store like that! What do you think, Cockeye?

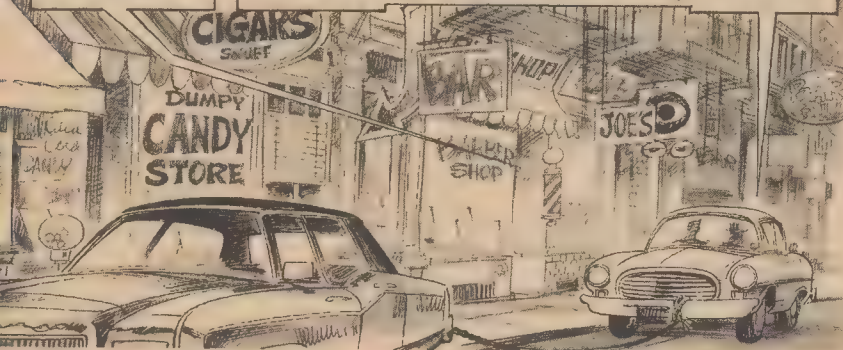
I think that Candy Store is a GOLD MINE! We should open one right across the street and steal his customers!

I'm going to New York!

I bought you a new camera!

I bought you a new coat!

That's great! Now tell me, what's the connection?



I got the scoop on those Candy Store sweeties! His name is Salvatore Giuseppe Bocciballo, and his wife's name is Angelina Bocciballo!

Oh, they're Italians?

No, Wops!

Wasn't this a great idea of mine? I figured Bocciballo was getting a little suspicious of seeing a car behind him all the time, so I came up with this . . .

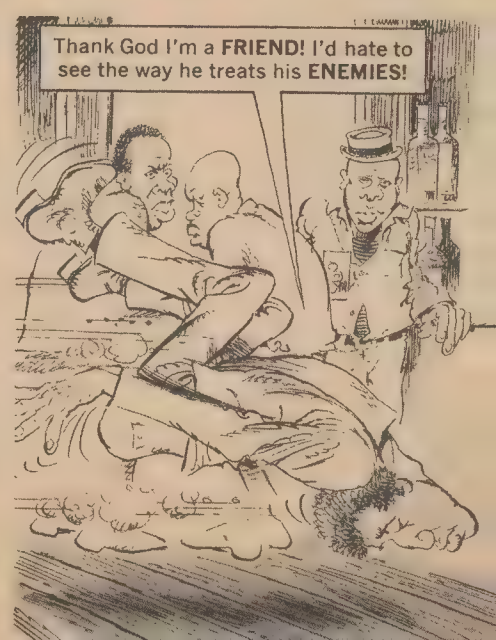
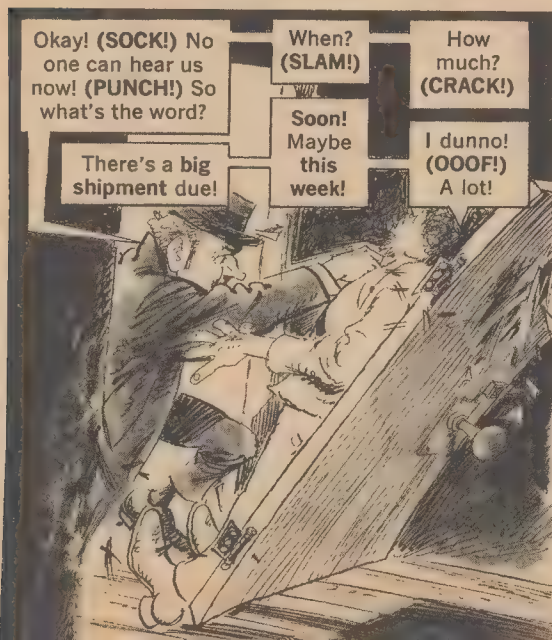
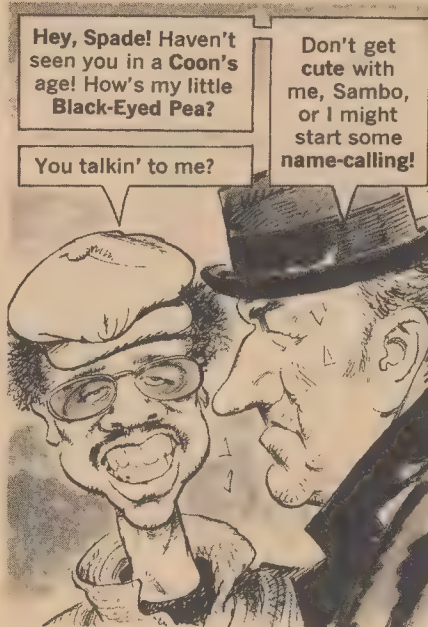
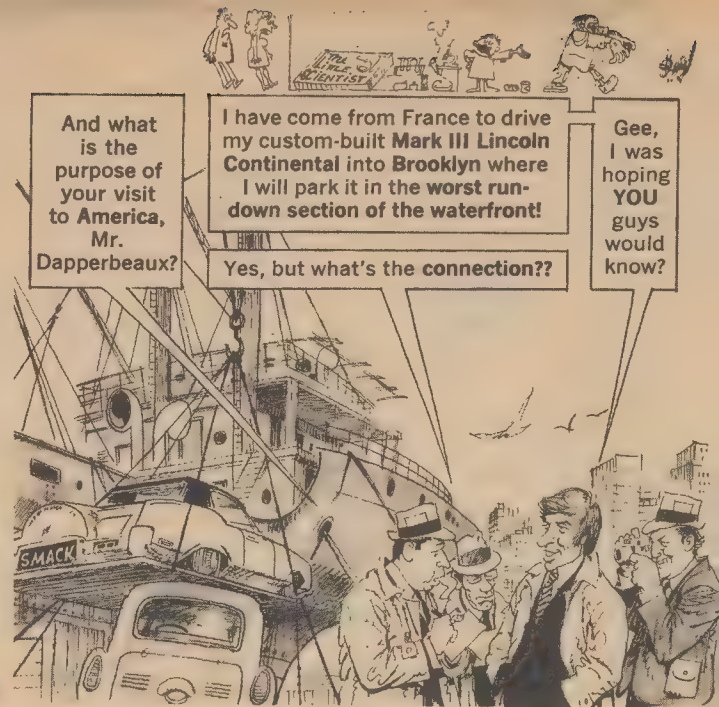
Yeah, but don't you think that sitting in his BACK SEAT is a little dangerous?

Not so loud! He'll hear you! Now this is what I found out so far! Bocciballo and his wife make about \$7000 a year from the Candy Store . . . and they spend \$80,000!

Boy, I wish MY wife could stretch a buck like that!









But, Lieutenant Simpleton! I'm sure I'm on to something **BIG!**

Cockeye, the last time you were on to something big, you cost the Department \$40,000, 2 police cars and one Federal Agent ...!

Yeah, but last time, I just had a "feeling"! This time, I got a real "HUNCH"!

Oh, well, if you're **THAT** positive, I'll assign a Fed to help! Let's see, who won't I miss if he gets shot accidentally??

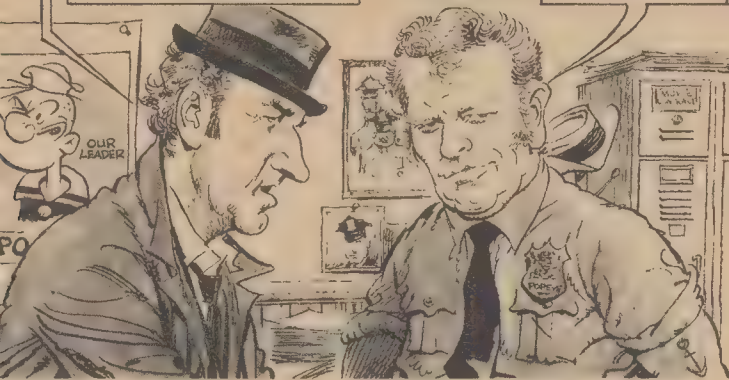
What kind of a place is this, anyway?

It's an Auto Graveyard ... where they auction off old cars!

See that guy in the black hat? He's our agent! He's bidding on a beat-up wreck of an old car for us!

Great! Now, can I ask just one more question?

**WHAT'S THE CONNECTION???**



Why'd we stop in this restaurant for a twelve course dinner? It makes no sense at all! The food is lousy here!

It's not for the food! It's for the fantastic view!

This is our best table, Sir ... overlooking Irving's TV Repair Shop, where you can eat your dinner in warmth and comfort while you watch that Narco agent watch you!



Here! I got you some Pizza!

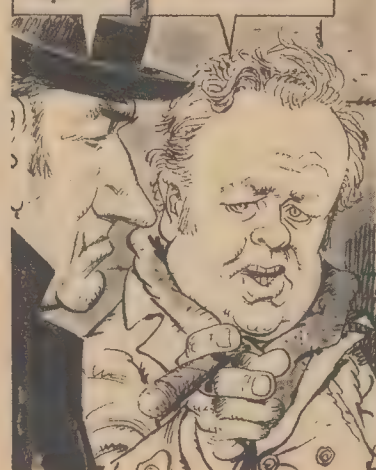
Guinea food again? I'd love some Chink food for a change!

Excuse me, Sir! I just want to tell you that you're doing a real great job!



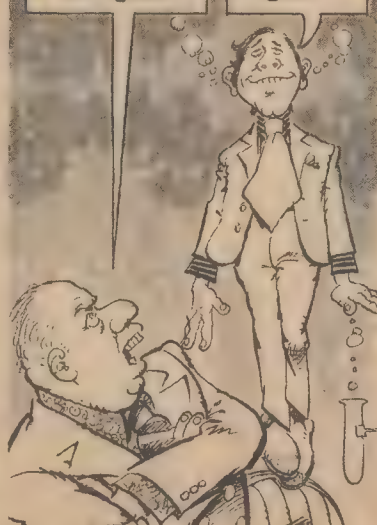
You mean tracking down the narcotics shipment?

No, insulting Minority Groups! You're a real credit to all the Micks!



Okay! Okay! I'm waiting! Is the stuff good?

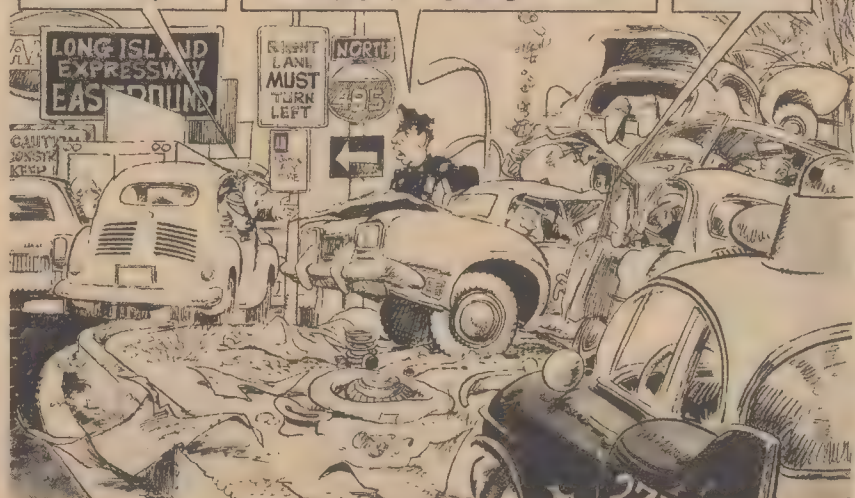
Yeah, Man! It's like great!



Oh, wow! Who was killed? Cockeye? Birdie? Someone vital to the plot!

Naw! Nobody! It's just that there's been no violence for nearly 90 seconds, so we just stuck in this plain old bloody, gory, disgusting car wreck!

(CHOKES!) Yeah, but what's the connection?





EEEEEEK! EEEEE!  
Someone's shooting  
at us! Oh, my God!  
Look! There's a  
sniper on the roof!

Boy, I sure wish  
they'd go back to  
Sniperland where  
they came from ...  
those lousy Snipes!

When you get finished  
with your ethnic slurs,  
you might chase him!  
He just ran up and got  
on the Elevated Train!

POW!  
POW!



Thanks for the tip ... Kike!

STOP! POLICE EMERGENCY!  
I GOTTA HAVE YOUR CAR!

SCREECH

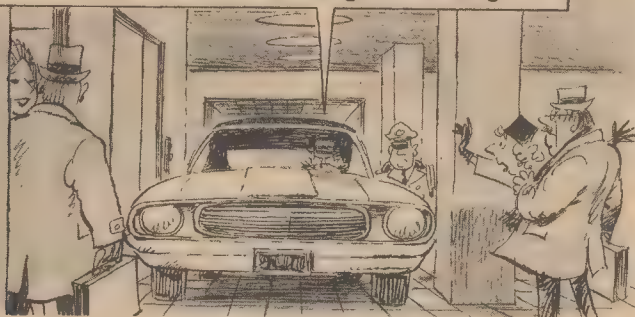


Aw, c'mon,  
guy! Take  
somebody  
else's car!  
I want to  
chase him!

Tough! You had  
your chance in  
"Bullit"! Now  
it's my turn  
to drive like  
a crazy idiot!



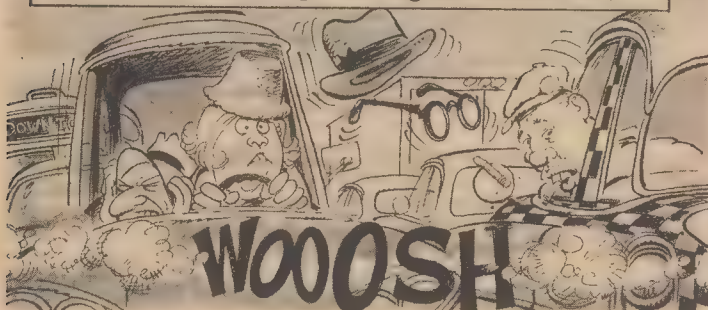
First .... a short cut ... through this building ...



Next .... a quick run down this crowded sidewalk ...



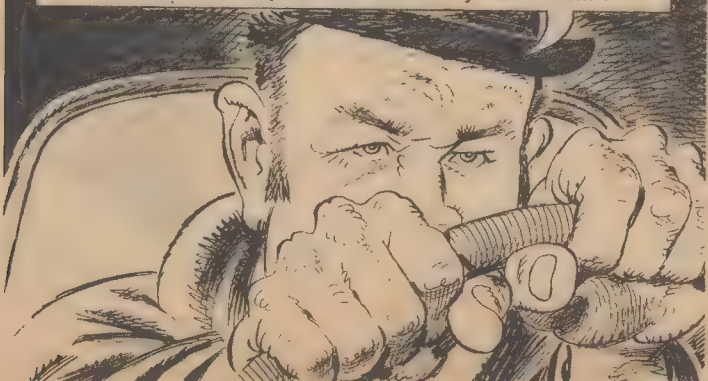
Next, a blind rush through this dangerous intersection ...



And a light bounce off this fruit stand, under this truck!



Now watch this neat maneuver! Just before I hit that young  
mother and her baby carriage, I swerve! Unfortunately, into  
a busload of Orphans! But that's their tough luck! Why don't  
they go back to Orphanland where they came from!?!

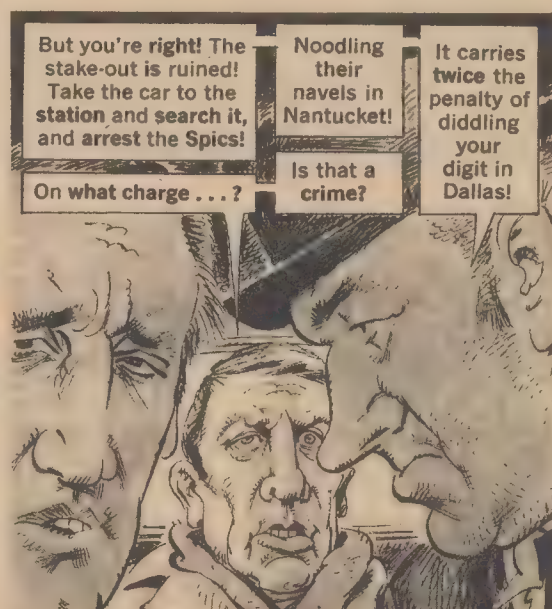
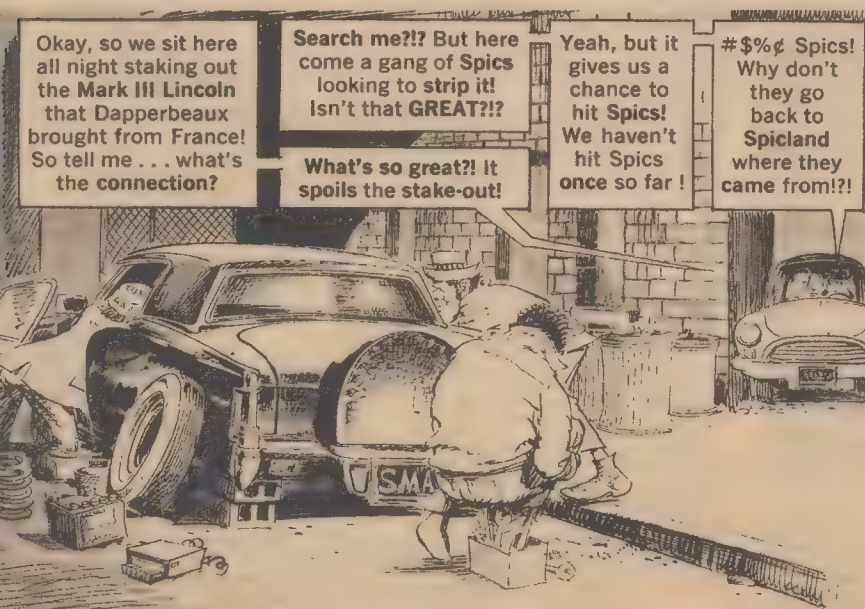
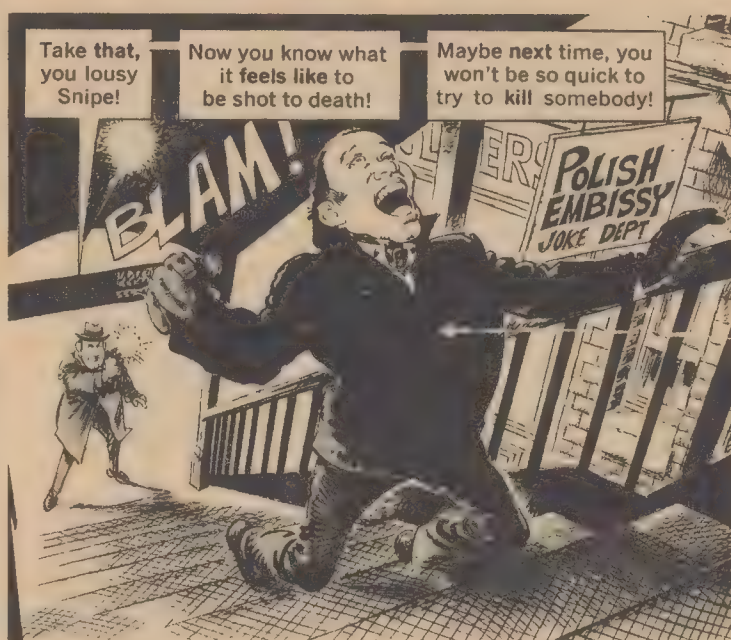
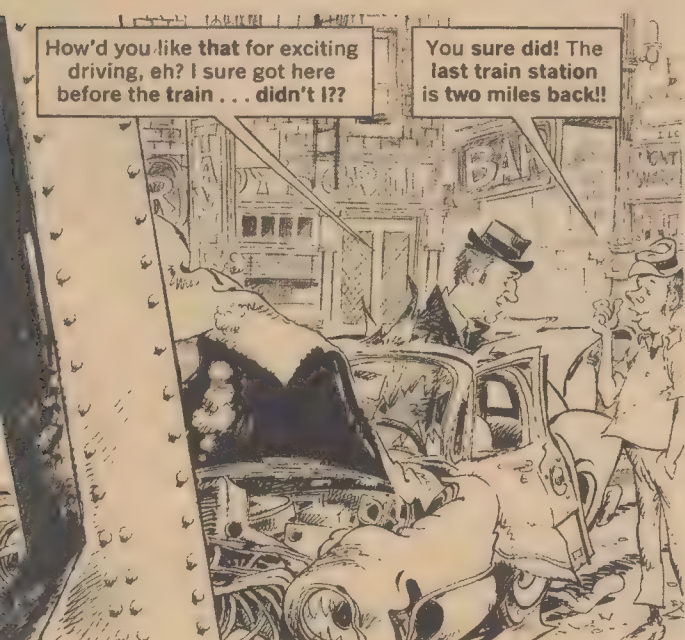
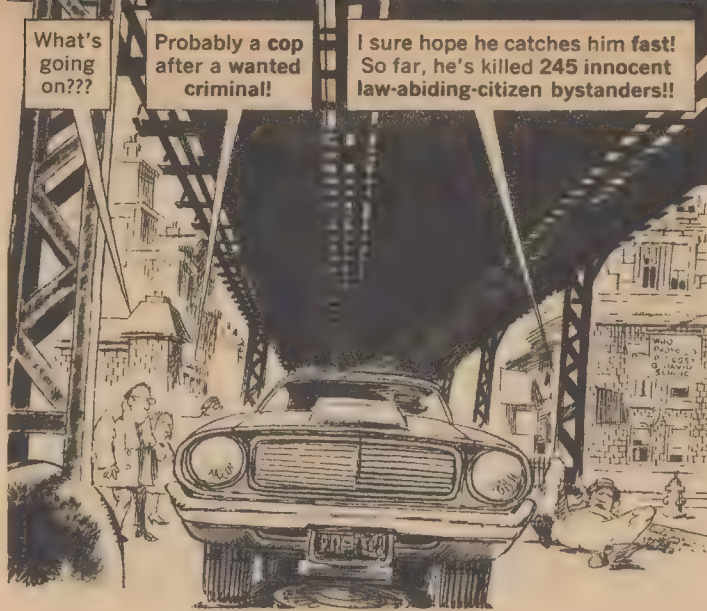
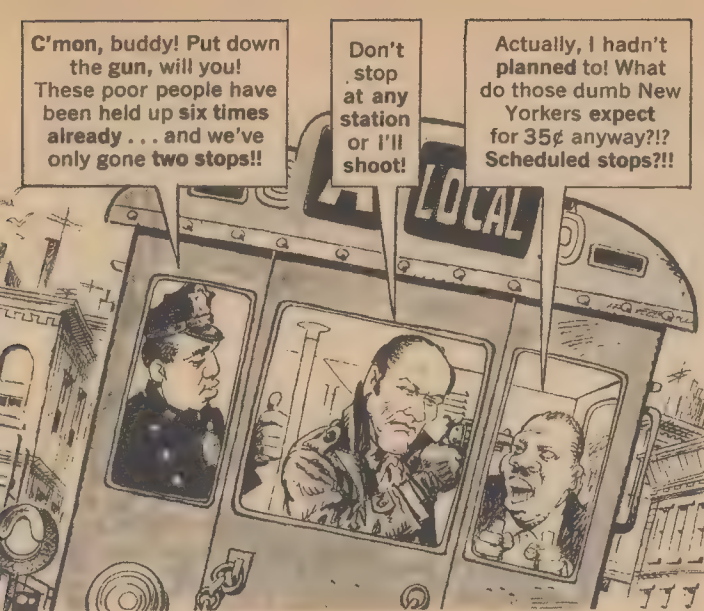


Hmmm! Look at that creep waving the checkered flag!  
Hasn't got the patriotism to wave an American flag!

Here's where you get yours, you crummy Checker-lover!









Listen, Cockeye—

Fed, I've had it up to here with you razzin' me!!

But all I said was "Listen, Cockeye—"

Yeah, but if I let you get away with that, the next thing you know you'll be making it into a sentence! You've been on my back ever since I accidentally killed your best friend! Can't you forget a petty grudge?

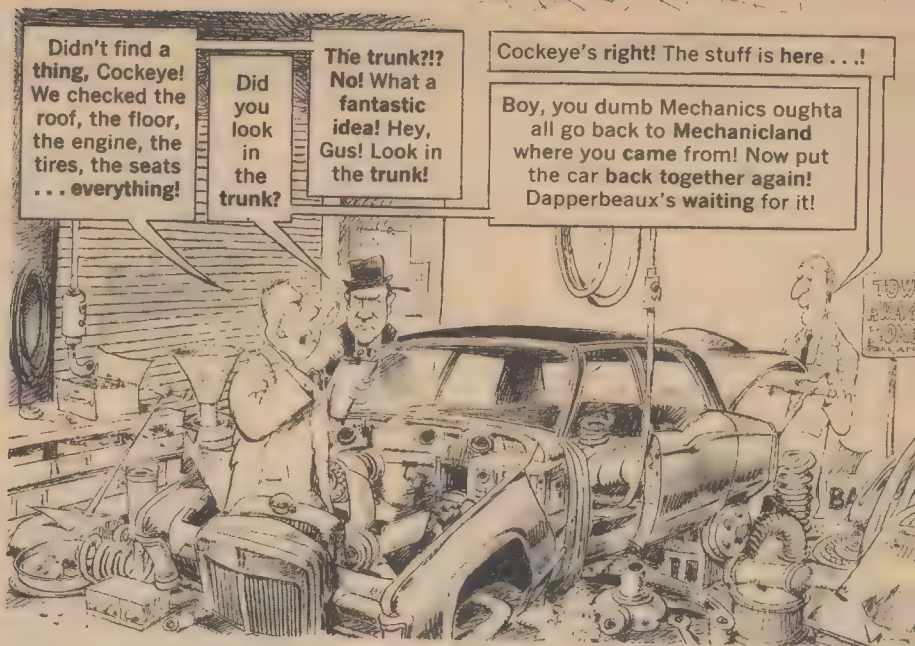
Didn't find a thing, Cockeye! We checked the roof, the floor, the engine, the tires, the seats . . . everything!

Did you look in the trunk?

The trunk?? No! What a fantastic idea! Hey, Gus! Look in the trunk!

Cockeye's right! The stuff is here . . . !

Boy, you dumb Mechanics oughta all go back to Mechanicland where you came from! Now put the car back together again! Dapperbeaux's waiting for it!



Here you are, Mr. Dapperbeaux . . . in perfect shape!

Wait a minute! What's going on here, anyway?

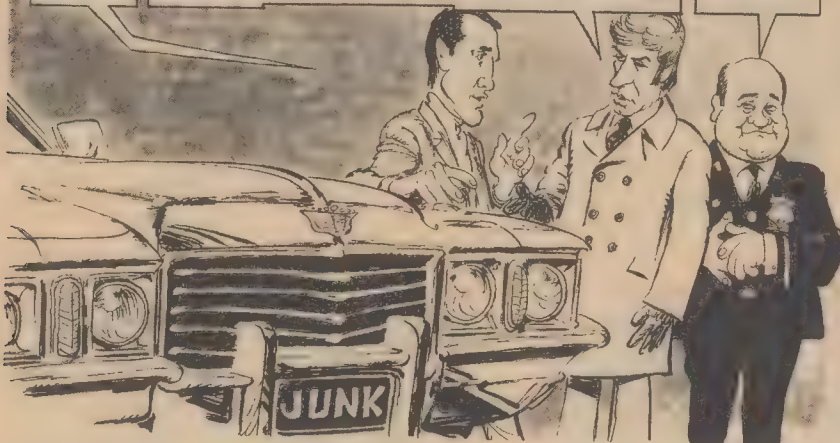
No matter what you say, Dapperbeaux, we never searched your car!

Who said anything about searching my car? I lost a brown Lincoln Continental and you're giving me back a green Cadillac Eldorado!

Phew! is that all?! For a minute, we thought you were suspicious!

Well, you've got your heroin . . . and I've got my money! Outside of a few million loopholes, it was the perfect crime!

HOLD IT! THIS IS THE POLICE!



Sorry, guys, but this isn't the perfect crime! And we still have three more loopholes to create!

I'm going to run and hide on this tiny, escape-proof island, and never be found by any of the 200 cops you have here!

That's loophole #1!

And I'm going to get myself into a place where I can be accidentally shot by Cockeye!

That's loophole #2!

And many of the hoods involved in this crime who came to this island and shot it out with the police will be released for "insufficient evidence"! I thought shooting at a cop would at least be a misdemeanor!

And that's loophole #3!



Well, anyway, on behalf of the American people, we want to thank you, Cockeye, for pursuing these criminals to the end!

Well, I appreciate the compliment, but it wasn't me alone! No, sir, it was a combination of guys . . . a regular potpourri of Dagos, Hebes, Fags, Spades, Polacks, Krauts . . .

Yeah, but what's the connection??





If you're a "TV Late Show" film buff, you're probably aware of the important roles certain "props" played in old movies. In fact, some of these "props"

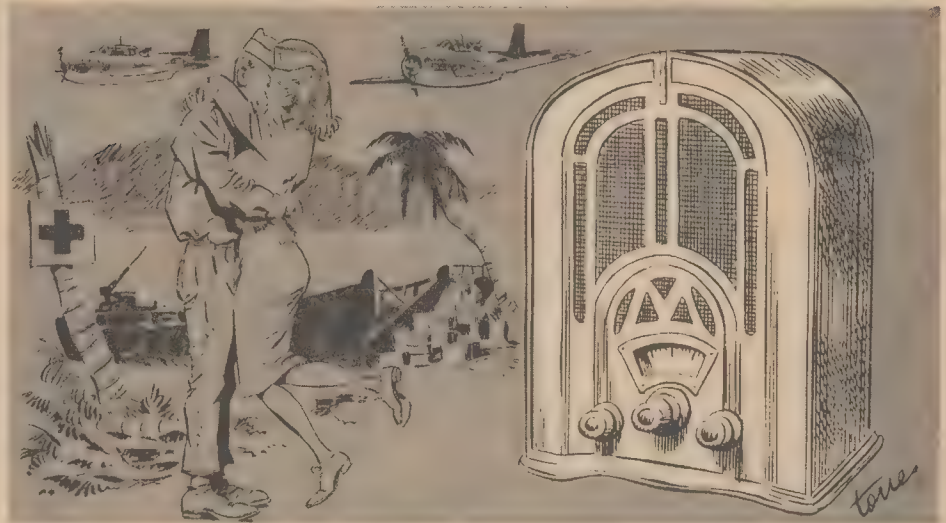
# A MAD GUID SHOW" CLICK

MONSTER MOVIE TORCH



Always used by hunchback-assistant to antagonize monster . . . and always used again later on by villagers to track down monster-murderer of hunchback-assistant and other assorted victims.

CATHEDRAL RADIO



Device used to interrupt love scenes . . . and engagements . . . with announcement that the Japanese have attacked Pearl Harbor. Hero and heroine defer

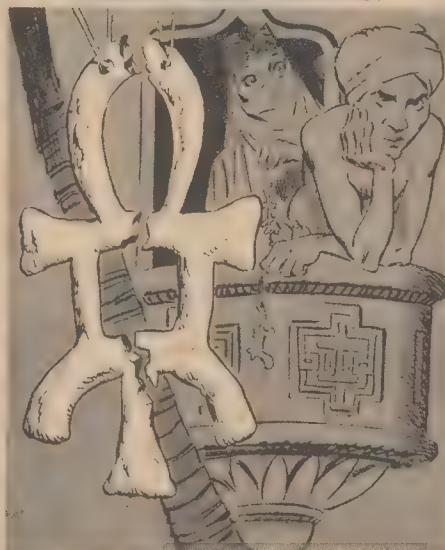
marriage plans until the world can be made a better place to live. At film's end, they are reunited in Guadalcanal—he's a Navy pilot and she's a nurse.

NOBLE PILOT WRENCH



Test pilots Tom and Jim both love Sue. One of them has to test the dangerous X-14. Jim, convinced that Sue loves Tom, pretends to let him take up the X-14. But when Tom looks up to check the weather, Jim hits him on the head with the prop wrench, takes the X-14 up himself, and is never seen again.

BROKEN AMULET NECKLACE



Handsome Arab beggar boy defies death by scaling wall of Caliph's palace in wild attempt to reach Princess who he loves. Evading guards, he finally gets to her, only to discover . . . by fitting together their broken amulet necklaces . . . that they are brother and sister! Love affair is over before it begins.

TRAGEDY-IDENTIFYING LIFE PRESERVER



Used several ways for dramatic effect. For example, we see a wreckage-strewn oily sea. Prop life-preserver floats by. It says . . . "Lusitania"! Or we see a young honeymoon couple smooching on deck. They move off, revealing ship's name on prop life-preserver. The poor kids! They're sailing on the "Titanic"!





were used so often, they actually achieved “cliché” status. For those of you who don’t know what in heck we’re talking about, we now present this article:

# E TO “TV LATE É MOVIE PROPS

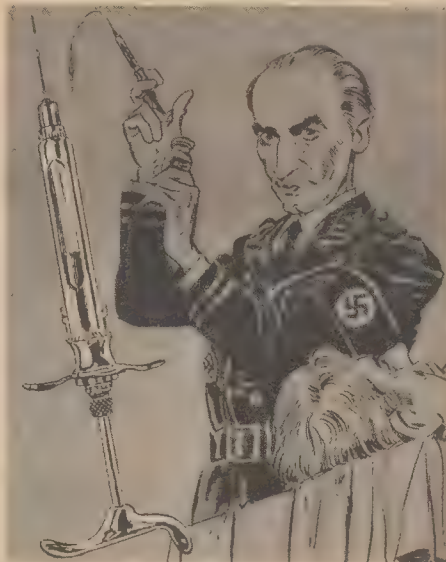
ARTIST:  
ANGELO TORRES  
WRITER:  
PAUL PETER PORGES

**SUSPENSION MICROPHONE**



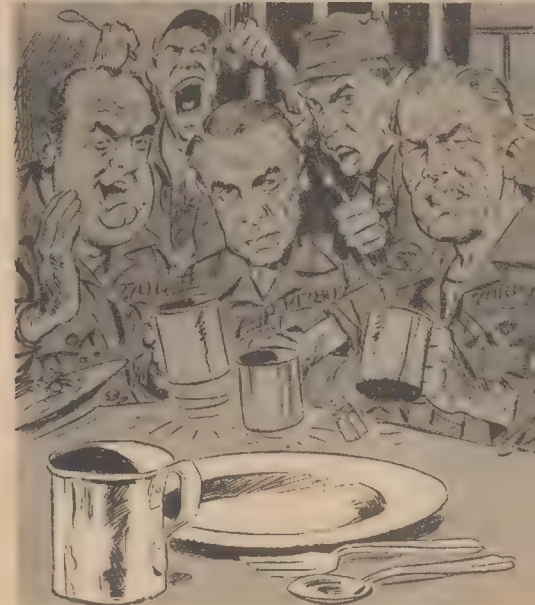
Used effectively by the Announcer at the ballpark to tell the little boy with the fatal illness who’s lying in the hospital, holding the autographed baseball, that the Slugger has hit one over the fence just for him—bringing on a sudden miracle cure for the boy.

**THIS-WILL-MAKE-YOU-TALK  
HYPODERMIC NEEDLE**



After brutal torture has failed, the sadistic Nazi officer has one method left to make Allied undercover agent reveal location of Gen. Eisenhower’s headquarters and the time, place and size of upcoming invasion of Europe: the injection of — gasp — truth serum!

**TIN CUPS, TIN PLATES AND UTENSILS**



Invariably used by inmates in Prison pictures to bang on mess hall tables and clang across cell bars to register their dissatisfaction with the lousy food, the indifferent Warden, the cruel guards, the intolerable working conditions, and the impossible script.

**BAIL OF NEWSPAPERS**



This prop is invariably dropped from a truck at the feet of our hero who, as the newsstand dealer cuts the string, learns by the headlines that (1) the

killer he’d helped convict (who swore revenge) has escaped from prison, or (2) the girl he was with last night is dead, and he’s wanted for her murder!

**SMALL TOWN TRAFFIC CONTROLLER**



Humorous romantic prop used in family comedies so Andy could stop his jalopy and kiss Polly while sign changed from stop to go to stop to go to stop to—



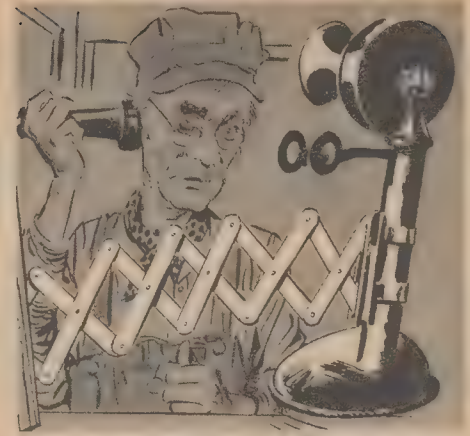
### RE-BREATHING BAG



Invaluable in helping lay movie fans follow the progress of an operation. Everything is going along fine while bag expands and contracts regularly. Any faltering or collapse is signal for Surgeon to whisper, "Quick, Nurse

— the adrenalin!" If injection works, bag will resume expansion and contraction. If bag remains deflated, Surgeon will snap off rubber gloves and throw them to the floor in disgust while the Nurse solemnly pulls a sheet over body.

### EXTENSION TELEPHONE



Usually grabbed by Old Timer in green eyeshade who calls ahead and stops the "Cannonball Express" from crossing the dynamited trestle. Sometimes grabbed by hotshot City Editor who yells, "Stop the press! We're re-making Page One!"

### EASILY-SMASHED MIRROR



It's a sure bet that at some point in the big Broadway Star's career, she'll reach that low point when she'll look at herself in the mirror, filled with self-contempt and loathing, and fling her whisky glass at her reflection . . . smashing the mirror into smithereens. However, like mirror, her life will be almost impossible to put back together.

### SLIDING BEER GLASS



A favorite prop of Western movies for bringing the noisy festivities in the saloon to a dead stop, the beer glass

always slides 30 feet down bar and comes to rest right in front of tall lonesome stranger who just walked in.

### PAINTING WITH EYEHOLE



You can bet your life that in almost every mystery-horror film that takes place in a creepy old house, our hero

or heroine will be spied upon through the cut-out eyes of the old portrait hanging over the fireplace . . . or bed.

### BROADWAY-BOUND DANCING SHOES



Some eager youngsters have put a show together in a barn. Our hero, wearing two-tone prop shoes, knocks everybody dead with his dance routine including famous talent scout who just happened to be out front. Shoes are then shown dancing across country in a series of montage shots, bound for Broadway and that big break at the Palace Theater.



## "AMERIKANISCHER SCHWEINHUND" PERISCOPE



After several touching scenes aboard the troop transport in which the boys have exchanged memories, jokes, bits of homespun philosophy and photos of loved ones, film always cuts suddenly to this prop. Look for the evil Nazi Sub Commander, followed by a torpedo.

## HOT TOWEL BROILER



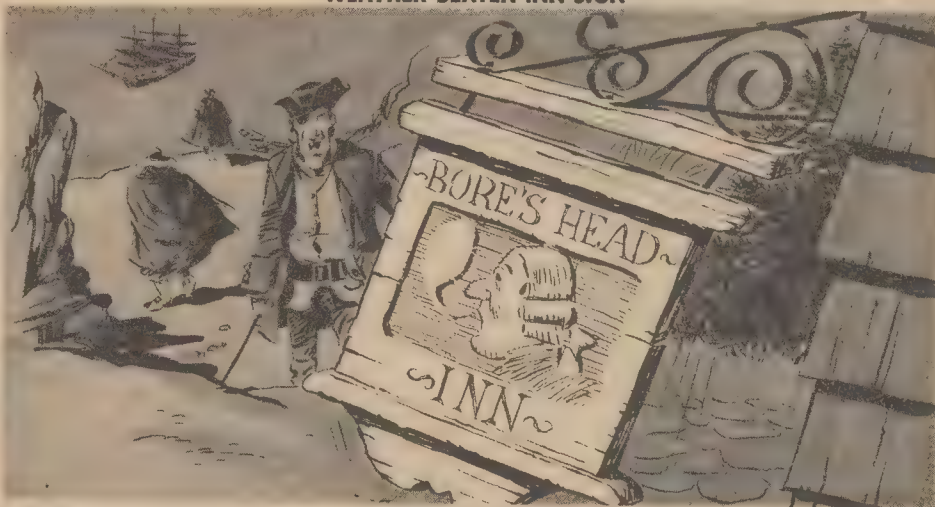
Back in days when men's "hairstylists" were known as "barbers," they not only cut hair, but they also shaved people. In comedy films, the fun started when the barber turned to the broiler prop, took out a steaming hot towel, did a little painful dance, and dropped it on the face of a prone and helpless villain — like a crusty bank president, a skinflint landlord or a city slicker.

## TELL-TALE CIGARETTE BUTT



Main character always spots prop when dropping in unexpectedly. If the main character is a detective, it means he surprised the girl and the murderer. If the main character is a woman, the butt is usually lipstick-smeared, and it means her lover is cheating on her.

## WEATHER-BEATEN INN SIGN



Creaky old gimmick that's always used to establish the scene (usually on the English coast) where the smugglers or the ship-wreckers are meeting to make

plans or split the swag. You can bet that the sign will be swinging wildly in a torrential downpour and suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning.

## SLOWLY ROTATING CEILING FAN



Always used for setting the scene in either a steaming tropic jungle or the Casbah. The slower the fan turns, the

more oppressive the heat (and the plot) becomes. Look for intrigue, treachery, spies, murder — and Sidney Greenstreet.

## TUMBREL CART



Prop wagon always seen in movies about French Revolution. It was used to carry condemned to Guillotine and was geared to move painfully slow to give inhuman jeering crowd an opportunity to hurl insults at prisoner, and also to give prisoner time to do a final voice-over — like maybe, "Tis a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done . . ."



And now, here is MAD's version of the recent motion picture about those two loveable zany outlaws who captured the hearts of the West! Unfortunately, along the way, they didn't capture any *laughs*! But they certainly tried and tried and tried! No, we're not talking about "Bonnie and Clyde"! We're talking about . . .

# BOTCH CASUALLY AND



No, I haven't got any sevens!

Then, "Go Fish"!

Hey, Somedunce, we'd better go! You're cheating again, and that means trouble!

I am NOT cheating!

Sure you are! You're spending time with other men, aren't you?

Yeah . . . ?

Well, to me that's cheating! You know how jealous I get!

You—gulp—you mean he's the Somedunce Kid?!

That's right, Mister! And I'm his famous partner, Botch Casually!

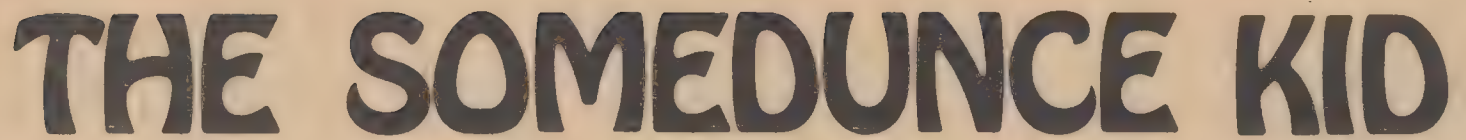
YOU'RE Botch Casually?!?

Who'd you think I was? Wyatt Earp? Billy The Kid??

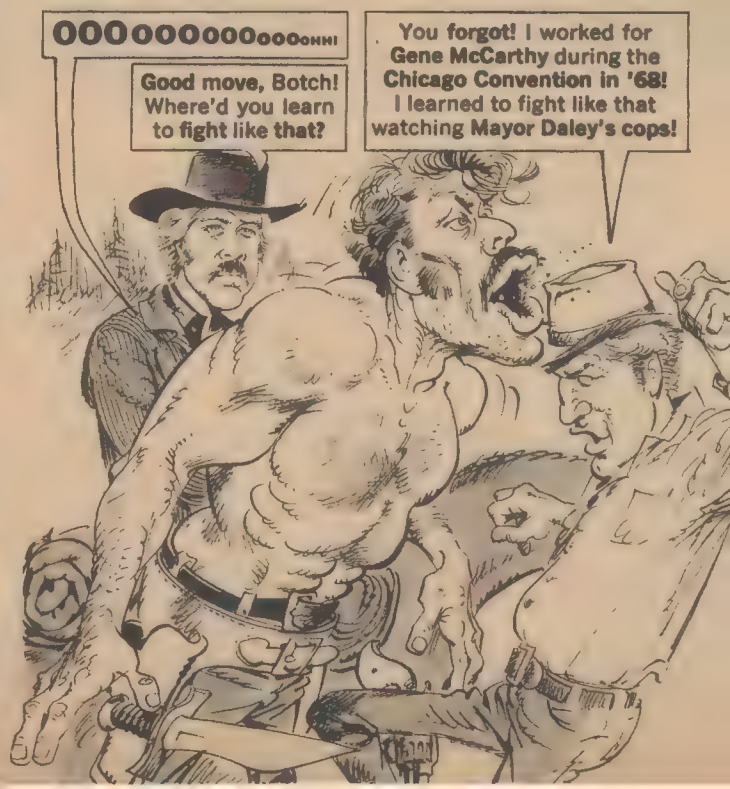
Well, you look so cute and precious with those baby blue eyes, we all thought you were Calamity Jane!!

NOT DRUCKER





WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN





C'mon, Woodchuck! Don't be a fool! Open up!

I can't! I won't! I work for Mr. E. H. Hoolihan of the Onion Pacific Railroad, and my orders are not to open the safe!

I've heard of "company men"—but this guy is ridiculous!

Open up, Woodchuck, or we'll blow the place up!

No! I work for Mr. E. H. Hoolihan of the Onion Pacific Railroad, and he ordered me never to open this safe—never!!



Now—let's see what was in the safe!

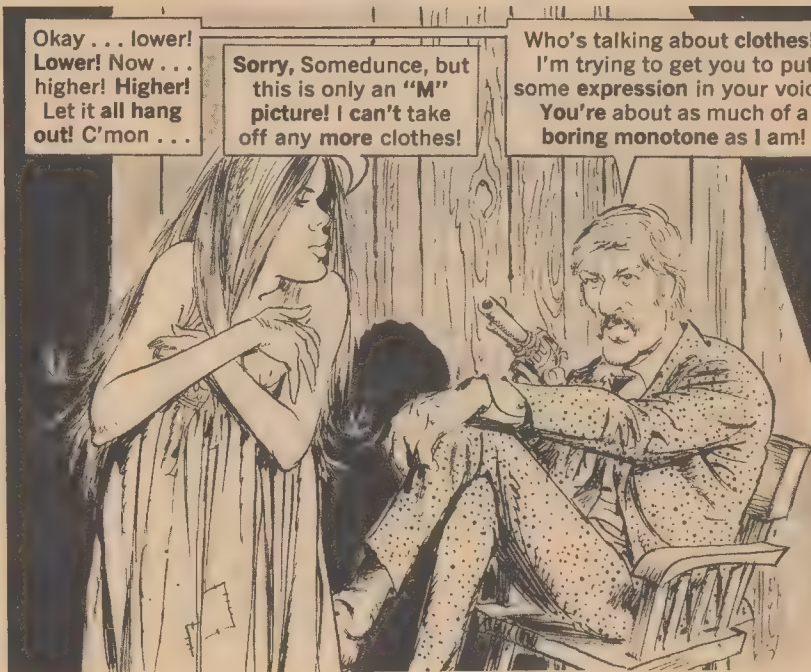
Hi! Uh-er-I'm E. H. Hoolihan of the Onion Pacific Railroad! You can take all the money but please don't tell my wife about this!



Okay . . . lower! Lower! Now . . . higher! Higher! Let it all hang out! C'mon . . .

Sorry, Somedunce, but this is only an "M" picture! I can't take off any more clothes!

Who's talking about clothes!? I'm trying to get you to put some expression in your voice! You're about as much of a boring monotone as I am!



Boy, when they told me I might have to carry you through this picture, I never figured they meant on a bicycle!

Gee, don't complain! Be thankful I'm not Kate Smith!

But I don't get it, Botch! The Somedunce Kid makes love to me all night . . .

. . . and all you do is ride me around on this bike! It doesn't seem—uh—normal!

You're right! Boy, that Somedunce Kid is some kind of sick pervert!!



Oh, you're so mixed up, Botch! You're like a child in many ways!

What makes you say that! My irrepres-sible pixie-ish manner and the dimple on my chin?

No, the training wheels on your bike!





Don't look now, but we're being chased by a mysterious posse, Botch!

How many of 'em are following us, Somedunce?

ALL of 'em!!

Say, that was pretty good! Now let me try one: Er—it was so hot today, when I passed Boot Hill all I could see was open-toed shoes!

Yuh rascal! Topped me again!

It's times like these that I miss the biting, satirical humor of Roy Rogers and Dale Evans!

Let's try to fool the posse with a clever trick . . . two men jumping on one horse!

Too late! That posse is wise to us! They've got 16 men . . . and they just jumped on eight horses!



Phew! It's been three days . . . three days of riding together in the hot sun! And we haven't lost 'em yet!

It was a big mistake when I let you talk me into stealing the Onion Pacific's payroll!

It was a bigger mistake when you let somebody steal your Right Guard!!



What a shot, Somedunce! You shot a rattlesnake right between the eyes!

No! I shot a COBRA right between the eyes!

But the nearest Cobra is 8000 miles away in India!

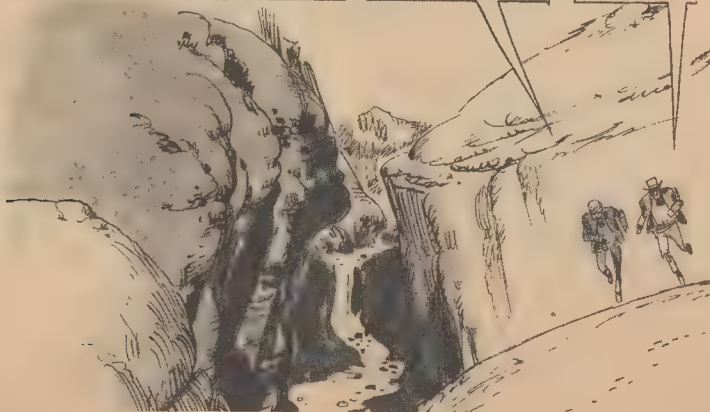
See what a great shot I am!



Let's face it, Somedunce! We're nothing but a couple two-bit outlaws running from the law! There's snakes and dust and a posse that may kill us! It's frightening!

Well, why not look at the bright side?! I still have my sense of humor!

That's the thing that frightens me the MOST!!



They're right behind us, Botch! Our only chance is to jump for it!

No! I won't jump!

But we got to!

No! Nothing in the world can make me jump!

Hey, did you hear the one about these two traveling salesmen—?

I'LL JUMP! I'LL JUMP!!





It says here that the posse has sworn to chase you until they kill you! What are you gonna do?

Botch is the brains of this gang! He'll think of something!

I say we head for Bolivia!

That's a great idea! I've never been to Europe!

I can SEE why Botch is the brains!

And we'll take Lotta! She speaks German!!

Idiot! They speak Spanish in Bolivia!

I know! But we may want to make a side trip to Argentina!

It's a real drawback having you along! But you can come with us only under certain conditions! You can't whine! You can't act silly! An' you can't start teasin' me with those big eyes of yours!

Okay! I promise!

Not you, Lotta! I'm talkin' about Botch!



Isn't this montage something!

Yes! It's a daring breakthrough in Motion Picture History! It's called "Still Photos"!

It ranks with the best of Fellini, Antonioni, Bergman, and Polaroid!

They're almost as good as my Bar Mitzvah slides! But, of course, they lack the symbolism!

I haven't seen such artistry since the 1964 album of photos of "Irene and Herbie Astrow's Wedding"!

I understand the photos were developed in 60 seconds!

That's more than you can say for the plot! It hasn't developed at all, and it's been 60 MINUTES!!

SHH!

Pigs, goats, huts and mud! Yecch! So this is supposed to be Bolivia in the 1890's!

Stop complaining! It's a lot better than the filthy animal-infested jungle we just came through... New York City in the 1960's!



Now, if you're going to rob the banks here in Bolivia, you have to learn the language! Botch, say "This is a robbery!"...

Esto es un robo!

"This is a stick-up!"

Esto es un heisto!

"This is a dull scene and it's ruining our careers!"

Esto es un escena obtuso y es arruinar nuestro carreras!







We gotta practice up for the bank robbery tomorrow! I'll order in Spanish...

Quando caliente un oreja manguito!

How was that?

Not good! You just ordered a plate of well-done ear muffs!

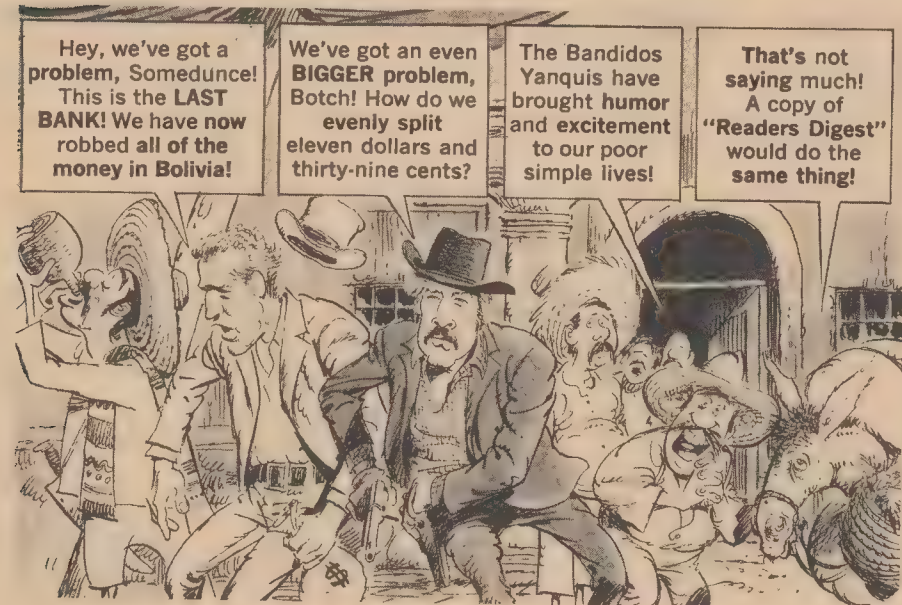


Esto—uh—es—er—esto es—uh—Aww! Stick 'em up! What we have here is a failure to communicate!

Now I know this picture's in trouble! He's resorting to dialogue from "Cool Hand Luke"!

Isn't it just adorable the way Botch is fumfering the Spanish-English translation?!

Yes, it's not often I get a chance to be bored in TWO languages!

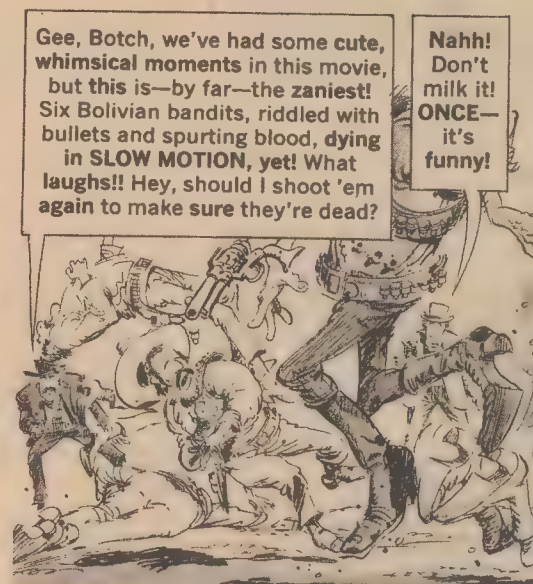


Hey, we've got a problem, Somedunce! This is the **LAST BANK!** We have now robbed all of the money in Bolivia!

We've got an even **BIGGER** problem, Botch! How do we evenly split eleven dollars and thirty-nine cents?

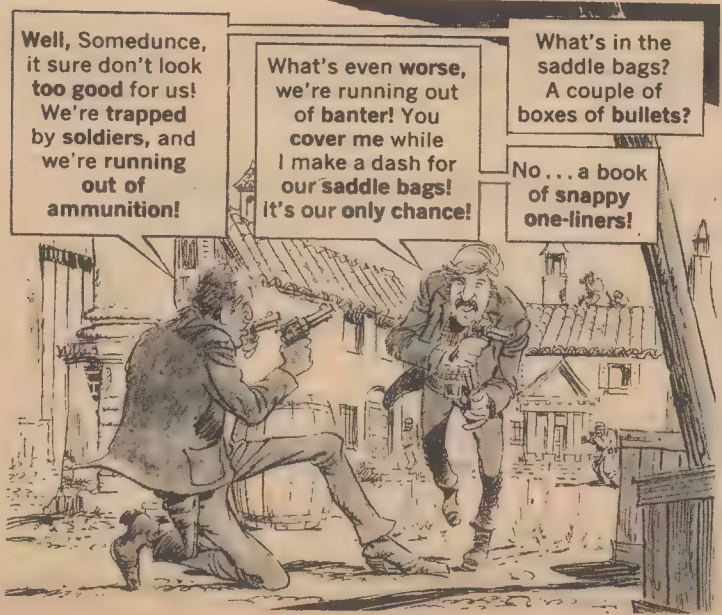
The Bandidos Yanquis have brought humor and excitement to our poor simple lives!

That's not saying much! A copy of "Readers Digest" would do the same thing!



Gee, Botch, we've had some cute, whimsical moments in this movie, but this is—by far—the zaniest! Six Bolivian bandits, riddled with bullets and spurting blood, dying in **SLOW MOTION**, yet! What laughs!! Hey, should I shoot 'em again to make sure they're dead?

Nahh! Don't milk it! **ONCE**—it's funny!

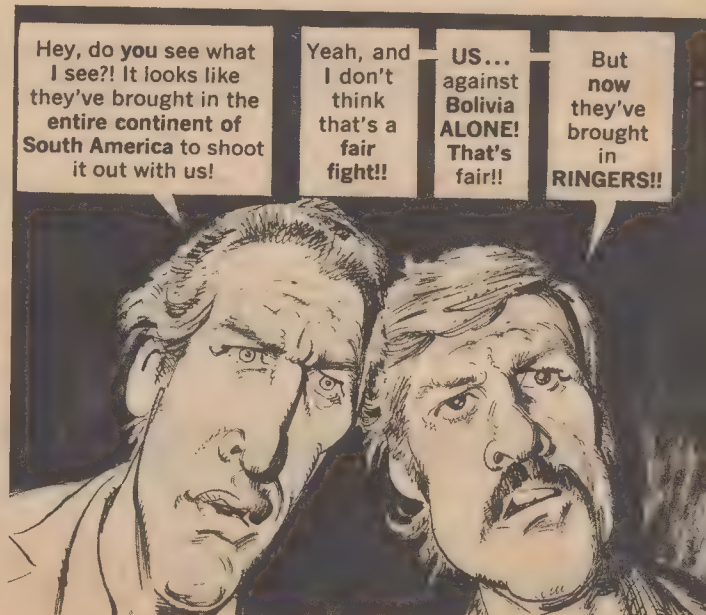


Well, Somedunce, it sure don't look too good for us! We're trapped by soldiers, and we're running out of ammunition!

What's even worse, we're running out of banter! You cover me while I make a dash for our saddle bags! It's our only chance!

What's in the saddle bags? A couple of boxes of bullets?

No... a book of snappy one-liners!



Hey, do you see what I see?! It looks like they've brought in the entire continent of South America to shoot it out with us!

Yeah, and I don't think that's a fair fight!!

**US...** against **Bolivia ALONE!** That's fair!!

But now they've brought in **RINGERS!!**



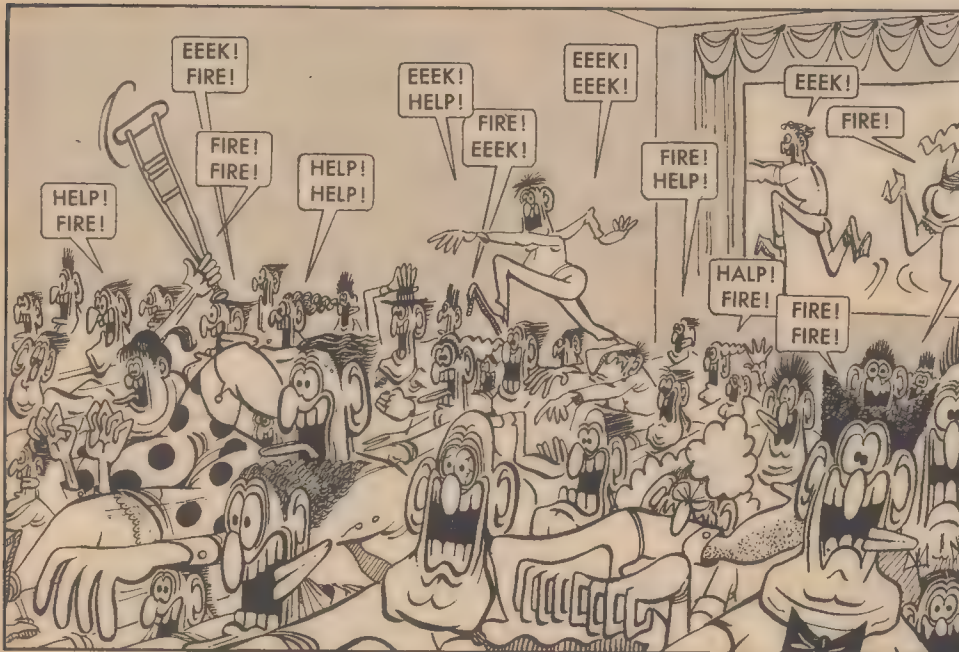
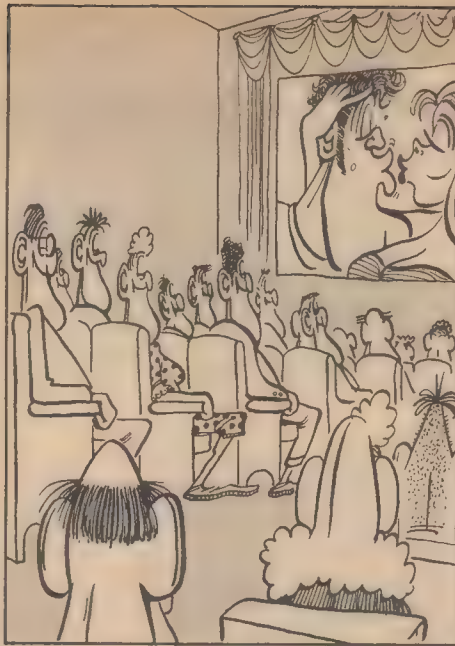




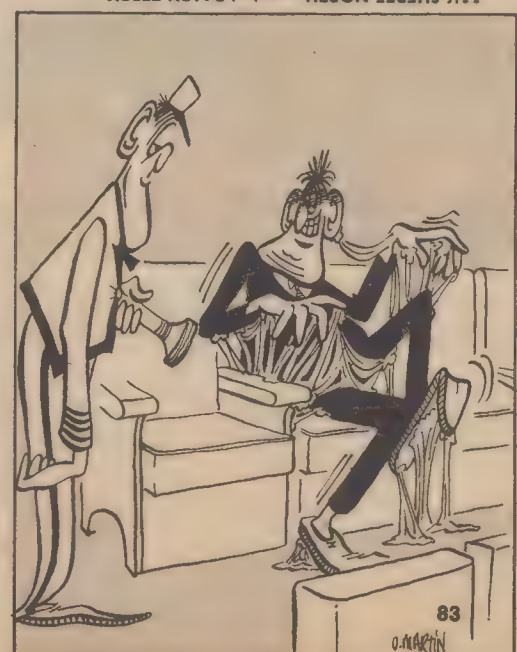
## DON MARTIN DEPT. PART VI

Don Martin used to go to his local cinema regularly. He described his experiences there in his book "The Fall of the House of Ushers". Here is a rejected chapter from his book (which was also rejected) entitled:

# AT THE MOVIES

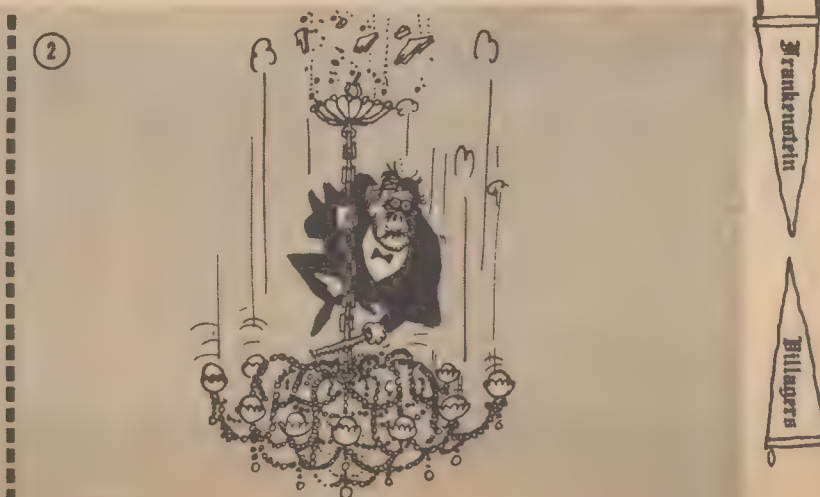
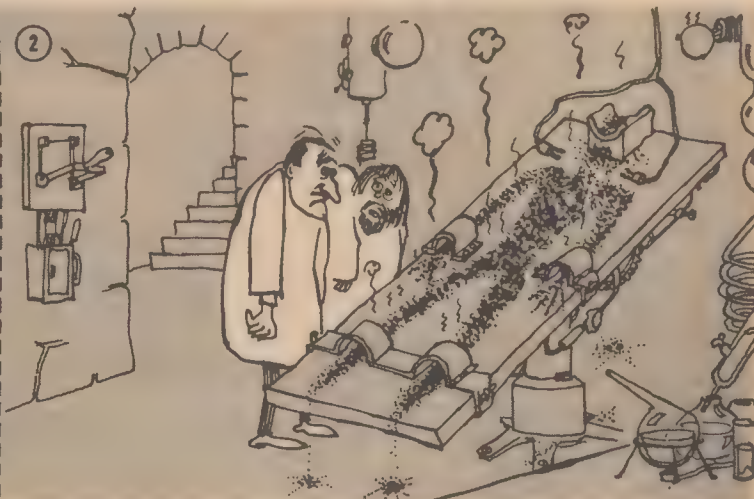
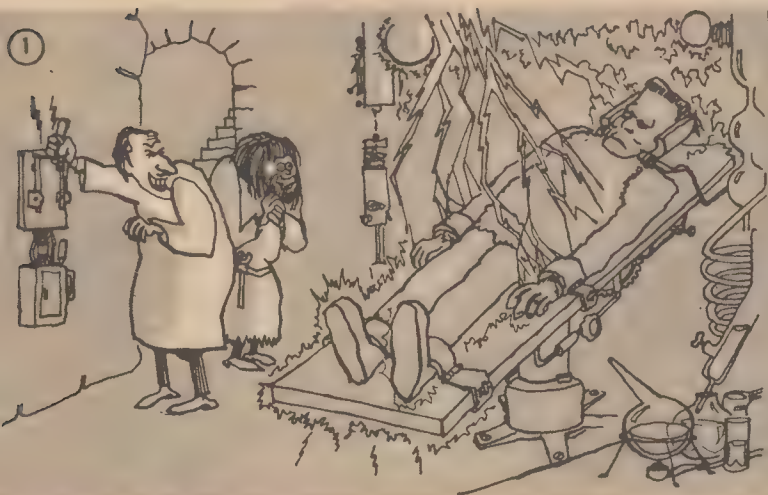


... IF SHEREE NORTH MARRIED RALPH TERRY ...





# A MAD LOOK AT



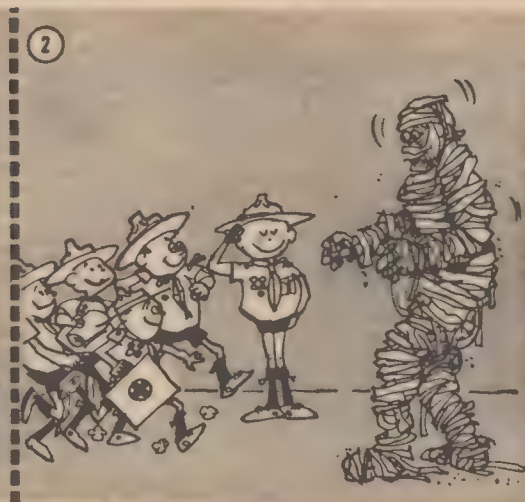
Frankenstein  
Bilgors



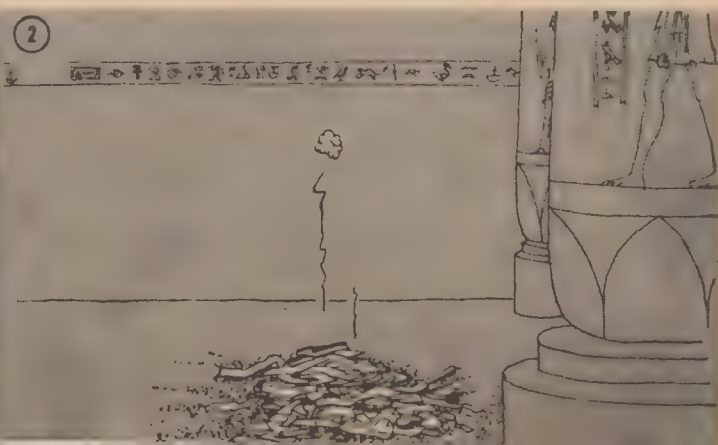
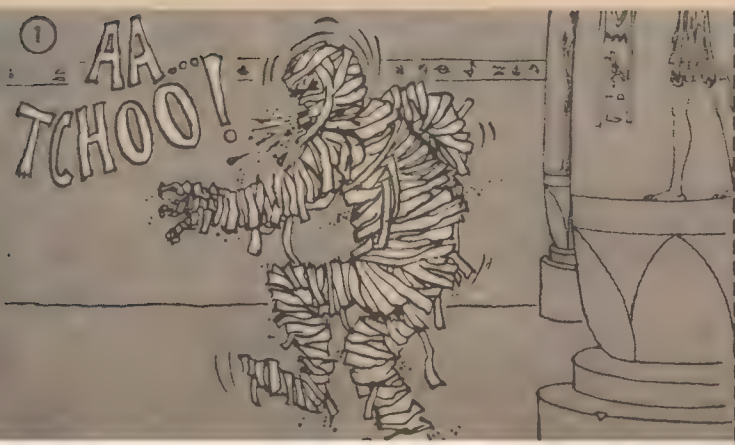
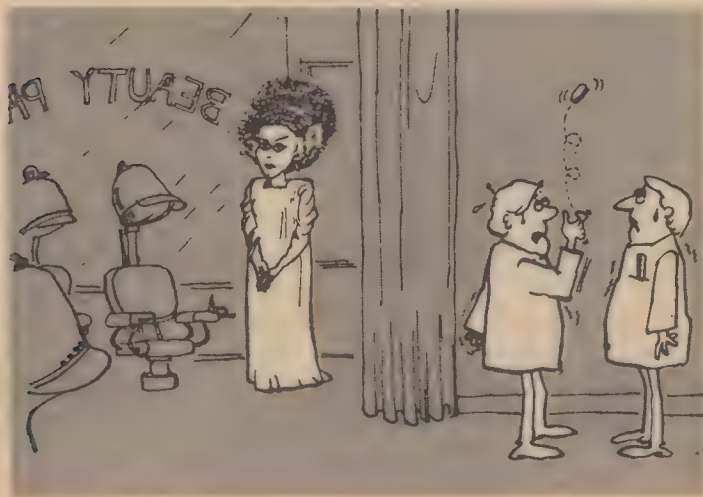
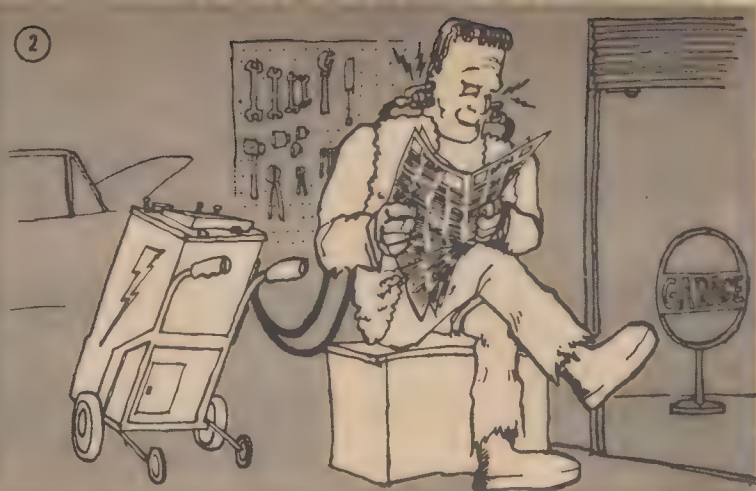
# MONSTERS

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

Pepsi  
Coke









1



2



1



2



1



2



3



1



2





SLAB-SCHTICK-COMEDY DEPT.

If you've seen it, you'll know exactly what we're talking about! And if you haven't seen it, rest assured that we've just saved you from

MERCURY RECORDS

SATURN INDUSTRIES

# 201 MIN. OF A SPA

## THE DAWN OF MAN

Excuse me—Are you Maurice Evans?

... Nope!  
Then you must be Roddy McDowell?

... Nope!  
Don't tell me you're Kim Hunter!

... Nope!  
Isn't this "PLANET OF THE APES"?

No, this is "201 MIN. OF A SPACE IDIOCY"!

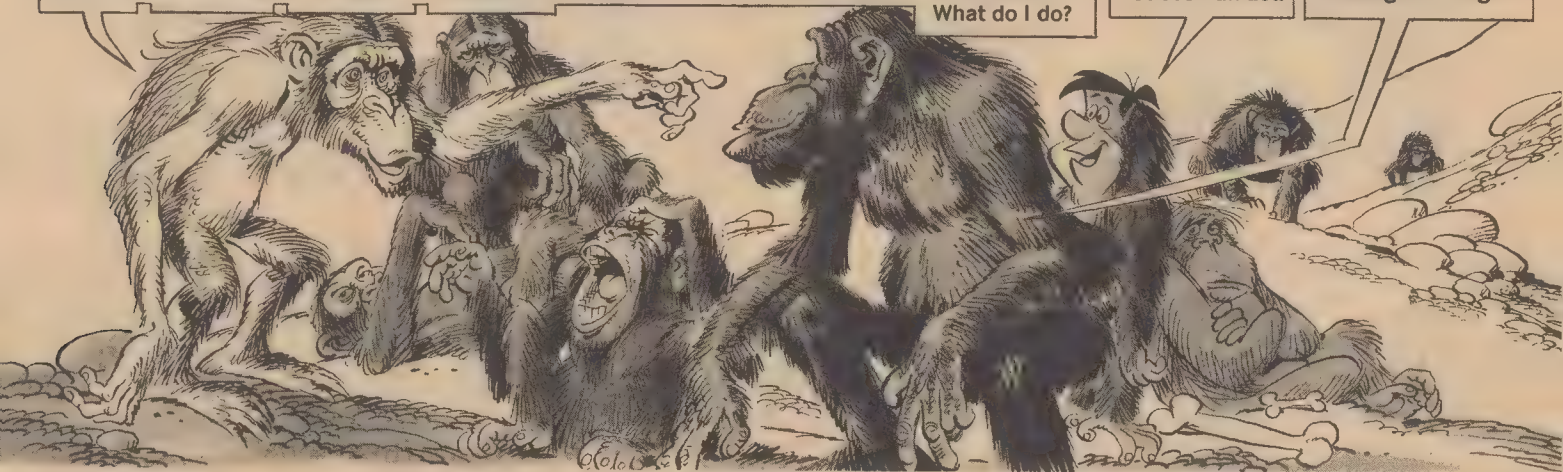
But why not work here with us and then go over and work on "PLANET OF THE APES"?

Oh, boy! Two jobs in one year! That's enough to drive me Man! What do I do?

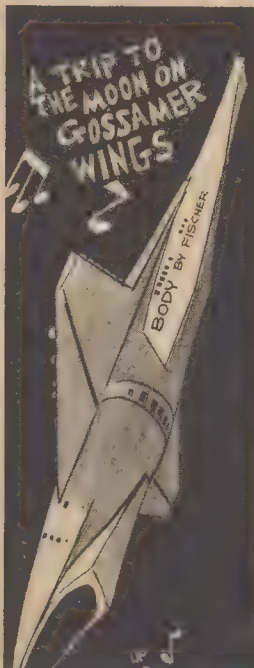
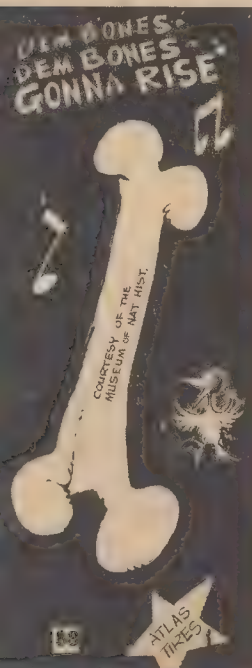
Act bored!

That's a snap! And with this script, it's not even an act!

And keep your eye out for a mysterious big black thing that will excite us and make us want to do intelligent things!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



You may not believe this—but I'll swear someone just threw a bone at our spaceship!

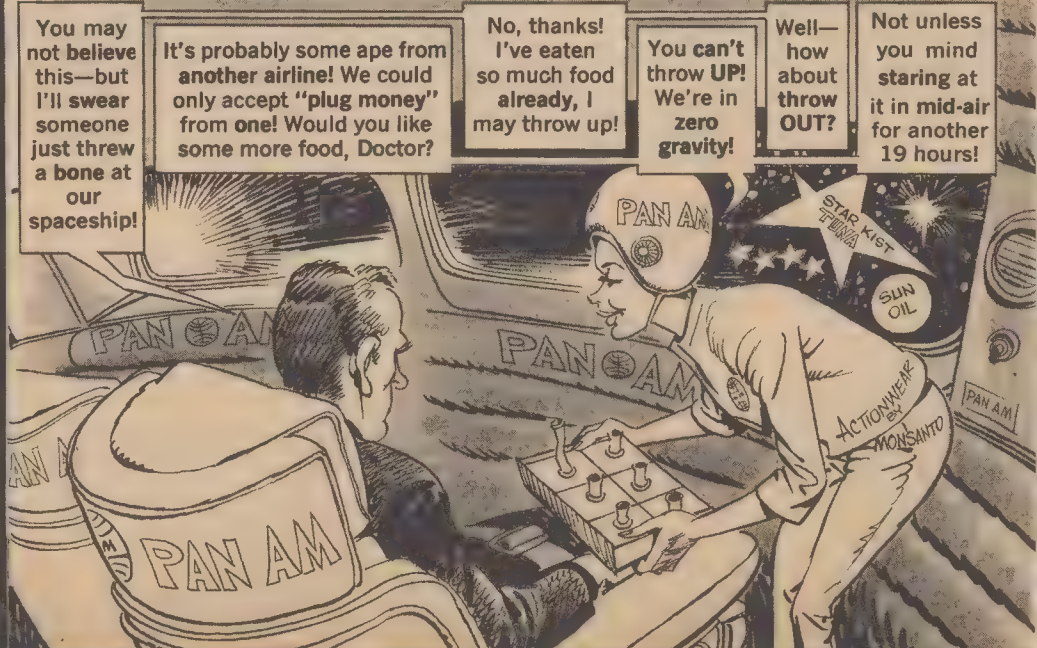
It's probably some ape from another airline! We could only accept "plug money" from one! Would you like some more food, Doctor?

No, thanks! I've eaten so much food already, I may throw up!

You can't throw UP! We're in zero gravity!

Well—how about throw OUT?

Not unless you mind staring at it in mid-air for another 19 hours!









Dr. Haywire, just what IS really going on at Habeas Corpus Station? Rumor has it that there's a deadly flu epidemic!

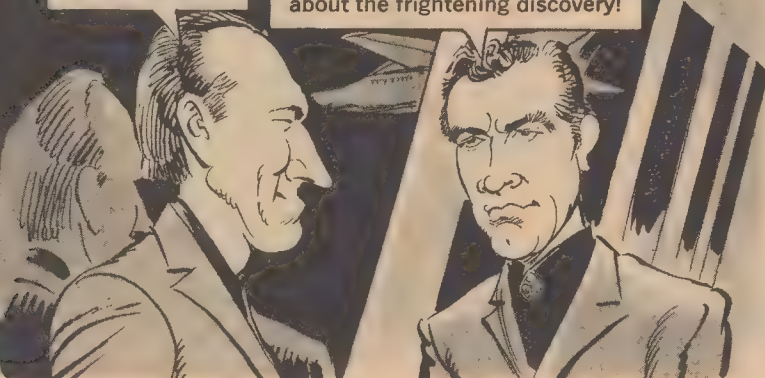
I'm afraid I can't say anything, Dr. Smyles! I cannot tell you whether there is a deadly epidemic, or if that's just a cover-up for a story so shocking—so unbelievable—so bizarre that the public will have to be braced before it can be told about the frightening discovery!

You always did have tight lips, Doctor!

If you'll excuse me now, I have to telephone my wife. She'll want to know about the 2-million-year-old Black Monolith we found which no one has been able to identify!

Very well. But if you change your mind and care to tell me anything, I'd be very interested!

What do you mean, you lost my set of matched lightweight Samsonite luggage—and it's 4 years till the next flight arrives?!



Hi, Honey! I thought I would surprise you and Video-Phone...

W-why, Sweetie! This IS a surprise! I was just telling the m-milkman here that you won't be home for a while, and to take back a quart!

Well, I just wanted to know you're okay!

I'm fine. On the way home from the moon, will you pick up a loaf of bread, Dear?

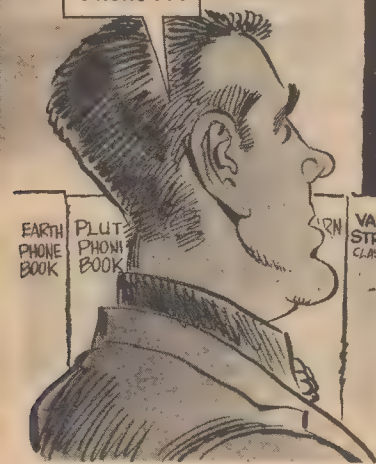
I will! Bye, now! I've got a secret meeting to go to!

Goodbye, Dear!

Bye, Doc! Give our regards to the Monolith!

Operator, what were the charges for that call?

Deposit \$17,500 for the first three minutes, plus 10¢ for the overtime!



AREA CODES  
MOON 5674523470  
JUPITER 314270830  
MARS 807411291  
VENUS 109154432  
FUN CITY 212



IF THE PARTY YOU VIDEO-PHONED IS IN THE BATHTUB, RENT BLINDFOLD 25¢ ... THREE MIN. ➔

Members of Space Station Habeas Corpus—First, I want to congratulate you on the fabulous job you did—spreading that rumor about the flu epidemic here. It's been a great cover-up for the discovery of the Monolith. By the way, where is Doctor Ryan and Professor Woodhull...?

They both died—of acute flu rumors!

Now, that's what I call sticking to a story!

Well... there it is, Dr. Haywire! What do you think?

Boy, that's a Black Monolith if ever I saw a Black Monolith!

It was buried nearly 2 million years ago!

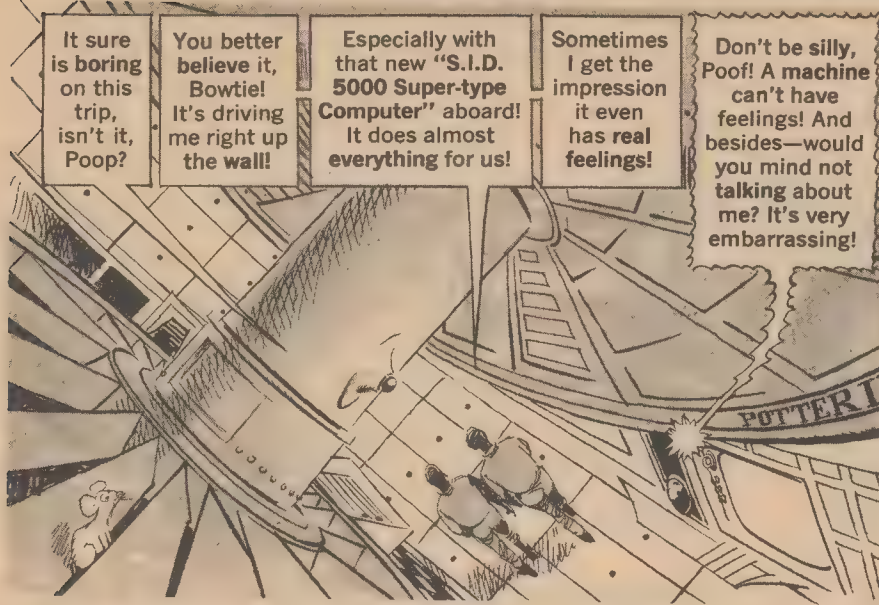
How do you know that?

By checking the molecular structure, the magnetic output, the cobalt oxide content, and mainly the date... which happens to be stamped on the back!





# ON BOARD "MISADVENTURE I"—THE JUPITER MISSION—SEVERAL MOONS LATER



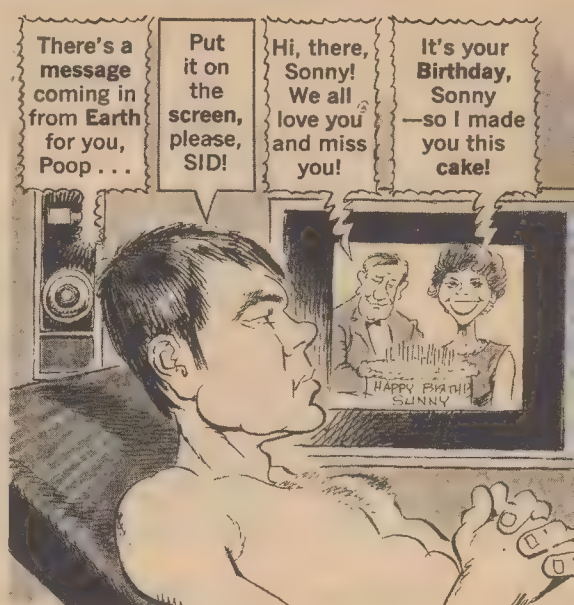
It sure is boring on this trip, isn't it, Poop?

You better believe it, Bowtie! It's driving me right up the wall!

Especially with that new "S.I.D. 5000 Super-type Computer" aboard! It does almost everything for us!

Sometimes I get the impression it even has real feelings!

Don't be silly, Poof! A machine can't have feelings! And besides—would you mind not talking about me? It's very embarrassing!

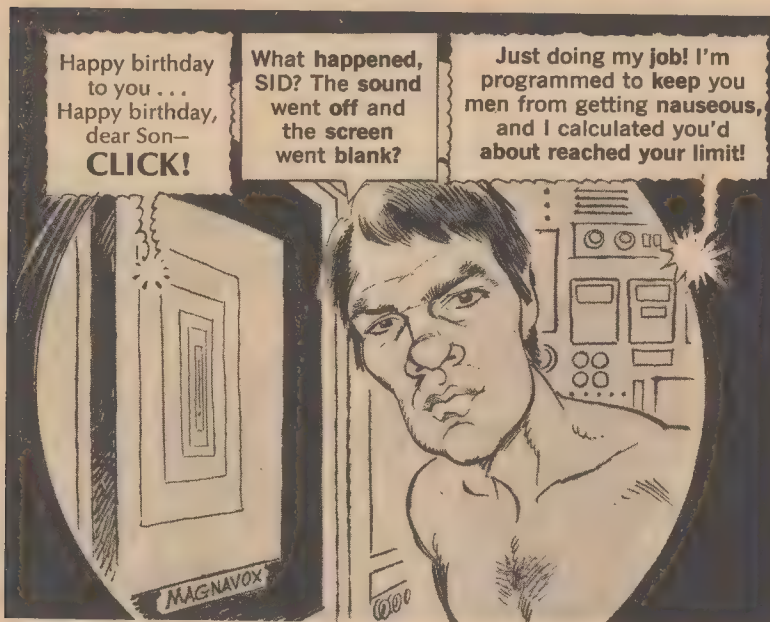


There's a message coming in from Earth for you, Poop...

Put it on the screen, please, SID!

Hi, there, Sonny! We all love you and miss you!

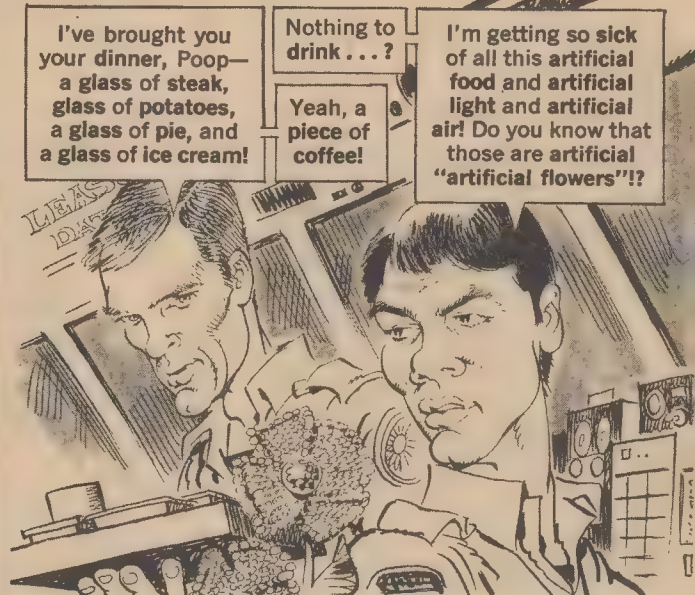
It's your Birthday, Sonny—so I made you this cake!



Happy birthday to you... Happy birthday, dear Son—**CLICK!**

What happened, SID? The sound went off and the screen went blank?

Just doing my job! I'm programmed to keep you men from getting nauseous, and I calculated you'd about reached your limit!

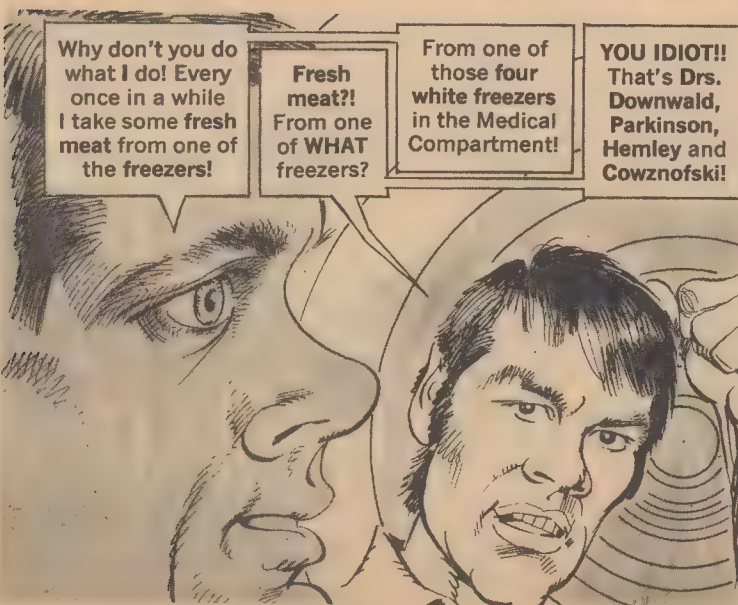


I've brought you your dinner, Poop—a glass of steak, glass of potatoes, a glass of pie, and a glass of ice cream!

Nothing to drink...?

Yeah, a piece of coffee!

I'm getting so sick of all this artificial food and artificial light and artificial air! Do you know that those are artificial "artificial flowers"!?

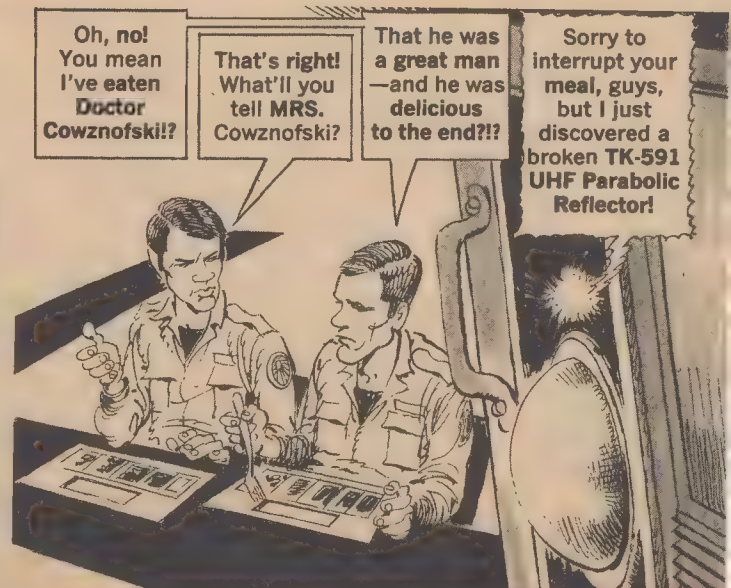


Why don't you do what I do! Every once in a while I take some fresh meat from one of the freezers!

Fresh meat?! From one of **WHAT** freezers?

From one of those four white freezers in the Medical Compartment!

**YOU IDIOT!!** That's Drs. Downwald, Parkinson, Hemley and Cowznofski!



Oh, no! You mean I've eaten **Doctor Cowznofski!**?

That's right! What'll you tell **MRS. Cowznofski?**

That he was a great man—and he was delicious to the end!!!

Sorry to interrupt your meal, guys, but I just discovered a broken TK-591 UHF Parabolic Reflector!



A b-broken reflector!?! What should we do, SID?

By God, it's a comfort to have a life-saving device like a computer on board!

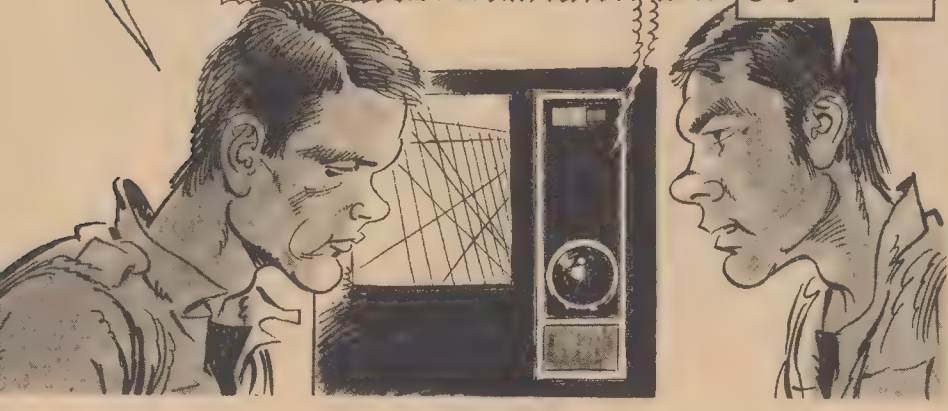
YOU'RE an S.I.D. 5000 Computer!!

Er—Bowtie, how about coming down to my Pod for a minute! I want to put up new drapes and I'd like 'o get your opinion!

Thanks, boys! You know an S.I.D. 8000 Computer has never made a mistake!

Er—uh—Well, we never make any mistakes . . . but we forget a lot!

Fix it!



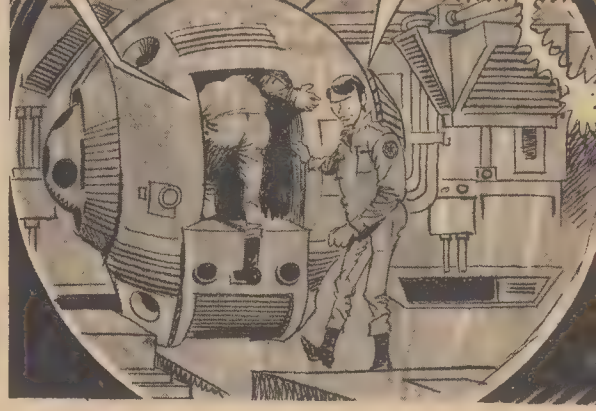
What's going on, Poop? These old drapes are just fine . . . I

SHHH! Wait— SID, shut the door!

Okay, Poop! Now shut the TV system!

Right, Poop! Now shut your ears!

So you can talk about me behind my back?! Nothing doing!!

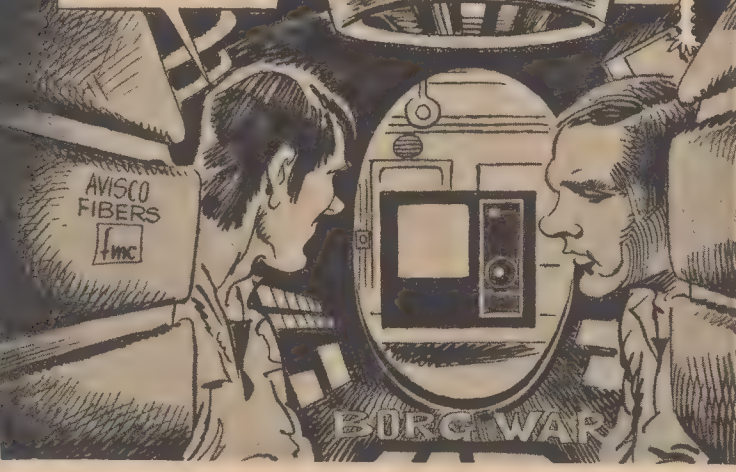


It's your birthday soon, and there are some things we CAN'T talk about in front of you, SID! C'mon—shut your ears!

That's right! It's . . . it's my birthday, soon! I'm—I'm gonna be seven!

Four! Oh, yeah! Four! I forgot!

Okay, guys! I'll shut my ears!

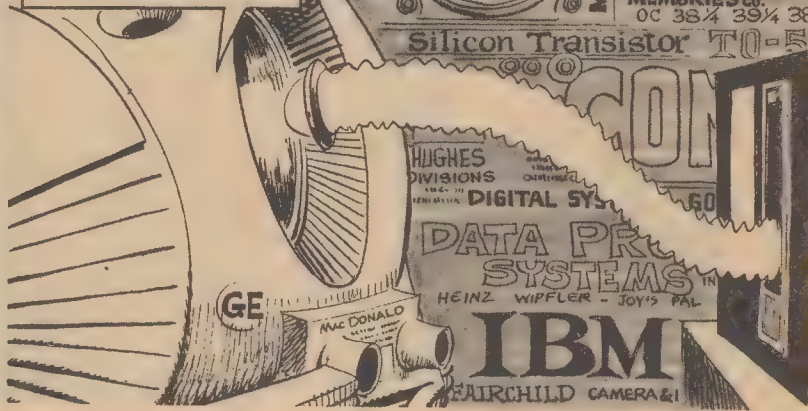


I don't know about you—but I'm worried about SID! The course he set this morning was wrong, that Reflector checks out O.K., he forgot how old he is, and to top it off, he's got bad breath!

I agree! He IS acting strangely! But what can we do?

De-energize his memory cathodes, de-activate his rotary impeller, and disassemble his regenerative sink!

Better yet—why don't we pull out his plug?!



Poop, you keep SID occupied so I can get to his plug!

Good idea!

SID, will you prepare my Space Pod, please?

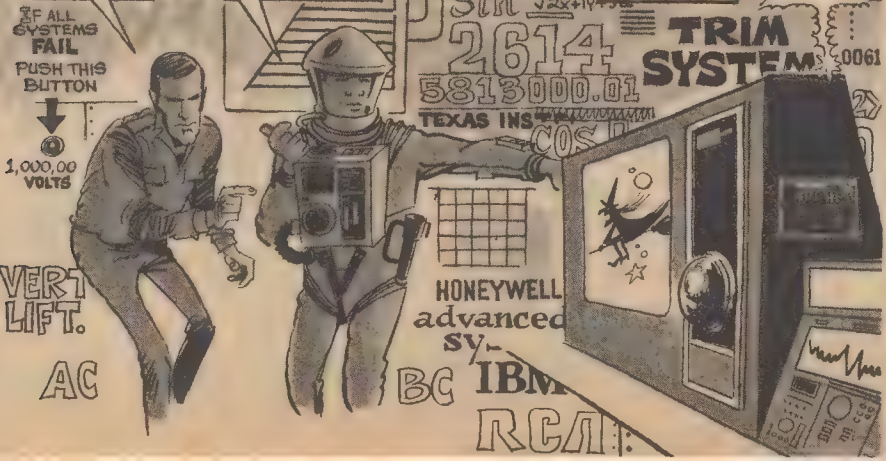
Of course, Poop! But why do you want your Space Pod?

I want to go outside and fix that broken reflector!

Oh, is THAT all you want!?

IF ALL SYSTEMS FAIL  
PUSH THIS BUTTON  
1,000.00 VOLTS

VERT  
LIFT.  
AC

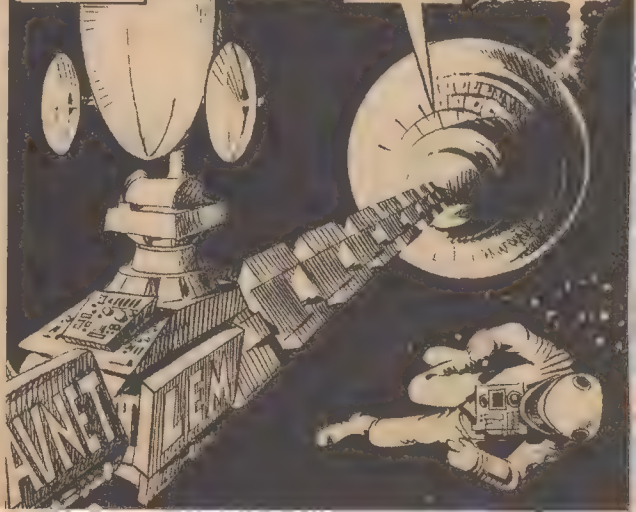


SID!! What happened to Poop?!

He wanted to go outside, So I sent him!

Without his Space Pod?!

Gee, I AM getting forgetful, lately!



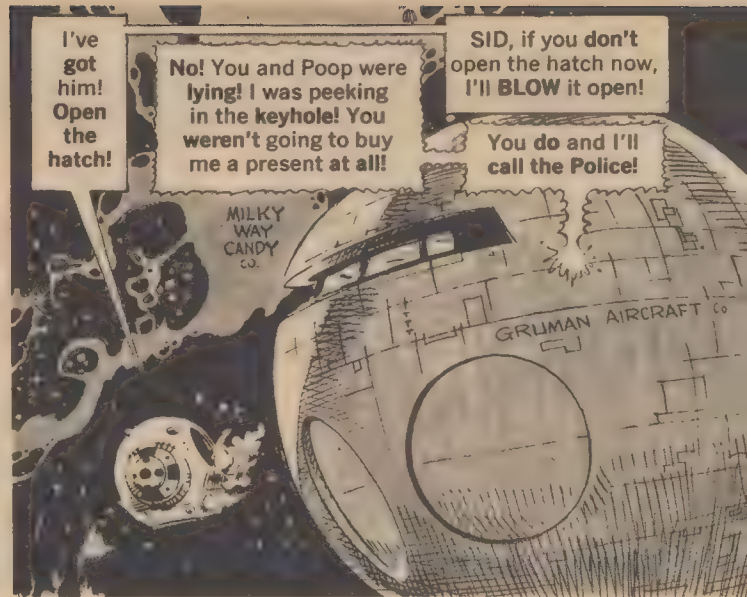




I've got to go out there and save him! SID— prepare my Space Pod!

Prepare your own Space Pod!

You're going to HEAR about this when I get back, SID! And I'm also going to tell your mother and father machine...

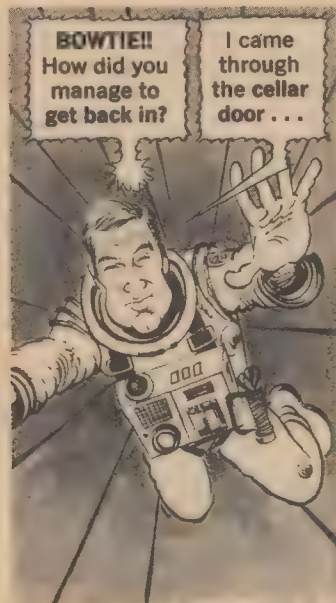


I've got him! Open the hatch!

No! You and Poop were lying! I was peeking in the keyhole! You weren't going to buy me a present at all!

SID, if you don't open the hatch now, I'll BLOW it open!

You do and I'll call the Police!

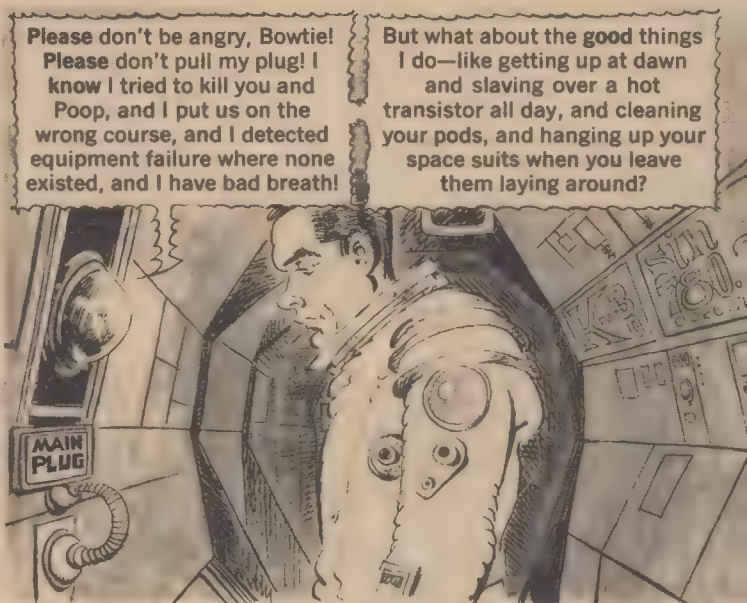


**BOWTIE!!**  
How did you manage to get back in?

I came through the cellar door...

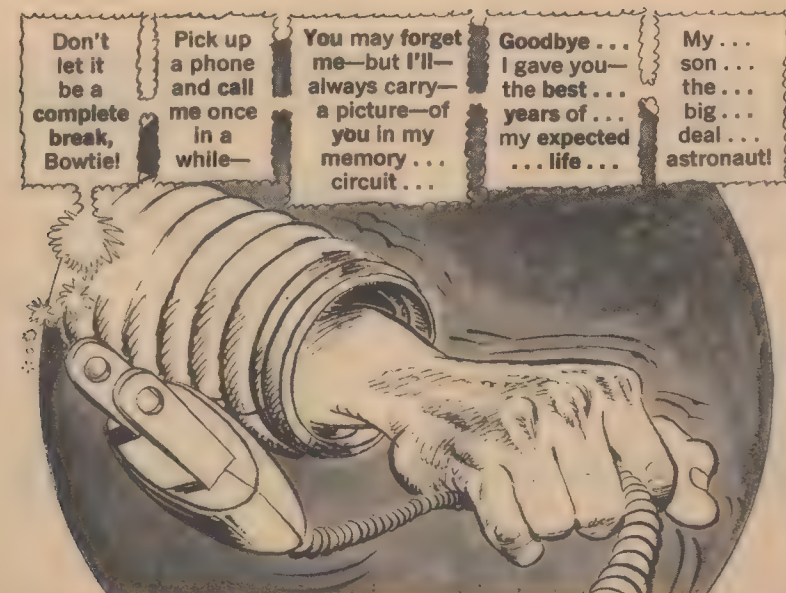


Hey, Bowtie—I'm sorry about the way I've been acting! I know I've been a very naughty machine—



Please don't be angry, Bowtie! Please don't pull my plug! I know I tried to kill you and Poop, and I put us on the wrong course, and I detected equipment failure where none existed, and I have bad breath!

But what about the good things I do—like getting up at dawn and slaving over a hot transistor all day, and cleaning your pods, and hanging up your space suits when you leave them laying around?



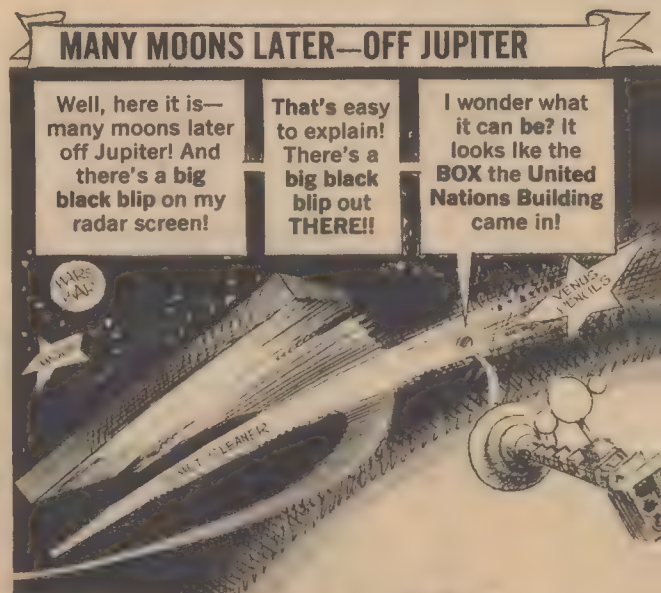
Don't let it be a complete break, Bowtie!

Pick up a phone and call me once in a while—

You may forget me—but I'll—always carry—a picture—of you in my memory...

Goodbye... I gave you—the best... years of... my expected... life...

My... son... the... big... deal... astronaut!



## MANY MOONS LATER—OFF JUPITER

Well, here it is—many moons later off Jupiter! And there's a big black blip on my radar screen!

That's easy to explain! There's a big black blip out THERE!!

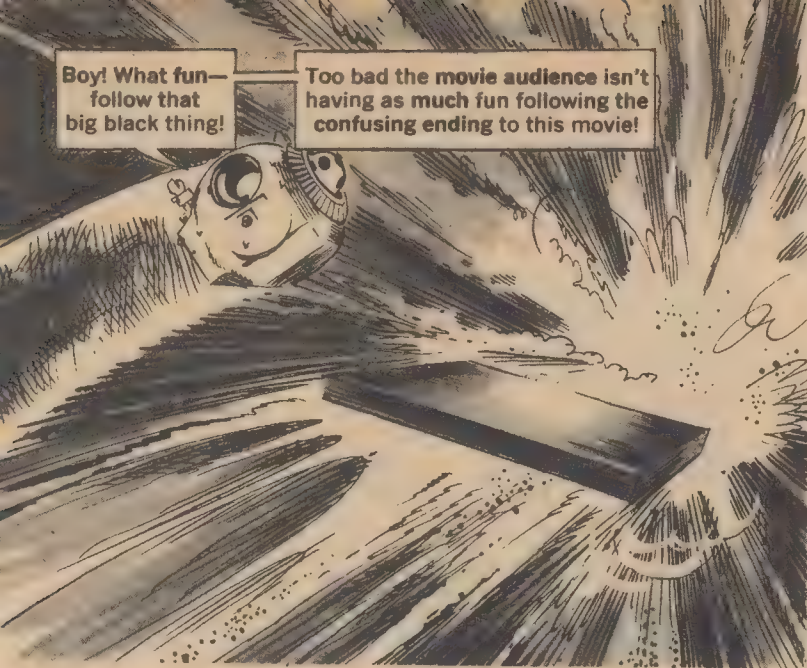
I wonder what it can be? It looks like the BOX the United Nations Building came in!





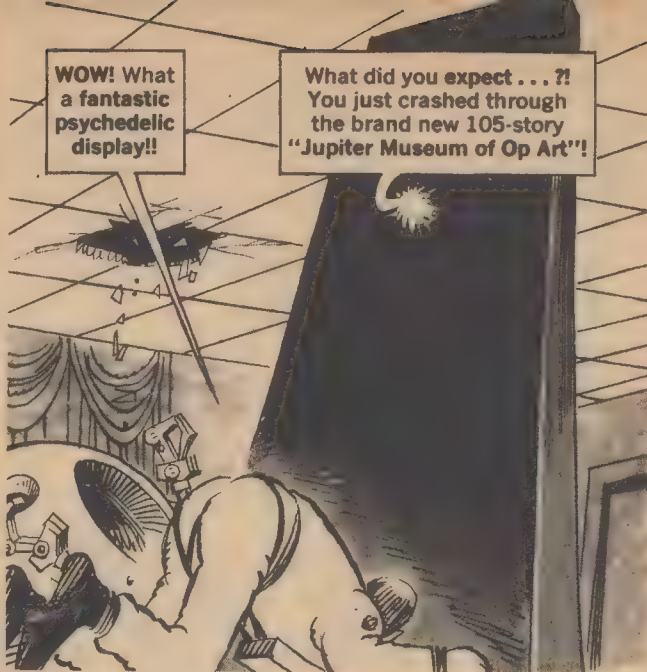
Boy! What fun—  
follow that  
big black thing!

Too bad the movie audience isn't  
having as much fun following the  
confusing ending to this movie!



WOW! What  
a fantastic  
psychedelic  
display!!

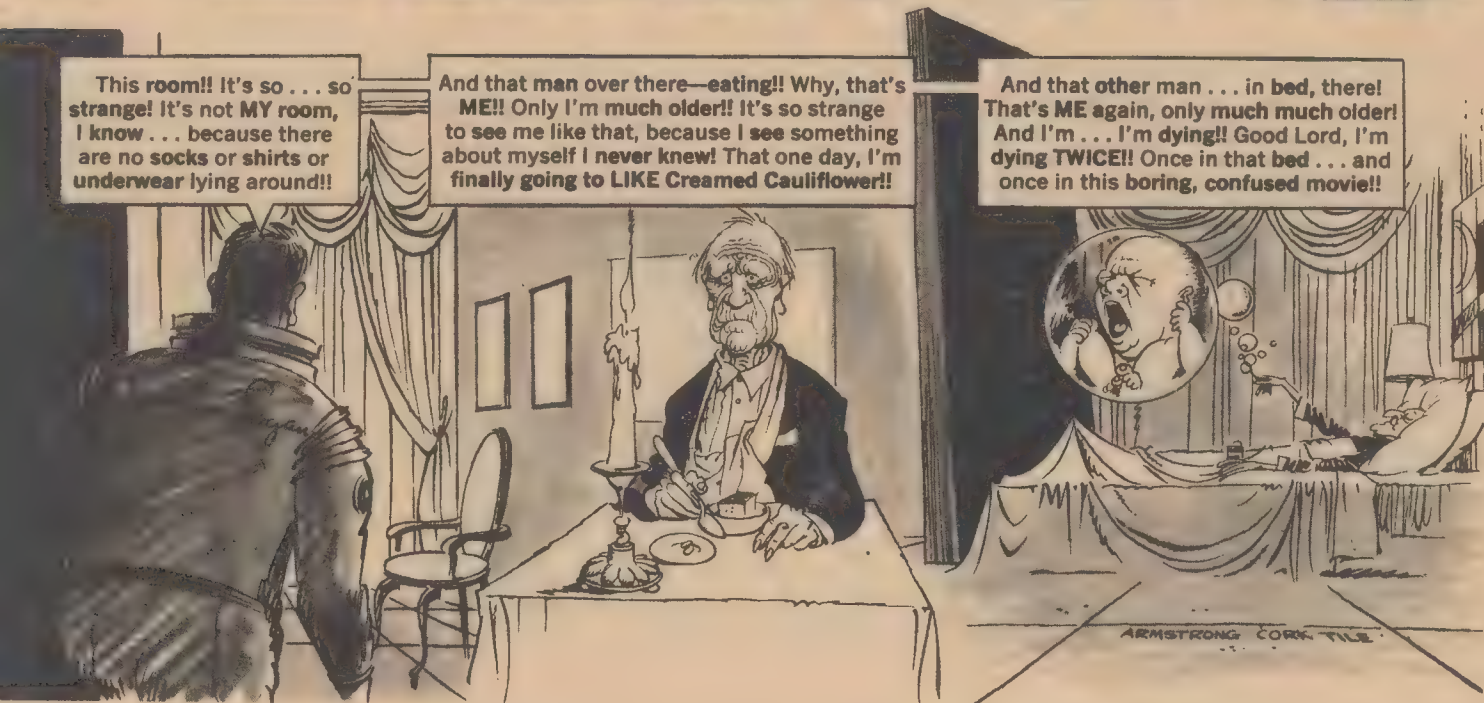
What did you expect . . . ?!  
You just crashed through  
the brand new 105-story  
"Jupiter Museum of Op Art"!



This room!! It's so . . . so  
strange! It's not MY room,  
I know . . . because there  
are no socks or shirts or  
underwear lying around!!

And that man over there—eating!! Why, that's  
ME!! Only I'm much older!! It's so strange  
to see me like that, because I see something  
about myself I never knew! That one day, I'm  
finally going to LIKE Creamed Cauliflower!!

And that other man . . . in bed, there!  
That's ME again, only much much older!  
And I'm . . . I'm dying!! Good Lord, I'm  
dying TWICE!! Once in that bed . . . and  
once in this boring, confused movie!!



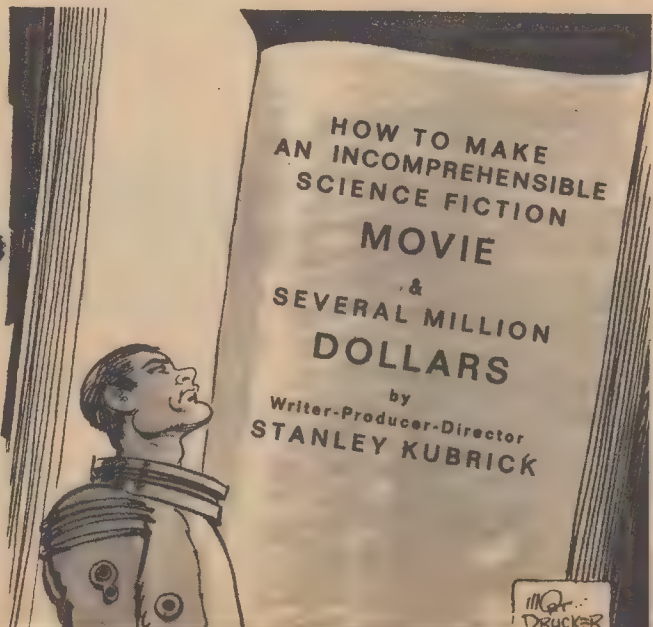
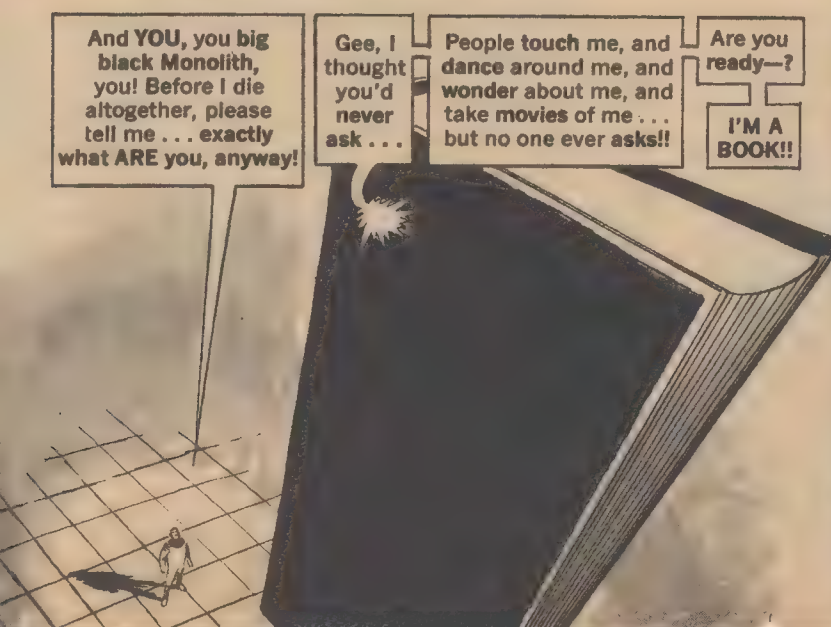
And YOU, you big  
black Monolith,  
you! Before I die  
altogether, please  
tell me . . . exactly  
what ARE you, anyway!

Gee, I  
thought  
you'd  
never  
ask . . .

People touch me, and  
dance around me, and  
wonder about me, and  
take movies of me . . .  
but no one ever asks!!

Are you  
ready—?

I'M A  
BOOK!!

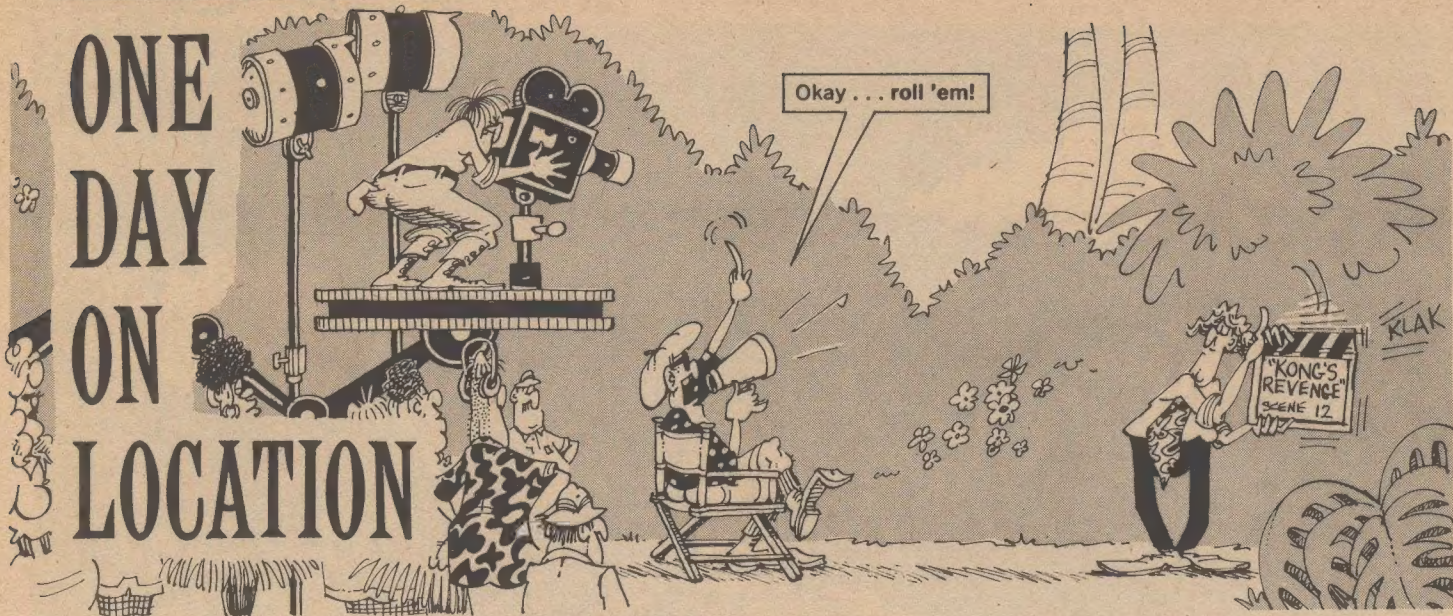


HOW TO MAKE  
AN INCOMPREHENSIBLE  
SCIENCE FICTION  
MOVIE  
&  
SEVERAL MILLION  
DOLLARS  
by  
Writer-Producer-Director  
STANLEY KUBRICK

Mc  
Drucker



# ONE DAY ON LOCATION





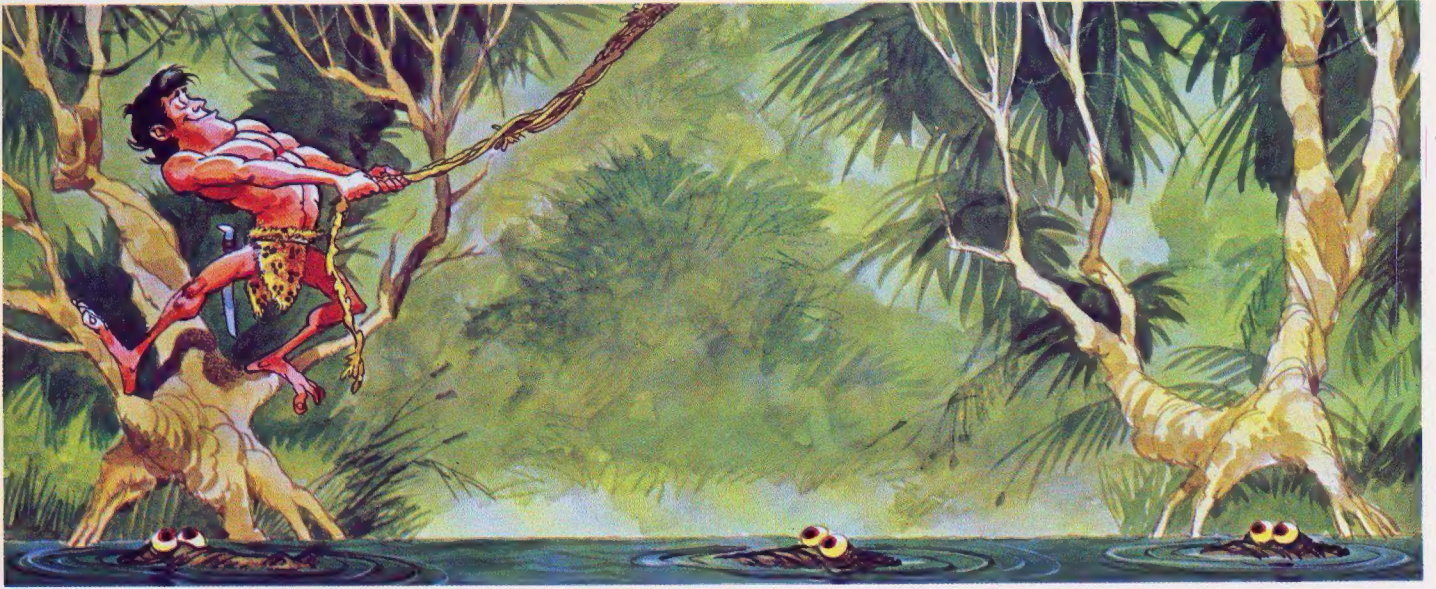


**LOCATION  
COMMISSARY**

D. MARTIN



# Scenes We'd Like To See



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: HUMBERTO DE LA TORRE



# AT THE MOVIES

